SAPIENTIA

THE OUTLINE OF KNOWLEDGE

EDITED BY

JAMES A. RICHARDS

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS

FAMOUS ORATIONS

VOLUME XVIII

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BOOK ONE

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS

THE PLAYS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

NOTE:—A Short History of Shakespeare's Life will be found in Volume II of English Poetry.

ROMEO AND JULIET

NAMES OF THE ACTORS

Escalus, prince of Verona.
Paris, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
Montague, Capulet, } heads of two houses at variance with each other.
An old Man, cousin to Capulet.
Romeo, son to Montague.
Mercutio, kinsman to the prince and friend to Romeo.
Benvolio, nephew to Montague and friend to Romeo.
Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet.
Friar Laurence, Friar John, } Franciscans.
Balthasar, servant to Romeo.
Sampson, Gregory, } servants to Capulet.
Peter, servant to Juliet's nurse.
Abraham, servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.
Lady Montague, wife to Montague.
Lady Capulet, wife to Capulet.
Juliet, daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen and Attendants. Chorus.

This famous tragedy was first printed in quarto in 1597. It was founded on an earlier play by Arthus Brooke, which itself was adapted from the Italian. There were at least three other editions before the appearance of the first folio. From the mention of the earthquake of 1580 (i. 3) as having happened eleven years before, it is supposed that the play was written in 1591. The story appears in several Italian novels. It is always stated to bear date in 1303. The scene is laid by Shakespeare at Verona and at Mantua. The Italian costume of the fourteenth century may be studied at the National Gallery.

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I

Scene I.—*Verona. A Public Place*

Enter Sampson and Gregory, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers

Sam.—Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.
Gre.—No, for then we should be colliers.
Sam.—I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.
Gre.—Ay, while you live, draw your neck o' the collar.
Sam.—I strike quickly, being moved.
Gre.—But thou art not quickly moved to strike.
Sam.—A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
Gre.—To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam.—A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre.—That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam.—'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre.—The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam.—'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre.—The heads of the maids?

Sam.—Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre.—They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam.—Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre.—'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam.—My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will back thee.

Gre.—How! turn thy back and run?

Sam.—Fear me not.

Gre.—No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam.—Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre.—I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam.—Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter Abraham and Balthasar

Abr.—Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam.—I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr.—Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam.—Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre.—No.

Sam.—No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre.—Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr.—Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam.—If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr.—No better.

Sam.—Well, sir.

Gre.—Say better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam.—Yes, better, sir.

Abr.—You lie.

Sam.—Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.
(They fight.

Enter Benvolio

Ben.—Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt

Tyb.—What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.
Ben.—I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.
Tyb.—What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! (They fight.

Enter three or four Citizens, with clubs

1 Cit.—Clubs, bills and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his wife

Cap.—What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!
L. Cap.—A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?
Cap.—My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Montague and his wife

Mon.—Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.
L. Mon.—Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus, with his train

Pri.—Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stainèd steel,—
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me:
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt all but Mont., L. Mont. and Ben

Mon.—Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben.—Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.
L. Mon.—O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
Ben.—Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursued my humour not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.
Mon.—Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out

And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben.—My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon.—I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben.—Have you impòrtuned him by any means?

Mon.—Both by myself and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo

Ben.—See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon.—I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

(Exeunt Montague and Lady.

Ben.—Good morrow, cousin.

Rom.— Is the day so young?

Ben.—But new struck nine.

Rom.— Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben.—It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom.—Not having that, which having, makes them short.

Ben.—In love?

Rom.—Out—

Ben.—Of love?

Rom.—Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben.—Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom.—Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben.— No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom.—Good heart, at what?
Ben.— At thy good heart's oppression.
Rom.—Why, such is love's transgression
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.
Ben.— Soft! I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom.—Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben.—Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.
Rom.—What, shall I groan and tell thee?
Ben.— Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.
Rom.—Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Ben.—I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.
Rom.—A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.
Ben.—A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom.—Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.
Ben.—Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
Rom.—She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,
For beauty starved with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.
Ben.—Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.
Rom.—O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben.—By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom.— 'Tis the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows
Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben.—I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

(Exeunt.

Scene II—*A Street*

Enter Capulet, Paris and Servant

Cap.—But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par.—Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap.—But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par.—Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap.—And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,

One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view, of many mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

(Exeunt Capulet and Paris.

Ser.—Find them out whose names are written here! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo

Ben.—Tut, man one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's anguish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom.—Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.
Ben.—For what, I pray thee?
Rom.— For your broken shin.
Ben.—Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom.—Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.
Ser.—God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom.—Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Ser.—Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom.—Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
Ser.—Ye say honestly: rest you merry!
Rom.—Stay, fellow; I can read. (Reads.

Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselm and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly: whither should they come?
Ser.—Up.
Rom.—Whither?
Ser.—To supper; to our house.
Rom.—Whose house?
Ser.—My master's.
Rom.—Indeed, I should have asked you that before.
Ser.—Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! (Exit.
Ben.—At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom.—When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
Ben.—Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.
Rom.—I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. (Exeunt.

Scene *III.—A Room in Capulet's House*

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse

L. Cap.—Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurse.—Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!
God forbid!—Where's this girl?—What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet

Jul.—How now! who calls?
Nurse.— Your mother.
Jul.— Madam, I am here.
What is your will?
L. Cap.—This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurse.—Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
L. Cap.—She's not fourteen.
Nurse.— I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?
L. Cap.— A fortnight and odd days.
Nurse.—Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was weaned,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge:
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
A' was a merry man—took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holydame,

The pretty wretch left crying and said Ay.
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: Wilt thou not, Jule? quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said Ay.

L. Cap.—Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse.—Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying and say Ay.
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly:
Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted and said Ay.

Jul.—And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse.—Peace I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

L. Cap.—Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul.—It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse.—An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

L. Cap.—Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse.—A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

L. Cap.—Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse.—Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

L. Cap.—What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament
And see how another lends content,
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover;

The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.

Nurse.—No, less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

L. Cap.—Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul.—I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Serving-man

Ser.—Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

L. Cap.—We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse.—Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. (Exeunt.

Scene IV.—*A Street*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers and others

Rom.—What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben.—The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But let them measure us by what they will;
We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom.—Give me a torch; I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer.—Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom.—Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer.—You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom.—I am too sore enpiercèd with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound.
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
Mer.—And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom.—Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.
Mer.—If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor! what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.
Ben.—Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom.—A torch for me: let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair and I am done.
Mer.—Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!
Rom.—Nay, that's not so.
Mer.— I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.
Rom.—And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer.— Why, may one ask?
Rom.—I dreamt a dream to-night.
Med.— And so did I.
Rom.—Well, what was yours?
Mer.— That dreamers often lie.
Rom.—In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer.—O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the Fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,

Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the Fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream no fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tale
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she—

Rom.— Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer.— True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the North,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.

Ben.—This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom.—I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Small bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels and expire the term
Of a despisèd life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.
Ben.—Strike, drum. (Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*A Hall in Capulet's House*

Enter Serving-men, with their napkins

1 Ser.—Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!
2 Ser.—When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.
1 Ser.—Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.—Anthony and Potpan!
2 Ser.—Ay, boy, ready.
1 Ser.—You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for in the great chamber.
2 Ser.—We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

Enter all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers

Cap.—Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.—
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.
(Music plays, and they dance.
More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is 't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?
2 Cap.— By'r Lady, thirty years.
Cap.—What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we masked.
2 Cap.—'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.
Cap.— Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.
Rom.—What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
Ser.—I know not, sir.
Rom.—O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
Tyb.—This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What! dares the slave
Come hither, covered with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
Cap.—Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?
Tyb.—Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
Cap.—Young Romeo is it?
Tyb.— 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
Cap.—Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,

An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tyb.—It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.
Cap.—He shall be endured:
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!
Tyb.—Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
Cap.— Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.
Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light! For shame!
I'll make you quiet. What,—cheerly, my hearts!
Tyb.—Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. (Exit.
Rom. (To Jul.)—If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, too blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul.—Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom.—Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul.—Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom.—O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul.—Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom.—Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.
Jul.—Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom.—Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.
Jul.— You kiss by the book.
Nurse.—Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom.—What is her mother?
Nurse.— Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:

I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
Rom.— Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben.—Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.
Rom.—Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
Cap.—Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest. (Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.
Jul.—Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?
Nurse.—The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul.—What's he that now is going out of door?
Nurse.—Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.
Jul.—What's he that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse.—I know not.
Jul.—Go, ask his name.—If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse.—His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul.—My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathèd enemy.
Nurse.—What's this? what's this?
Jul.— A rhyme I learned even now
Of one I danced withal.
(One calls within 'Juliet.'
Nurse.— Anon, anon!—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. (Exeunt.

Enter Chorus

Cho.—Now old Desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his heir;
That Fair for which love groaned for and would die,
With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike bewitchèd by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have accèss

To breathe such vows as lovers used to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-belovèd any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. (Exit.

ACT II

Scene I.—*A Lane by the Wall of Capulet's Orchard*

Enter Romeo

Rom.—Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back dull earth and find thy centre out.
(He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio

Ben.—Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!
Mer.—He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben.—He ran this way, and leaped this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer.— Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but Ay me pronounce but love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!
Ben.—An if he hears thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer.—This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjured it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben.—Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.
Mer.—If love be blind love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open *et cætera*, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night.—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep;
Come, shall we go?
Ben.— Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. (Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Capulet's Orchard*

Enter Romeo

Rom.—He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
(Juliet appears above at a window.
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise fair sun and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.—
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek!
Jul.— Ay me!
Rom.— She speaks.—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturnèd wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul.—O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. (Aside.)—Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul.—'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

Rom.—I take thee at thy word;
Call me but love and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul.—What man art thou that thus bescreened in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom.— By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written I would tear the word.

Jul.—My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

Rom.—Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul.—How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom.—With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;

Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
Jul.—If they do see thee they will murder thee.
Rom.—Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul.—I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom.—I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul.—By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom.—By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Jul.—Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say Ay,
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world,
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st ere I was ware,
My true love's passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.
Rom.—Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—
Jul.—O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom.—What shall I swear by?
Jul.— Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom.— If my heart's dear love—

Jul.—Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say *It lightens.* Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom.—O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul.—What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom.—The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul.—I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom.—Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul.—But to be frank and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
(Nurse calls within.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. (Exit.

Rom.—O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above

Jul.—Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. (Within.)—Madam!

Jul.—I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. (Within.)—Madam!

Jul.— By and by, I come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Rom.— So thrive my soul—
Jul.—A thousand times good night! (Exit.
Rom.—A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love toward school with heavy looks.

Re-enter Juliet above

Jul.—Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Rom.—It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Jul.—Romeo!
Rom.— My dear?
Jul.— At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Rom.— At the hour of nine.
Jul.—I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom.—Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul.—I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom.—And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul.—'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom.—I would I were thy bird.
Jul.— Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (Exit.
Rom.—Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. (Exit.

Scene III.—*Friar Lawrence's Cell*

Enter Friar, alone, with a basket

Friar.—The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And fleckèd darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juicèd flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb,
And from her womb children of divers kind
We suckling on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposèd kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs—Grace and rude Will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo

Rom.—Good morrow, father.
Friar.— Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges sleep will never lie;
But where unbruisèd youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure

Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom.—That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
Friar.—God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom.—With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.
Friar.—That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?
Rom.—I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Friar.—Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Rom.—Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where and how
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Friar.—Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline whom thou didst love so dear
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall when there's no strength in men.
Rom.—Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Friar.—For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom.—And bad'st me bury love.
Friar.— Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom.—I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
Friar.— O, she knew well.
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
Rom.—O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.
Friar.—Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. (Exeunt.

Scene IV—*A Street*

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio

Mer.—Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Come he not home to-night?
Ben.—Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.
Mer.—Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so that he will sure run mad.
Ben.—Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
Mer.—A challenge, on my life.
Ben.—Romeo will answer it.
Mer.—Any man that can write may answer a letter.
Ben.—Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.
Mer.—Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?
Ben.—Why, what is Tybalt?
Mer.—More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of complements. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance and proportion; rest me his minim rest, one, two and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentlemen of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay.
Ben.—The what?
Mer.—The plague of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore! Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange

flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez mois,* who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? Oh, their *bons,* their *bons!*

Enter Romeo

Ben.—Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer.—Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in; Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom.—Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer.—The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom.—Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great, and in a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer.—That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom.—Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer.—Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom.—A most courteous exposition.

Mer.—Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom.—Pink for flower.

Mer.—Right.

Rom.—Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer.—Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, sole singular.

Rom.—O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer.—Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom.—Switch and spurs, switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer.—Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom.—Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer.—I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom.—Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer.—Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom.—And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer.—O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom.—I stretch it out for that word broad; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer.—Why, is not this better now than groaning for love; now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben.—Stop there, stop there.

Mer.—Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben.—Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer.—O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom.—Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and Peter

Mer.—A sail, a sail!

Ben.—Two, two! a shirt and a smock.

Nurse.—Peter!

Pet.—Anon!

Nurse.—My fan, Peter.

Mer.—Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse.—God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer.—God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse.—Is it good den?

Mer.—'Tis no less, I tell you, for the hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse.—Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom.—One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse.—By my troth, it is well said; for himself to mar, quoth a'?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom.—I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse.—You say well.

Mer.—Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse.—If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben.—She will indite him to some supper.

Mer.—A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom.—What has thou found?

Mer.—No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. (Sings.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent:
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner, thither.

Rom.—I will follow you.

Mer.—Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, (Sings.) lady, lady, lady.
(Exeunt Mer. and Ben.

Nurse.—Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom.—A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse.—An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet.—I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse.—Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word, and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young: and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom.—Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse.—Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom.—What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse.—I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom.—Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse.—No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom.—Go to; I say you shall.
Nurse.—This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.
Rom.—And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.
Nurse.—Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.
Rom.—What say'st thou, my dear nurse?
Nurse.—Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?
Rom.—I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.
Nurse.—Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing:—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?
Rom.—Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.
Nurse.—Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the— No; I know it begins with some other letter:—and she hath the prettiest, sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.
Rom.—Commend me to thy lady.
Nurse.—Ay, a thousand times.—Peter! (Exit Romeo.) Peter!
Pet.—Anon!
Nurse.—Peter, take my fan, and go before. (Exeunt.

Scene V.—*Capulet's Orchard*

Enter Juliet

Jul.—The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.—
O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?

Enter Nurse and Peter

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse.—Peter, stay at the gate. (Exit Peter.

Jul.—Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse.—I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Jul.—I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse.—Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul.—How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse.—Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

Jul.—No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse.—Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul.—I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?
Nurse.—Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?
Jul.—Where is my mother! why she is within; Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?
Nurse.— O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Jul.—Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?
Nurse.—Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
Jul.—I have.
Nurse.—Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
Jul.—Hie to high fortune!—Honest nurse, farewell. (Exeunt.

Scene VI.—*Friar Laurence's Cell*

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo

Friar.—So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!
Rom.—Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Friar.—These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul.—Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Friar.—Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul.—As much to him, else is his thanks too much

Rom.—Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul.—Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth:
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Friar.—Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. (Exeunt.

ACT III

Scene I.—*A Public Place*

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page and Servants

Ben.—I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

Mer.—Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says, God send me no need of thee! and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben.—Am I like such a fellow?

Mer.—Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben.—And what to?

Mer.—Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than

thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben.—An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer.—The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben.—By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer.—By my heel, I care not.

Enter Tybalt and others

Tyb.—Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer.—And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb.—You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer.—Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb.—Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer.—Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben.—We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer.—Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo

Tyb.—Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

Mer.—But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him—man.

Tyb.—Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom.—Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none;

Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.
Tyb.—Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.
Rom.—I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.
Mer.—O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. (Draws.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?
Tyb.—What wouldst thou have with me?
Mer.—Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.
Tyb.—I am for you.
Rom.—Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.
Mer.—Come, sir, your passado. (They fight.
Rom.—Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentleman, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio! (Exit Tybalt.
Mer.— I am hurt.
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing?
Ben.— What, art thou hurt?
Mer.—Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. (Exit Page.
Rom.—Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.
Mer.—No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.
Rom.—I thought all for the best.
Mer.—Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses! (Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.
Rom.—This gentleman, the prince's near ally,

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter Benvolio

Ben.—O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.
Rom.—This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.
Ben.—Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
Rom.—Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Re-enter Tybalt

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
Tyb.—Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom.— This shall determine that.
(They fight; Tybalt falls.
Ben.—Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken. Hence,—be gone,—away!
Rom.—O, I am fortune's fool!
Ben.— Why, dost thou stay? (Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit.—Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben.—There lies that Tybalt.
1 Cit.— Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives and others

Pri.—Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben.—O noble prince, I can discover all

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

L. Cap.—Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O Cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of yours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

Pri.—Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben.—Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by he comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

L. Cap.—He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Pri.—Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon.—Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Pri.— And for that offence

Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawl doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. (Exeunt.

Scene II.—*Capulet's Orchard*

Enter Juliet

Jul.—Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle, till strange love grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them.—O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?
Nurse.— Ay, ay, the cords.
Jul.—Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?
Nurse.—Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Jul.—Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse.— Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!
Jul.—What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,
And that bare vowel I shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer I.
If he be slain, say I; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.
Nurse.—I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.
Jul.—O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!
Nurse.—O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul.—What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nurse.—Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul.—O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse.—It did, it did; alas the day, it did!
Jul.—O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravening lamb!
Despisèd substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damnèd saint, an honourable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse.— There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
Jul.— Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
Nurse.—Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Jul.—Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory,
Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished:
That banished, that one word banished,

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be ranked with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved?
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished, to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. Romeo is banished!
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse.—Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul.—Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.
Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse.—Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul.—O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell,

(Exeunt.

Scene III.—*Friar Laurence's Cell*

Enter Friar Laurence

Friar.—Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo

Rom.—Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Friar.— Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom.—What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?
Friar.—A gentler judgment vanished from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom.—Ha.—banishment! be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say banishment.
Friar.—Hence from Verona art thou banishèd:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom.—There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banishèd is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then banishèd
Is death-mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.
Friar.—O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom.—'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not: more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
This may flies do, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But banished to kill me?—banished?
O friar, the damnèd use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word banished?
Friar.—Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom.—O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Friar.—I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banishèd.
Rom.—Yet banishèd? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.
Friar.—O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom.—How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Friar.—Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom.—Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Thybalt murderèd,
Doting like me and like me banishèd,
Then mightest thou speak, then mightest thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Enter Nurse and knocks

Friar.—Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.
Rom.—Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
(Knock.
Friar.—Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up;
(Knock.
Run to my study.—By and by!—God's will,
What simpleness is this!—I come, I come! (Knock.
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse.—Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.
Friar.— Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse

Nurse.—O holy frair, O, tell me, holy frair,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
Friar.—There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse.—O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!
Friar.— O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!
Nurse.— Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep and O?

Rom.—Nurse!

Nurse.—Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

Rom.—Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

Nurse.—O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom.— As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murdered her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. (Drawing his sword.

Friar.— Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all.
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,

Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse.—O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom.—Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse.—Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. (Exit.

Rom.—How well my comfort is revived by this!

Friar.—Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom.—But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. (Exeunt.

Scene IV.—*A Room in Capulet's House*

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet and Paris

Cap.—Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:—Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par.—These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.
L. Cap.—I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she is mewed up to her heaviness.
Cap.—Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?
Par.— Monday, my lord.
Cap.—Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O, Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado, a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
Par.—My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.
Cap.—Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very late,
That we may call it early by and by.
Good night. (Exeunt.

Scene V.—*Juliet's Chamber*

Enter Romeo and Juliet above, at the window

Jul.—Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale and not the lark,

That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegránate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom.—It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul.—Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom.—Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul.—It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loath'd toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom.—More light and light?—More dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse

Nurse.—Madam!

Jul.—Nurse?

Nurse.—Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. (Exit.

Jul.—Then, window, let day in and let life out.

Rom.—Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

Jul.—Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:

O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!
Rom.—Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul.—O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
Rom.—I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul.—O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale.
Rom.—And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! (Exit.
Jul.—O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.
L. Cap.—Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul.—Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet

L. Cap.—Why, how now, Juliet!
Jul.—Madam, I am not well.
L. Cap.—Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul.—Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
L. Cap.—So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
Jul.— Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
L. Cap.—Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul.—What villain, madam?
L. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul.—Villain and he be many miles asunder.—
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
L. Cap.—That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul.—Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!
L. Cap.—We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul.—Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!
L. Cap.—Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul.—And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
L. Cap.—Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not for.
Jul.—Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
L. Cap.—Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
Jul.—Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!
L. Cap.—Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse

Cap.—When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son

It rains downright.
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossèd body.—How now, wife!
Have you delivered to her our decree?

L. Cap.—Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap.—Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul.—Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap.—How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud, and I thank you, and I thank you not;
And yet not proud: mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out you baggage!
You tallow-face!

L. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul.—Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap.—Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap.—And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
Nurse.—I speak no treason.
Cap.— O, God ye god-den.
Nurse.—May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip bowl;
For her we need it not.
L. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap.—God's bread! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't bethink you: I'll not be forsworn.

(Exit.

Jul.—Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
L. Cap.—Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt for I have done with thee.

(Exit.

Jul.—O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is. Romeo
Is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul.—Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul.— Amen!

Nurse.— What?

Jul.—Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.

Nurse.—Marry, I will and this is wisely done.

(Exit.

Jul.—Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die. (Exit.

ACT IV

Scene I.—*Friar Laurence's Cell*

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris

Friar.—On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par.—My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Friar.—You say you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
Par.—Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Friar. (Aside.)—I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet

Par.—Happily met, my lady and my wife!
Jul.—That may be, sir, when I may be a wife!
Par.—That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul.—What must be shall be.
Friar.— That's a certain text.
Par.—Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul.—To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par.—Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul.—I will confess to you that I love him.
Par.—So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul.—If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par.—Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.
Jul.—The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par.—Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.
Jul.—That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par.—Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul.—It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Friar.—My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par.—God shield I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. (Exit.
Jul.—O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Friar.—Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Jul.—Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Friar.—Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast thy strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou will undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.
Jul.—O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.
Friar.—Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distillèd liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul.—Give me, give me! O, tell me not of fear!

Friar.—Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul.—Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! (Exeunt.

Scene II.—*Hall in Capulet's House*

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse and two Serving-men

Cap.—So many guests invite as here are writ.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Ser.—You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap.—How canst thou try them so?
2 Ser.—Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.
Cap.—Go, be gone.— (Exit Servants.
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?
Nurse.—Ay, forsooth.
Cap.—Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.
Nurse.—See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter Juliet

Cap.—How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?
Jul.—Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoined
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.
Cap.—Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.
Jul.—I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomèd love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
Cap.—Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up:
This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.
Jul.—Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?
L. Cap.—No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.
Cap.—Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow.
(Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.
L. Cap.—We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.
Cap.— Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up

Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

(Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Juliet's Chamber*

Enter Juliet and Nurse

Jul.—Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet

L. Cap.—What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?
Jul.—No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.
L. Cap.— Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

(Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse

Jul.—Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me:
Nurse! what should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no:—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.

Laying down her dagger.

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of my buried ancestors are packed:
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

Scene IV.—*Hall in Capulet's House*

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse

L. Cap.—Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.
Nurse.—They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet

Cap.—Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.
Nurse.— Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.
Cap.—No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.
L. Cap.—Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

(Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Cap.—A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!
Enter three or four Serving-men, with spits, logs and baskets
Now, fellow,
What's there?
1 Ser.—Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.
Cap.—Make haste, make haste. Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.
1 Ser.—I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.
Cap.—Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Tho shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would: I hear him near.
(Play music.
Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. (Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*Juliet's Chamber*

Enter Nurse

Nurse.—Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam sweet-heart! why, bride!
What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
What, dressed! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help, my lady's dead!
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some *aqua vitæ,* ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet

L. Cap.—What noise is here?
Nurse.— O lamentable day!

L. Cap.—What is the matter?
Nurse.— Look, look! O heavy day!
L. Cap.—O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help.

Enter Capulet

Cap.—For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse.—She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!
L. Cap.—Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!
Cap.—Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse.—O lamentable day!
L. Cap.— O woful time!
Cap.—Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with Musicians

Friar.—Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap.—Ready to go, but never to return.
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife: see there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.
Par.—Have I thought long to see this morning's face.
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
L. Cap.—Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!
Nurse.—O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day, most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!
Par.—Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!

Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap.—Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Friar.—Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long:
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap.—All things that we ordainèd festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Friar.—Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

(Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris and Friar.

1 Mus.—Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse.—Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. (Exit.

1 Mus.—Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter

Pet.—Musicians, O, musicians, Heart's ease, Heart's ease: O, an you will have me live, play Heart's ease.

1 Mus.—Why Heart's ease?

Pet.—O, musicians, because my heart itself plays My heart is full of woe: O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

1 Mus.—Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet.—You will not, then?

1 Mus.—No.

Pet.—I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus.—What will you give us?

Pet.—No money, on my faith, but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mus.—Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet.—Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll re you, I'll fa you; do you note me?

1 Mus.—An you re us and fa us, you note us.

2 Mus.—Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet.—Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

> When griping grief the heart doth wound,
> And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
> Then music with her silver sound—

why silver sound? why music with her silver sound? What say you, Simon Catling?

1 Mus.—Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet.—Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus.—I say silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet.—Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

3 Mus.—Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet.—O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is music with her silver sound, because musicians have no gold for sounding:

> Then music with her silver sound
> With speedy help doth lend redress. (Exit.

1 Mus.—What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 Mus.—Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

(Exeunt.

ACT V

Scene I.—*Mantua. A Street*

Enter Romeo

Rom.—If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams pressage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possessed,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter Romeo's man, Balthasar.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.
Bal.—Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.
Rom.—Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.
Bal.—I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.
Rom.— Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
Bal.—No, my good lord.
Rom.— No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
(Exit Balthasar.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let's see for means:—O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary

Apo.— Who calls so loud?
Rom.—Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Apo.—Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom.—Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back:
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Apo.—My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom.—I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

Apo.—Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Rom.—There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. (Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Friar Laurence's Cell*

Enter Friar John

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence

Friar.—This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
Fri. J.—Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Fri.—Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?
Fri. J.—I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Friar.—Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.
Fri. J.—Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. (Exit.
Fri.—Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,

And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

(Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulet's*

Enter Paris, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch

Par.—Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page.—I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

Par.—Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

(The Page whistles.

The boys gives warning something doth approach.
What cursèd foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile.

(Retires.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, mattock etc.

Rom.—Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal.—I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom.—So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:
Live, and be properous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. (Aside.)—For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. (Retires.

Rom.—Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!
(Breaks open the tomb.

Par.—This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom.—I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par.—I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom.—Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!

Page.—O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. (Exit.

Par.—O, I am slain! If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. (Dies.

Rom.—In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossèd soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think

He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughtered youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
(Laying Paris in the tomb.
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advancèd there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorrèd monster keeps
Thee here in dark to he his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee:
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! (Drinks.) O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. (Dies.

Enter Friar Laurence, with lantern, crow and spade

Friar.—Saint Francis be my speed! how oft tonight
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?
Bal.—Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Friar.—Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal.—It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.
Friar.— Who is it?
Bal.— Romeo.
Friar.—How long hath he been there?
Bal.— Full half an hour.
Fri.—Go with me to the vault.
Bal.— I dare not, sir:
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri.—Stay then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me:
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal.—As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri.— Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
(Enters the tomb.
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. (Juliet awakes.
Jul.—O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?
Friar.—I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet, (Noise again.) I dare no longer stay.
Jul.—Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. (Exit Friar.
What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. (Kisses him.
Thy lips are warm.
1 Watch. (within.)—Lead, boy: which way?
Jul.—Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
This is thy sheath; (Kills herself.) there rust, and let me die.

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris

Page.—This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
1 Watch.—The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days burièd.
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar

2 Watch.—Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.
1 Watch.—Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Re-enter Friar Laurence and another Watchman

3 Watch.—Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.
1 Watch—A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince

Pri.—What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet and others

Cap.—What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?
L. Cap.—The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,

With open outcry, toward our monument.
Pri.—What fear is this which startles in our ears?
1 Watch.—Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo, dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.
Pri.—Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
1 Watch.—Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.
Cap.—O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And it mis-sheathèd in my daughter's bosom!
L. Cap.—O me! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and others

Pri.—Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.
Mon.—Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?
Pri.—Look, and thou shalt see.
Mon.—O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?
Pri.—Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
Friar.—I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemnèd and myself excused.
Pri.—Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
Friar.—I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banished the newmade bridegroom from this city,

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris: then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Pri.—We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal.—I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatened we with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Pri.—Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the County's page, that raised the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page.—He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Pri.—This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsman: all are punished.

Cap.—O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon.— But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap.—As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Pri.—A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardoned, and some punishèd:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. (Exeunt.

MACBETH

NAMES OF THE ACTORS

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } his sons.
MACBETH, BANQUO, } generals of the king's army.
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, } noblemen of Scotland.
FLEANCE, son to Banquo.
SIWARD, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.
Young SIWARD, his son.
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Boy, son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Sergeant.
A Porter.
An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants and Messengers.

This tragedy first appeared in print in the folio of 1623. There is nothing but internal evidence by which to date it, but many have asserted that Shakespeare visited Scotland after the disgrace of Sussex

and Essex, and obtained the story on the spot. It is nearly certain it was written after the accession of James I., who claimed to be descended from Banquo. The play was acted in or before 1610. The plot, like so many others, comes from Holinshed. There are no authorities for the costume. The period of Macbeth's usurpation must be placed at the beginning of the eleventh century.

ACT I

Scene I.—*A Desert Place*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches

1 Witch.—When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 Witch.—When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 Witch.—That will be ere the set of sun.
1 Witch.—Where the place?
2 Witch.— Upon the heath.
3 Witch.—There to meet with Macbeth.
1 Witch.—I come, Graymalkin.
2 Witch.—Paddock calls.
3 Witch.—Anon!
All.—Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. (Exeunt.

Scene II.—*A Camp near Forres*

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendant, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun.—What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal.— This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
Ser.— Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;

And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun.—O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser.—As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had with valour armed
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Dun.— Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser.— Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks,
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun.—So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.—Go get him surgeons.
(Exit Sergeant, attended.

Who comes here?

Enter Ross

Mal.— The worthy thane of Ross.

Len.—What haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

Ross.— God save the king!

Dun.—Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross.— From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,

With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun.— Great happiness!

Ross.— That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun.—No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross.—I'll see it done.

Dun.—What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. (Exeunt.

Scene III.—*A Heath near Forres*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

1 Witch.—Where hast thou been, sister?

2 Witch.—Killing swine.

3 Witch.—Sister, where thou?

1 Witch.—A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd.
Give me, quoth I:
Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 Witch.—I'll give thee a wind.

1 Witch.—Thou art kind.

3 Witch.—And I another.

1 Witch.—I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:

Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

2 Witch.—Show me, show me.

1 Witch.—Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

(Drum within.

3 Witch.—A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All.—The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo

Macb.—So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban.—How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb.— Speak, if you can: what are you?

1 Witch.—All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 Witch.—All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 Witch.—All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

Ban.—Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1 Witch.—Hail!

2 Witch.—Hail!
3 Witch.—Hail!
1 Witch.—Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 Witch.—Not so happy, yet much happier.
3 Witch.—Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
1 Witch.—Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb.—Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
(Witches vanish.
Ban.—The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?
Macb.—Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!
Ban.—Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb.—Your children shall be kings.
Ban.— You shall be king.
Macb.—And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
Ban.—To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus

Ross.—The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang.— We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,

Not pay thee.
Ross.—And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
Ban. (Aside.)—What, can the devil speak true?
Macb.—The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?
Ang.— Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. (Aside.)—Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?
Ban.— That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. (Aside.)— Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
(Aside.) This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban.— Look how our partner's rapt.
Macb. (Aside.)—If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban.— New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.
Macb. (Aside.)— Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban.—Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb.—Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban.— Very gladly.
Macb.—Till then, enough.—Come, friends. (Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Forres. The Palace*

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox and Attendants

Dun.—Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal.— My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Dun.— There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross and Angus

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before

That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb.—The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are, to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun.— Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban.— There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun.— My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb.—The rest is labour, which is not used for you.
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun.— My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. (Aside.)—The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

(Exit.

Dun.—True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,

Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. (Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*Inverness. Macbeth's Castle*

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter

Lady M.—They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shall be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lost the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

Enter a Messenger

What is your tidings?

Mes.—The king comes here to-night.

Lady M.— Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mes.—So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M.— Give him tending;
He brings great news. (Exit Messenger.
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry Hold, hold!

Enter Macbeth

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb.— My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M.— And when goes hence?
Macb.—To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady M.— O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
But be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb.—We will speak further.
Lady M.— Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. (Exeunt

Scene VI.—*Before Macbeth's Castle*

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macdoff, Ross, Angus and Attendants

Dun.—This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban.— This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth

Dun.— See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M.— All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun.— Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M.— Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun.— Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. (Exeunt.

Scene VII.—*Macbeth's Castle*

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth

Macb.—If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instruction, which being taught return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth

How now! what news?

Lady M.—He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb.—Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M.— Know you not he has?

Macb.—We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M.— Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb.— Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M.— What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macb.— If we should fail?

Lady M. — We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb.— Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,

That they have done 't?
Lady M.— Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
Macb.— I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. (Exeunt.

ACT II

Scene I.—*The Court of Macbeth' Castle*

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him

Ban.—How goes the night, boy?
Fle.—The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban.—And she goes down at twelve.
Fle.— I take 't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban.—Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch

Give me my sword.—
Who's there?
Macb.—A friend.
Ban.—What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb.— Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban.— All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb.— I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.
Ban.— At your kind'st leisure.
Macb.—If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban.— So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb.— Good repose the while!
Ban.—Thanks, sir: the like to you!

(Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.

Macb.—Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

(Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?—Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;—
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest:—I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cool breath gives.

(A bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.—
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. (Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Court of Macbeth's Castle*

Enter Lady Macbeth

Lady M.—That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—
Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.
Macb. (Within.)— Who's there? what, ho!
Lady M.—Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter Macbeth

My husband!
Macb.—I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M.—I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb.— When?
Lady M.— Now.
Macb.— As I descended?
Lady M.—Ay.
Macb.—Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M.— Donalbain.
Macb.—This is a sorry sight.
(Looking on his hands.
Lady M.—A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb.—There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried Murder!
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M.—There are two lodged together.
Macb.—One cried God bless us! and Amen the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,

Listening their fear. I could not say Amen,
When they did say God bless us!
Lady M.—Consider it not so deeply.
Macb.—But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M.— These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb.—Methought I heard a voice cry Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—
Lady M.— What do you mean?
Macb.—Still it cried Sleep no more! to all the house:
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.
Lady M.—Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb.— I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.
Lady M.— Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll guilt the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

(Exit. Knocking within.

Macb.— Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth

Lady M.—My hands are of your colour; but I shame

To wear a heart so white. (Knocking within.) I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. (Knocking within.)
Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb.—To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
(Knocking within.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
(Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Macbeth's Castle*

Knocking within. Enter a Porter

Por.—Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. (Knocking within.) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. (Knocking within.) Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O come in, equivocator. (Knocking within.) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in tailor; here you may roast your goose. (Knocking within.) Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. (Knocking within.) Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. (Opens the gate.

Enter Macduff and Lennox

Macd.—Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Por.—Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macd.—Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len.—Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb.— Good morrow, both.

Macd.—Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macb.— Not yet.
Macd.—He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.
Macb.— I'll bring you to him.
Macd.—I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.
Macb.—The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
Macd.— I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. (Exit.
Len.—Goes the king hence to-day?
Macb.— He does: he did appoint so.
Len.—The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
Macb.— 'Twas a rough night.
Len.—My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff

Macd.—O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
Macb. } What's the matter?
Len. }
Macd.—Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.
Macb.— What is't you say? the life?
Len.—Mean you his majesty?
Macd.—Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.
(Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder and treason!—
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself up, up, and see

The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell.

(Bell rings.

Enter Lady Macbeth

Lady M.—What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd.— O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo

O Banquo, Banquo!
Our royal master's murdered.
Lady M.— Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban.— Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox

Macb.—Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain

Don.—What is amiss?
Macb.— You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped;—the very source of it is stopped.
Macd.—Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal.— O, by whom?
Len.—Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb.—O, yet I do repent me of my fury,

That I did kill them.
Macd.— Wherefore did you so?
Macb.—Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?
Lady M.— Help me hence, ho!
Macd.—Look to the lady.
Mal. (Aside to Don.)—Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. (Aside to Mal.)—What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an augur-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. (Aside to Don.)—Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban.— Look to the lady:
(Lady Macbeth is carried out.
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd.— And so do I.
All.— So all.
Macb.—Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All.— Well contented.
(Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.
Mal.—What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Don.—To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,

There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal.— This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

(Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Outside Macbeth's Castle*

Enter Ross with an old man

Old Man.—Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross.— Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old Man.— 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and killed.

Ross.—And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old Man.— 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross.—They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff

Here comes the good Macduff.
How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd.— Why, see you not?

Ross.—Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd.—Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross.— Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd.— They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross.— 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd.—He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross.— Where is Duncan's body?
Macb.—Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.
Ross.— Will you to Scone?
Macd.—No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Ross.— Well, I will thither.
Macd.—Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross.—Farewell, father.
Old Man.—God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad and friends of foes! (Exeunt.

ACT III

Scene I.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace*

Enter Banquo

Ban.—Thou hast it now: King Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies and Attendants

Macb.—Here's our chief guest.
Lady M.— If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb.—To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban.— Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb.— Ride you this afternoon?
Ban.—Ay, my good lord.
Macb.—We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this days' council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban.—As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb.— Fail not our feast.
Ban.—My lord, I will not.
Macb.—We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban.—Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.
Macb.—I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. (Exit Banquo.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!
(Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?
Att.—They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb.—Bring them before us. (Exit Attendant.
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuked, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed the Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.—

(Exit Attendant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur.—It was, please your highness.

Macb.— Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say Thus did Banquo.

1 Mur.— You made it known to us.

Macb.—I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 Mur.— We are men, my liege.

Macb.—Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose executions takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in this life,
Which in his death were perfect.
2 Mur.— I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
1 Mur.— And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on't.
Macb.— Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
Both Murderers.— True, my lord.
Macb.—So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 Mur.— We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 Mur.— Though our lives—
Macb.—Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,

Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourself apart:
I'll come to you anon.

Both Murderers.— We are resolved, my lord.

Macb.—I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

(Exeunt Murderers.

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. (Exit.

Scene II.—*The Palace. Another Room*

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant

Lady M.—Is Banquo gone from court?

Ser.—Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M.—Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Ser.— Madam, I will. (Exit.

Lady M.— Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb.—We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstacy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steal, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.
Lady M.— Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
Macb.—So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady M.— You must leave this.
Macb.—O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M.—But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
Macb.—There's comfort yet; there are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M.— What's to be done?
Macb.—Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse,
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.

Scene III.—*A Park near the Palace*

Enter three Murderers

1 Mur.—But who did bid thee join with us?
3 Mur.— Macbeth.

2 Mur.—He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.
1 Mur.— Then stand with us.—
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveler apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 Mur.— Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. (Within.)—Give us a light there, ho!
2 Mur.— Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
1 Mur.— His horses go about.
3 Mur.—Almost a mile: but he does usually—
So all men do—from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
2 Mur.— A light, a light !

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch

3 Mur.— 'Tis he.
1 Mur.—Stand to't.
Ban.—It will be rain to-night.
1 Mur.— Let it come down.
(They set upon Banquo.
Ban.—O treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!
(Dies. Fleance escapes.
3 Mur.—Who did strike out the light?
1 Mur.— Was't not the way?
3 Mur.—There's but one down; the son is fled.
2 Mur.— We have lost
Best half of our affair.
1 Mur.—Well, let's away, and say how much is done. (Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Hall in the Palace*

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords and Attendants

Macb.—You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.
Lords.— Thanks to your majesty.
Macb.—Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady M.—Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer to the door

Macb.—See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. (Approaching the door.)
There's blood upon thy face.
Mur.—'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb.—'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur.—My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb.—Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpariel.
Mur.— Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
Macb. (Aside.)—Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?
Mur.—Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb.— Thanks for that.
(Aside.) There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. (Exit Murderer.
Lady M.— My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb.— Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len.— May't please your highness sit.

The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place

Macb.—Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Ross.— His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
Macb.—The table's full.
Len.— Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macb.—Where?
Len.—Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?
Macb.—Which of you have done this?
Lords.— What, my good lord?
Macb.—Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross.—Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.
Lady M.—Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You will offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb.—Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.
Lady M.— O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb.—Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. (Ghost vanishes.
Lady M.— What, quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb.—If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M.— Fie, for shame!
Macb.—Blood hath been shed ere no, i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M.— My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb.— I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here!—to all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Re-enter Ghost

Macb.—Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M.— Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb.—What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

(Ghost vanishes.

Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M.—You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb.— Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross.— What sights, my lord?

Lady M.—I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len.— Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M.— A kind good night to all!

(Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.

Macb.—It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augures and understood relations have
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M.—Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb.—How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M.— Did you send to him, sir?

Macb.—I hear it by the way, but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M.—You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb.—Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. (Exeunt.

Scene V.—*A Heath*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate

1 Witch.—Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

Hec.—Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth

In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

(Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' &c.

Hark! I am called; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. (Exit.

1 Witch.—Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

(Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*Forres. The Palace*

Enter Lennox and another Lord

Len.—My former speeches have but hit thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late,
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damnèd fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an't please Heaven, he shall not—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace:—sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord.— The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;
That by help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours:
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len.— Sent he to Macduff?

Lord.—He did: and with an absolute Sir, and not I,
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.

Len.— And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country

Under a hand accursed!
Lord.— I'll send my prayers with him. (Exeunt.

ACT IV

Scene I.—*A Cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

1 Witch.—Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.
2 Witch.—Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
3 Witch.—Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.
1 Witch.—Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmèd pot.
All.—Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
2 Witch.—Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Let a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All.—Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
3 Witch.—Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches, mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All.—Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caulron bubble.

2 Witch.—Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches

Hec.—O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
(Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.
(Exit Hecate.

2 Witch.—By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.—
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth

Macb.—How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?
All.— A deed without a name.
Macb.—I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.
1 Witch.— Speak.
2 Witch.— Demand,
3 Witch.— We'll answer.
1 Witch.—Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?
Macb.— Call 'em; let me see 'em.
1 Witch.—Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All.— Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head

Macb.—Tell me, thou unknown power,—
1 Witch.— He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
1 App.—Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough. (Descends.
Macb.—Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,—
1 Witch.—He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child

2 App.—Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb.—Had I three ears, I'ld hear thee.
2 App.—Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. (Descends.
Macb.—Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All.— Listen, but speak not to 't.
3 App.—Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.
Macb.— That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me,—if your art
Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever

Reign in this kingdom?
All.— Seek to know no more.
Macb.—I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know,—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
(Hautboys.
1 Witch.—Show!
2 Witch.—Show!
3 Witch.—Show!
All.—Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following

Macb.—Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls.—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth!—Start, eyes!—
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—
Another yet!—A seventh!—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth apears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold balls and trebles sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. (Apparitions vanish.
What, is this so?
1 Witch.—Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.
(Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.
Macb.—Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox

Len.— What's your grace's will?
Macb.—Saw you the weird sisters?
Len.— No, my lord.

Macb.—Came they not by you?
Len.— No indeed, my lord.
Macb.—Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?
Len.—'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb.— Fled to England!
Len.—Ay, my good lord.
Macb. (Aside.)—Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. (Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle*

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son and Ross

Lady Macd.—What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ross.—You must have patience, madam.
Lady Macd.— He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross.— You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
Lady Macd.—Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
We wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross.— My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

Lady Macd.—Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross.—I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. (Exit.

Lady Macd.— Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son.—As birds do, mother.

Lady Macd.—What, with worms and flies?

Son.—With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

Lady Macd.—Poor bird! thou 'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son.—Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

Lady Macd.—Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son.—Nay, how will you do for a husband?

Lady Macd.—Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son.—Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

Lady Macd.—Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son.—Was my father a traitor, mother?

Lady Macd.—Ay, that he was.

Son.—What is a traitor?

Lady Macd.—Why, one that swears and lies.

Son.—And be all traitors that do so?

Lady Macd.—Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son.—And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

Lady Macd.—Every one.

Son.—Who must hang them?

Lady Macd.—Why, the honest men.

Son.—Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

Lady Macd.—Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son.—If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

Lady Macd.—Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger

Mes.—Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. (Exit.

Lady Macd.— Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defense,
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers

What are these faces?

1 Mur.—Where is your husband?

Lady Macd.—I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

1 Mur.— He's a traitor.

Son.—Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

1 Mur.— What, you egg!
(Stabbing him.
Young fry of treachery!

Son.— He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! (Dies.

(Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder!'
(Exeunt Murderers, following her.

SCENE III.—*England. Before the King's Palace*

Enter Malcolm and Macduff

Mal.—Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd.— Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds

As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal.— What I believe, I'll wail,
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.
Macd.—I am not treacherous.
Mal.— But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
Macd.— I have lost my hopes.
Mal.—Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macd.— Bleed, bleed, poor country:
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd.—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal.—Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country

Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd.— What should he be?
Mal.—It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.
Macd.— Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.
Mal.— I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.
Macd.— Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.
Mal.— With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macd.— This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root

Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.
Mal.—But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd.— O Scotland, Scotland!
Mal.—If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.
Macd.— Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived.—Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal.— Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,

At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd.—Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor

Mal.—Well, more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray you?
Doc.—Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.
Mal.— I thank you, doctor. (Exit Doctor.
Macd.—What's the disease he means?
Mal.—'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross

Macd.— See, who comes here?
Mal.—My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd.—My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal.—I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
Ross. Sir, amen.
Macd.—Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross.— Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd.— O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal.— What's the newest grief?
Ross.—That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd.— How does my wife?
Ross.—Why, well.
Macd.— And all my children?
Ross.— Well too.
Macd.—The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross.—No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd.—Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?
Ross.—When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellow that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal.— Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Let us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross.— Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd.— What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Ross.— No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
pertains to you alone.

Macd.— If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Ross.—Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd.— Hum! I guess at it.
Ross.—Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal.— Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.
Macd.—My children too?
Ross.— Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd.— And I must be from thence!—
My wife killed too?
Ross.— I have said.
Mal.— Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd.—He has no children.—All my pretty ones?—
Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Mal.—Dispute it like a man.
Macd.— I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Mal.—Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd.—O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal.— This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day. (Exeunt.

ACT V

Scene I.—*Dunsinane. Ante-room in the Castle*

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman

Doc.—I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gen.—Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doc.—A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gen.—That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doc.—You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gen.—Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doc.—How came she by that light?

Gen.—Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doc.—You see, her eyes are open.

Gen.—Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doc.—What is it that she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gen.—It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M.—Yet here's a spot.

Doc.—Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M.—Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do 't.—Hell is murky!—Fie my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doc.—Do you mark that?

Lady M.—The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doc.—Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gen.—She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M.—Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doc.—What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gen.—I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doc.—Well, well, well,—

Gen.—Pray God it be, sir.

Doc.—This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M.—Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doc.—Even so?

Lady M.—To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed! (Exit.

Doc.—Will she go now to bed?

Gen.—Directly.

Doc.—Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets;
More needs she the divine than the physician.—
God, God forgive us all!—Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gen.— Good night, good doctor. (Exeunt.

Scene II.—*The Country near Dunsinane*

Drums and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox and Soldiers

Men.—The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm

Excite the mortified man.

Ang.— Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.

Cai.—Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len.—For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Men.— What does the tyrant?

Cai.—Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang.— Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Men.— Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Cai.— Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len.— Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march toward Birnam. Exeunt, marching.

SCENE III.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle*

Enter Macbeth, Doctor and Attendants

Macb.—Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane.
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:

The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Ser.—There is ten thousand—
Macb.— Geese, villain?
Ser.— Soldiers, sir.
Macb.—Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Ser.—The English force, so please you.
Macb.—Take thy face hence. (Exit Servant.
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter Seyton

Sey.—What's your gracious pleasure?
Macb.— What news more?
Sey.—All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb.—I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey.— 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb.—I'll put it on.
Send out more horses; skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doc.— Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb.— Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doc.— Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb.—Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Pull 't off, I say.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doc.—Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb.— Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
Doc. (Aside.)—Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. (Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*Country near Birnam Wood*

Drums and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross and Soldiers, marching

Mal.—Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Men.— We doubt it nothing.
Siw.—What wood is this before us?
Men.— The wood of Birnam.
Mal.—Let every soldier hew him down a bow
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Ere in report of us.
Soldiers.— It shall be done.
Siw.—We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
Mal.— 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrainèd things

Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd.— Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw.— The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. (Exeunt, marching.

SCENE V.—*Dunsinane. Within the Castle*

Enter Macbeth, Seyton and Soldiers, with drums and colours

Macb.—Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still They come: our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.
(A cry of women within.
What is that noise?
Sey.—It is the cry of women, my good lord. (Exit.
Macb.—I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton

Wherefore was thy cry?
Sey.—The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb.—She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.
Mes.—Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb.— Well, say, sir.
Mes.—As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb.— Liar and slave!
Mes.—Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb.— If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution and began
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane: and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. (Exeunt.

Scene VI.—*Dunsinane. Before the Castle*

Drums and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs

Mal.—Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw.— Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd.—Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. (Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Field*

Alarums. Enter Macbeth

Macb.—They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward

Young Siw.—What is thy name?
Macb.— Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
Young Siw.—No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb.— My name's Macbeth.
Young Siw.—The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb.— No, nor more fearful.
Young Siw.—Thou liest, abhorrèd tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st
(They fight, and young Siward is slain.
Macb.— Thou was born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born. (Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff

Macd.—That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. (Exit. Alarums.

Enter Malcolm and old Siward

Siw.—This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal.— We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw.— Enter, sir, the castle.
(Exeunt. Alarum.

SCENE VIII.—*Another part of the Field*

Enter Macbeth

Macb.—Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff

Macd.— Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macb.—Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.
Macd.— I have no words:—
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! (They fight.
Macb.— Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmèd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd.— Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb.—Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee
Macd.—Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.
Macb.— I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,

And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries Hold, enough!
(Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drums and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers

Mal.—I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
Siw.—Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal.—Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross.—Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw.— Then he is dead?
Ross.—Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw.— Had he his hurts before?
Ross.—Ay, on the front.
Siw.— Why then, God's soldiers be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.
Mal.— He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw.— He's worth no more:
They say he parted well and paid his score:
And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head

Macd.—Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursèd head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!
All.— Hail, King of Scotland! (Flourish.
Mal.—We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,

Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

(Flourish. Exeunt.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

NAMES OF THE ACTORS

Theseus, Duke of Athens.
Egeus, father to Hermia.
Lysander, Demetrius, } in love with Hermia.
Philostrate, master of the revels to Theseus.
Quince, a carpenter.
Snug, a joiner.
Bottom, a weaver.
Flute, a bellows-mender.
Snout, a tinker.
Starveling, a tailor.
Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
Hermia, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander,
Helena, in love with Demetrius.
Oberon, king of the fairies.
Titania, queen of the fairies.
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow.
Pease-Blossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seed, } fairies.
Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

The scene of this play is laid at "Athens, and a Wood not far from it," but the allusions all through are purely English. If Shakespeare wrote it in London, it was while he still had a lively recollection of the sylvan scenery of his birthplace. The heavy floods of 1594 appear to be alluded to in the second act; and the play was performed before 1598. Two quarto editions were issued in 1600, one only of them, Fisher's, being registered at Stationers' Hall. It also appeared in the four folio editions. The plot seems to be wholly original, and the text is remarkably free from errors and defects.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Palace of Theseus*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate and Attendants

The.—Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
Hip.—Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.
The.— Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriment;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp. (Exit Philostrate.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander and Demetrius

Ege.—Happy be Theseus, our renownèd duke!
The.—Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?
Ege.—Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:—
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n th' impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The.—What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her.—So is Lysander.

The.— In himself he is;
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her.—I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The.—Rather, your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her.—I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The.—Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessèd they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her.—So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up

Unto his lordship, whose unwishèd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
The.—Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.
Dem.—Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazèd title to my certain right.
Lys.—You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.
Ege.—Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
Lys.—I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I, then, prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
The.—I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus: you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you

Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
Ege.—With duty and desire we follow you.
(Exeunt Thes., Hip., Ege., Dem. and train.
Lys.—How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there to fade so fast?
Her.—Belike, for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.
Lys.—Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood,—
Her.—O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.
Lys.—Or else misgraffèd in respect of years,—
Her.—O spite! too old to be engaged to young.
Lys.—Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—
Her.—O hell! to choose love by another's eye.
Lys.—Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Her.—If, then, true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.
Lys.—A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revènue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.
Her.— My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke:
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys.—Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena

Her.—God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel.—Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody;
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art,
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her.—I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel.—O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her.—I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel.—O that my prayers could such affection move!

Her.—The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel.—The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her.—His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel.—None but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

Her.—Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys.—Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,

A time that lover's flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.
Her.—And in the wood where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck, grant thee thy Demetrius.
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.
Lys.—I will, my Hermia.—(Exit Her.) Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! (Exit.
Hel.—How happy some, o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know, what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in games themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyes,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine:
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. (Exit.

Scene II.—*Palace of Theseus.*

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout and Starveling

Qui.—Is all our company here?

Bot.—You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Qui.—Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot.—First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Qui.—Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot.—A very good pice of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Qui.—Answer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot.—Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Qui.—You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot.—What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Qui.—A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot.—That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein;—a lover is more condoling.

Qui.—Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu.—Here, Peter Quince.

Qui.—You must take Thisby on you.

Flu.—What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Qui.—It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu.—Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Qui.—That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot.—An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—Thisne, Thisne! Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and Ladydear!

Qui.—No, no, you must play Pyramus: and Flute, you Thisby.

Bot.—Well, proceed.

Qui.—Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Sta.—Here, Peter Quince.

Qui.—Robert Starveling you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Sno.—Here, Peter Quince.

Qui.—You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father; Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug.—Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it to me, for I am slow of study.

Qui.—You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot.—Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, Let him roar again, let him roar again.

Qui.—And you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All.—That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot.—I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking-dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Qui.—You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man: therefore, you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot.—Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Qui.—Why, what you will.

Bot.—I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Qui.—Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot.—We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Qui.—At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot.—Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.

(Exeunt.

Act II

Scene I.—*A Wood*

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck at another

Puck.—How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fai.—Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.
Puck.—The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholds the lovèd boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.
Fai.—Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;
And sometimes make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck.— Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And tailor cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and laugh;
And waxen in their mirth, and sneeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there,—
But, room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

Fai.—and here my mistress: would that he were gone!

Enter Oberon on one side, with his train; and Titania on the other, with hers

Obe.—Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tit.—What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe.—Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

Tit.—Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe.—How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravishèd?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tit.—These are the forgeries of jealousy:

And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By pavèd fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the bleachèd margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drownèd field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And through this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries: and the 'mazèd world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe.—Do you amend it, then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tit.— Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spicèd Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;

And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind;
Which, she with pretty and with swimming gait
Following, (her womb then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy;
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe.—How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tit.—Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe.—Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tit.—Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
(Exit Titania, and her train.

Obe.—Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck.— I remember.

Obe.—That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronèd by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaries passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck.—I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. (Exit.

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes;
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him

Dem.—I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel.—You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant:
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem.—Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not nor I cannot love you?

Hel.—And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be usèd as you use your dog?

Dem.—Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.
Hel.—And I am sick when I look not on you.
Dem.—You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel.—Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem.—I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Hel.—The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.
Dem.—I will not stay thy question; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
Hel.—Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

(Exeunt Demetrius and Helena.

Obe.—Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter Puck

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Puck.—Ay, there it is.
Obe.— I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,

With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck.—Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. (Exeunt.

Scene II.—*A Wood*

Enter Titania, with her train

Tit.—Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies sing

1 Fai.—You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus.—Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

2 Fai.—Weaving spiders come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;

Worm, nor snail, do no offense.
Chorus.—Philomel, with melody, etc.
1 Fai.—Hence, away! now all is well.
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

(Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.

Enter Oberon.

Obe.—What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. (Exit

Enter Lysander and Hermia

Lys.—Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her.—Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys.—One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Her.—Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.
Lys.—O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchainèd with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her.—Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys.—Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest.
Her.—With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd. (They sleep.

Enter Puck

Puck.—Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despisèd the Athenians maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake, when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon. (Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running

Hel.—Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem.—I charge thee, hence; and do not haunt me thus.
Hel.—O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
Dem.—Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. (Exit Demetrius.
Hel.—O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my power, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia wheresoe'er she lies;
For she has blessèd and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys.—And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
Hel.—Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
Lys.—Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.
Hel.—Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,—
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well; perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused! (Exit.
Lys.—She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never mayst thou come Lysander near.
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And all my powers address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. (Exit.
Her.—Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here.

Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! What, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, and if you hear;
Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. (Exit.

ACT III

Scene I.—*A Wood*

Enter the Clowns

Bot.—Are we all met?

Qui.—Pat, pat; and here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot.—Peter Quince,—

Qui.—What sayst thou, bully Bottom?

Bot.—There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Sno.—By'rlakin, a parlous fear.

Sta.—I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot.—Not a whit: I have a devise to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Qui.—Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot.—No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Sno.—Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Sta.—I fear it, I promise you.

Bot.—Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Sno.—Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot.—Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, say-

ing thus, or to the same defect, Ladies,—or, fair ladies,—I would wish you,—or, I would request you,—or, I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug, the joiner.

Qui.—Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber, for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug.—Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot.—A calendar, a cadendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Qui.—Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot.—Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Qui.—Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug.—You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot.—Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Qui.—If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck, behind

Puck.—What hempen home-spungs have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor, too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Qui.—Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr.—Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Qui.—Odours, odours.

Pyr.—Odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear.
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. (Exit.

Puck.—A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here! (Exit.

Thi.—Must I speak now?

Qui.—Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Thi.—Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier.
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Qui.—Ninus' tomb, man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is, never tire.

Thi.—O,—as true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head

Pyr.—If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:—

Qui.—O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help! (Exeunt Clowns.

Puck.—I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier!
Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. (Exit.

Bot.—Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout

Sno.—O Bottom! thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot.—What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own, do you? (Exit Snout.

Re-enter Quince

Qui.—Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. (Exit.

Bot.—I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. (Sings.

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill:

Tit.—What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. (Sings.)—

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo grey,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;—

for indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry cuckoo never so?

Tit.—I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthrallèd to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot.—Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tit.—Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot.—Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tit.—Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressèd flowers dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies

Pea.—Ready.
Cob.— And I.
Moth.— And I.
Mus.— And I.
All Four.— Where shall we go?

Tit.—Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries,
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:

Nod to him, elves, and do his courtesies.
Pea.—Hail, mortal!
Cob.—Hail!
Moth.—Hail!
Mus.—Hail!
Bot.—I cry your worships' mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worships's name.
Cob.—Cobweb.
Bot.—I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?
Pea.—Pease-blossom.
Bot.—I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?
Mus.—Mustard-seed.
Bot.—Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well; that same cowardly, giantlike oxbeef, hath devoured many a gentleman of your house; I promise you, your kindred hath made mine eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.
Tit.—Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforcèd chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. (Exeunt.

Scene II.—*Another part of the Wood*

Enter Oberon

Obe.—I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.
Here comes my messenger.—(Enter Puck.) How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
Puck.—My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:

When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixèd on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answerèd,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves, some, hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania walked, and straightway loved an ass.

Obe.—This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck.—I took him sleeping, (that is finish'd too,)
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia

Obe.—Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck.—This is the woman; but not this the man.

Dem.—O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her.—Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bored; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

Dem.—So should the murder'd look; and so should I,

Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venice in her glimmering sphere.

Her.—What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem.—I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her.—Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem.—You spend your passion on a misprised mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her.—I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem.—An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her.—A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. (Exit.

Dem.—There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. (Lies down.

Obe.—What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprison must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck.—Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe.—About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck.—I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. (Exit.

Obe.—Flower of this purple dye.
Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in ăpple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck

Puck.—Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
Obe.—Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Puck.—Then will two at once woo one,
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena

Lys.—Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel.—You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.
Lys.—I had no judgment when to her I swore.
Hel.—Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys.—Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. (Awakes.)—O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
This pure congealèd white, high Taurus snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
That princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel.—O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lys.—You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
And here, with all good-will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel.—Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Dem.—Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourned,
And now to Helen it is home returned,
There to remain.
Lys.— Helen, it is not so.
Dem.—Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter Hermia

Her.—Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys.—Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her.—What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys.—Lysander's love, that would not let him bide;

Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
Her.—You speak not as you think: it cannot be.
Hel.—Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our neelds created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crownèd with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.
Her.—I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.
Hel.—Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?

What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her.—I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel.—Ay, do, persèver, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys.—Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel.—O excellent!

Her.— Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem.—If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys.—Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem.—I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys.—If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem.—Quick, come!

Her.— Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys.—Away, you Ethiop!

Dem.— No, no, sir:
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

Lys.—Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

Her.—Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

Lys.— Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathèd medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her.—Do you not jest?

Hel.— Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys.—Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem.—I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

Lys.—What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her.—What, can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are you not Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you loved me; yet, since night you left me:
Why, then you left me (O, the gods forbid!)
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys.— Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt:
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena,
Her.—O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stolen my love's heart from him?
Hel.— Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her.—Puppet! why, so: ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel.—I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her.— Lower! hark, again.
Hel.—Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love, I followed him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:

And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her.—Why, get you gone: who is 't that hinders you?

Hel.—A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her.—What, with Lysander?

Hel.— With Demetrius.

Lys.—Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem.—No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel.—O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her.—Little again! nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys.— Get you gone, you dwarf!
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn!

Dem.— You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys.— Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,—
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem.—Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

(Exeunt Lys. and Dem.

Her.—You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you;
Nay, go not back.

Hel.— I will not trust you, I,
No longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. (Exit.

Her.—I am amazed, and know not what to say. (Exit.

Obe.—This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck.—Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,

As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Obe.—Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmèd eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.
Puck.—My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damnèd spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For fear lest day shall look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.
Obe.—But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessèd beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

(Exit Oberon.

Puck.—Up and down, up and down,

I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Re-enter Lysander

Lys.—Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
Puck.—Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lys.—I will be with thee straight.
Puck.— Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.

(Exit Lysander as following the voice

Re-enter Demetrius

Dem.— Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck.—Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.
Dem.— Yea, art thou there?
Puck.—Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here. (Exeunt.

Re-enter Lysander

Lys.—He goes before me, and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. (Lies down.) Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius

Puck.—Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?
Dem.—Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Puck.— Come hither: I am here.

Dem.—Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

(Lies down and sleeps.

Re-enter Helena

Hel.—O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

(Sleeps.

Puck—Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter Hermia

Her.—Never so weary, never so in woe;
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

(Lies down and sleeps.

Puck.—On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

(Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyelids.

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well. (Exit.

ACT IV

Scene I.—*A Wood*

Enter Titania and Bottom, Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.

Tit.—Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot.—Where's Pease-blossom?

Pea.—Ready.

Bot.—Scratch my head, Pease-blossom.—Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

Cob.—Ready.

Bot.—Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's Monsieur Mustard-seed?

Mus.—Ready.

Bot.—Give me your neif, Monsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Mus.—What's your will?

Bot.—Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tit.—What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot.—I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tit.—Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot.—Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tit.—I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch the new nuts.

Bot.—I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tit.—Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be always away.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist: the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee, how I dote on thee!

Enter Puck

Obe.—Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temple then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairies sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessèd power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.
Tit.—My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Me thought I was enamour'd of an ass.
Obe.—There lies your love.
Tit.— How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!
Obe.—Silence, awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tit.—Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.
Puck.—When thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Obe.—Sound, music! (Music still.) Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon the sleeper be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck.—Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe.—Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
Tit.—Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

(Exeunt. Wind-horns.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus and train

The.—Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip.—I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
The.—My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?
Ege.—My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.
The.—No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
Ege.—It is, my lord.
The.—Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
(Horns, and they wake. Shout within;
Lys., Dem., Hel. and Her. start up.
Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Lys.—Pardon, my lord.
The.— I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lys.—My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.
Ege.—Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
Dem.—My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helen in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The.—Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our proposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

(Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus and train.

Dem.—These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turnèd into clouds.

Her.—Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.

Hel.— So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem.— Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her.—Yea; and my father.

Hel.— And Hippolyta.

Lys.—And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem.—Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams.

(Exeunt.

Bot. (awaking.)—When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, Most fair Pyramus,—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling!—

God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. (Exit.

SCENE II.—*Athens. A Room in Quince's House*

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout and Starveling

Qui.—Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Sta.—He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Ful.—If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Qui.—It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu.—No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Qui.—Yea, and the best person to; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu.—You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

Enter Snug

Snug.—Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu.—O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom

Bot.—Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Qui.—Bottom!— O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot.—Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for

if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Qui.—Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot.—Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away. (Exeunt.

ACT V

Scene I.—*Athens. Palace of Theseus*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords and Attendants

Hip.—'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The.—More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madam have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Hip.—But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,

And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.
The.—Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia and Helena

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!
Lys.— More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!
The.—Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
Phi.— Here, mighty Theseus.
The.—Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The hazy time, if not with some delight?
Phi.—There is a brief how many sports are rife:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
The.—The battle with the Centaurs to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.—
The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.—
That in an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.—
The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.—
A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
Phi.—A play there is, my lord, some ten word long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passions of loud laughter never shed.
The.—What are they that do play it?
Phi.—Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
The.—And we will hear it.
Phi.— No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.
The.— I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.
(Exit Philostrate.
Hip.—I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.
The.—Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hip.—He says they can do nothing in this kind.
The.—The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposèd
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter Philostrate

Phi.—So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.
The.—Let him approach. (Flourish of trumpets.

Enter Quince for the Prologue

Pro.—If we offend, it is with our good-will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight.
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The.—This fellow doth not stand upon points.
Lys.—He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.
Hip.—Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.
The.—His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine and Lion

Pro.—Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.
(Exeunt Pro., Thisbe, Lion and Moonshine.

The.— I wonder, if the lion be to speak.
Dem.—No wonder, my lord:
One lion may, when many asses do.

Wall.—In this same interlude it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus, and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The.—Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?
Dem.—It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.
The.—Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus

Pyr.—O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack.
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet, and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne!
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The.—The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.
Pyr.—No, in truth, sir, he should not. Deceiving me, is Thisby's

cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

Re-enter Thisbe

Thi.—O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.
Pyr.—I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.—
Thisby!
Thi.—My love! thou art my love, I think.
Pyr.—Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.
Thi.—And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.
Pyr.—Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.
Thi.—As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
Pyr.—O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!
Thi.—I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
Pyr.—Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?
Thi.—'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.

Wall.—Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go. (Exit.

The.—Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.
Dem.—No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.
Hip.—This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
The.—The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Hip.—It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.
The.—If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.—Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Re-enter Lion and Moonshine

Lion.—You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

The.—A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.
Dem.—The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.
Lys.—This lion is a very fox for his valour.
The.—True; and a goose for his discretion.
Dem.—Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.
The.—His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.
Moon.—This lantern doth the hornèd moon present;—
Dem.—He should have worn the horns on his head.
The.—He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.
Moon.—This lantern doth the hornèd moon present;—
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.
The.—This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?
Dem.—He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.
Hip.—I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!
The.—It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.
Lys.—Proceed, moon.
Moon.—All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.
Dem.—Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Re-enter Thisbe

Thi.—This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?
Lion.—Oh—. (The Lion roars, Thisbe runs off.
Dem.—Well roared, lion.
The.—Well run, Thisbe.
Hip.—Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.
The.—Well moused, lion.
Dem.—And then came Pyramus.
Lys.—And so the lion vanished.

Re-enter Pyramus

Pyr.—Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.
But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood?
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crash, conclude, and quell!

The.—This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip.—Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr.—O wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.
Come tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus!
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight!
Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dem.—No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys.—Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The.—With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip.—How chance Moonshine is gone, before
Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The.—She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter Thisbe

Hip.—Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem.—A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe,

is the better; he for a man, God warrant us, she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys.—She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem.—And thus she moans, *videlicet*:

Thi.—Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O, sisters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword:
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
And farewell, friends:
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu. (Dies.

The.—Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem.—Ay, and Wall too.

Bot.—No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The.—No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable gross play hath well beguiled

The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. (Exeunt.

Scene II.

Enter Puck

Puck.—Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with their train

Obe.—Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.
Tit.—First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

(Song and dance.

Obe.—Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessèd be;
And the issue there create

Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
No mark prodigious, such as are
Despisèd in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace:
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

(Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.

Puck.—If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearnèd luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. (Exit.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

NAMES OF THE ACTORS

Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, } suitors to Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
Antonio, the Merchant of Venice.
Bassanio, his kinsman and friend.
Gratiano, }
Solanio, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
Salarino, }
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
Shylock, a Jew.
Tubal, a Jew, his friend.
Launcelot Gobbo, a clown, servant to Shylock.
Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot.
Leonardo, servant to Bassanio.
Balthazar, } servants to Portia.
Stephano, }
Portia, a rich heiress.
Nerissa, her waiting-maid.
Jessica, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.

The exact year in which this play, one of Shakespeare's "great comedies," was written has not been ascertained with any certainty. It cannot, however, have been before 1594, nor can it have been later than 1598. It may be the play referred to in Henslowe's Diary as the "Venesyon Comodey," acted in the autumn of 1598. It was first printed as a quarto in 1600, when two editions appeared. The principal plot, relating to the enforced payment of a bond, is of ancient oriental origin. It occurs in Europe as early as the thirteenth century. Shakespeare had probably read the "Adventures of Giannetto," one of a collection of tales called *Il Pecorone*, by Fiorentino, published at Milan in 1558. The casket scene may have been suggested by a story in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The scene is laid partly in Venice and partly at Portia's villa, Belmont, on the main land.

ACT I

Scene I.—*Venice. A Street*

Enter Antonio, Salarino and Solanio

Ant.—In sooth, I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Sal.—Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That court'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Sol.—Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
Sal.— My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial; should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And in a word, but even worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know, Antonio

Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
Ant.—Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.
Sal.—Why then you are in love.
Ant.— Fie, fie!
Sal.—Not in love neither: then let's say you are sad,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper;
And other of such vinegar aspèct,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo and Gratiano

Sol.—Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well,
We leave you now with better company.
Sal.—I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant.—Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.
Sal.—Good morrow, my good lords.
Bas.—Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Sal.—We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
(Exeunt Salarino and Solanio.
Lor.—My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio
We too will leave you: but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bas.—I will not fail you.
Gra.—You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
Ant.—I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra.— Let me play the fool,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which hearing them would call their brothers fools:
I'll tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy bait
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well, awhile,
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor.—Well, we will leave you then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra.—Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant.—Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra.—Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

(Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.

Ant.—Is that any thing now?

Bas.—Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice, his reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.

Ant.—Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bas.—'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,

By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate, but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant.—I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it,
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bas.—In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advisèd watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant.—You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bas.—In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast

Renownèd suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant.—Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum, therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do,
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. (Exeunt.

Scene II.—*In Portia's House*

Enter Portia and Nerissa

Por.—By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner.—You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing; it is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por.—Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner.—They would be better, if well followed.

Por.—If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree, such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner.—Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death

have good inspirations, therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por.—I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner.—First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por.—Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner.—Then is there the County Palatine.

Por.—He doth nothing but frown: as who should say, An you will not have me, chose. He hears merry tales, and smiles not, I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these: God defend me from these two!

Ner.—How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Boune?

Por.—God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but, he!—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine, he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I should never requite him.

Ner.—What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por.—You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited, I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner.—What think you of the other lord, his neighbour?

Por.—That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner.—How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por.—Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner.—If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por.—Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner.—You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por.—If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I wish them a fair departure.

Ner.—Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in the company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por.—Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, as I think, so was he called.

Ner.—True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por.—I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise. (Enter a Serving-man.

Ser.—The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por.—If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. (Exeunt.

Scene III.—*Venice. A Public Place*

Enter Bassanio and Shylock

Shy.—Three thousand ducats; well.
Bas.—Ay, sir, for three months.
Shy.—For three months; well.
Bas.—For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
Shy.—Antonio shall become bound; well.
Bas.—May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?
Shy.—Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.
Bas.—Your answer to that.
Shy.—Antonio is a good man.
Bas.—Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?
Shy.—Ho no, no, no, no; my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad, but ships are but boards, sailors but men, there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think, I may take his bond.
Bas.—Be assured you may.
Shy.—I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?
Bas.—If it please you to dine with us.
Shy.—Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio

Bas.—This is Signior Antonio.
Shy.—How like a fawning publican he looks.
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nations, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-worn thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe
If I forgive him.
Bas.— Shylock, do you hear?
Shy.—I am debating of my present store,
And by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
Ant.—Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd,
How much ye would?
Shy.— Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Ant.—And for three months.
Shy.—I had forgot; three months: you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see, but hear you,
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant.— I do never use it.
Shy.—When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third possessor: ay, he was the third;—
Ant.—And what of him, did he take interest?
Shy.—No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streaked and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, and those were Jacob's.
This was the way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant.—This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy.—I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.
Ant.— Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

Shy.—Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant.—Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy.—Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have here monies:—you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this,—
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?

Ant.—I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalties.

Shy.— Why, look you how you storm,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant.—This were kindness.
Shy.— This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond, and in a merry sport
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it pleaseth me.
Ant.—Content, in faith, I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bas.—You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant.—Why, fear not man, I will not forfeit it,
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy.—O father Abraham! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: pray you, tell me this,
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats, I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu,
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
Ant.—Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy.—Then meet me forthwith at the notary's,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. (Exit.
Ant.— Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian, he grows kind.
Bas.—I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Ant.—Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. (Exeunt.

ACT II

Scene I.—*In Portia's House*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his train; Portia, Nerissa and other Attendants

Mor.—Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por.—In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renownèd prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor.— Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win the lady. But, alas the while.
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por.— You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.
Mor.—Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.
Por.—First, forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.
Mor.— Good fortune then!
To make me blest, or cursed'st among men!

(Cornets, and exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Venice. A Street*

Enter Launcelot Gobbo

Lau.—Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says, No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo: or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: Via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend; for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says, Launcelot, budge not. Budge, says the fiend. Budge not, says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well, fiend, say I, you counsel well, to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation, and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: the fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket

Gob.—Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?
Lau.—O heavens, this is my true begotten father, who, being more

than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try conclusions with him.

Gob.—Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Lau.—Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob.—By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Lau.—Talk you of young Master Launcelot? Mark me now, now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob.—No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and God be thanked well to live.

Lau.—Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob.—Your worship's friend, and Launcelot.

Lau.—But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob.—Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Lau.—Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob.—Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Lau.—Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob.—Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman, but I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Lau.—Do you not know me, father?

Gob.—Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Lau.—Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may: but in the end truth will out.

Gob.—Pray you, sir, stand up, I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Lau.—Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob.—I cannot think you are my son.

Lau.—I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob.—Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord, worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my fill horse has on his tail.

Lau.—It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair on his tail than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob.—Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Lau.—Well, well: but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew, give him a present, give him a halter, I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries, if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father, for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo and other followers

Bas.—You may do so, but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the very farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered, put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. (Exit a Servant.

Lau.—To him, father.

Gob.—God bless your worship!

Bas.—Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob.—Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Lau.—Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gob.—He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

Lau.—Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob.—His master and he (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins,—

Lau.—To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob.—I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Lau.—In very brief, the suit is important to myself, as your lordship

shall know by this honest old man: and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bas.—One speak for both. What would you?

Lau.—Serve you, sir.

Gob.—That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bas.—I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Lau.—The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bas.—Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery,
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Lau.—Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives, alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

(Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.

Bas.—I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought, and orderly bestowed,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leo.—My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano

Gra.—Where is your master?

Leo.— Yonder, sir, he walks. (Exit.

Gra.—Signior Bassanio,—

Bas.—Gratiano!

Gra.—I have a suit to you.

Bas.— You have obtain'd it.

Gra.—You must not deny me, I must go with you to Belmont.

Bas.—Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice,

Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art known, why, there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra.— Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen,
Use all the observance of civility
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bas.—Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra.—Nay, but I bar to-night, you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bas.— No, that were pity,
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well;
I have some business.

Gra.—And I must to Lorenzo and the rest,
But we will visit you at supper-time. (Exeunt.

Scene III.—*The Same. In Shylock's House*

Enter Jessica and Launcelot

Jes.—I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou a merry devil
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest,
Give him this letter, do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Lau.—Adieu, tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew. If a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu, these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu.

Jes.—Farewell, good Launcelot.— (Exit Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!
If thou keep promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. (Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Street*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino and Solanio

Lor.—Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.
Gra.—We have not made good preparation.
Sal.—We have not spoke as yet of torch-bearers.
Sol.—'Tis vile unless it may be quaintly ordered,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
Lor.—'Tis now but four o'clock, we have two hours
To furnsh us.—

Enter Launcelot, with a letter

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
Lau.—An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.
Lor.—I know the hand, in faith, 'tis a fair hand,
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra.— Love-news, in faith.
Lau.—By your leave, sir.
Lor.—Whither goest thou?
Lau.—Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lor.—Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her; speak it privately;
Go.—Gentlemen, (Exit Launcelot.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Sal.—Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
Sol.—And so will I.
Lor.— Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Sal.—'Tis good we do so. (Exeunt Salarino and Solanio.
Gra.—Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor —I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me, peruse this as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. (Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*The Same. Before Shylock's House*

Enter Shylock and Launcelot

Shy.—Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!
And sleep and snore and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!
Lau.— Why, Jessica!
Shy.—Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Lau.—Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica

Jes.—Call you? What is your will?
Shy.—I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house.—I am right loath to go,
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
Lau.—I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.
Shy.—So do I his.
Lau.—And they have conspired together,—I will not say you shall see a masque, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.
Shy.—What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces;
But stop my house's ears,—I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Lau.—I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. (Exit Lau.

Shy.—What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes.—His words were, farewell, mistress, nothing else.

Shy.—The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you, shut doors after you,
Fast bind, fast find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. (Exit.

Jes.—Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. (Exit.

Scene VI.—*The Same*

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued

Gra.—This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Sal.—His hour is almost past.

Gra.—And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal.—O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obligèd faith unforfeited.

Gra.—That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire

That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chasèd than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfèd bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embracèd by the strumpet wind:
How like a prodigal doth she return
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind.
Sal.—Here comes Lorenzo:—More of this hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo

Lor.—Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affairs have made me wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach,
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who's within?

Enter Jessica above, in boy's clothes

Jes—Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor.—Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes.—Lorenzo, certain, and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor.—Heaven and thy thoughts are witness
that thou art.
Jes.—Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit,
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformèd to a boy.
Lor.—Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jes.—What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscured.
Lor.— So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes.—I will make fast the doors, and gild myself

With some more ducats, and be with you straight. (Exit above.
Gra.—Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
Lor.—Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica below

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
(Exit with Jessica and Salarino.

Enter Antonio

Ant.—Who's there?
Gra.—Signior Antonio?
Ant.—Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night, the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra.—I am glad on 't, I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. (Exeunt.

Scene VII.—*In Portia's House*

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their trains.

Por.—Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.
Mor.—The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,—
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries,—
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,—
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.—
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por.—The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor.—Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give,—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: men that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross,
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves!—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
It thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady, all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as through-fares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought, it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed

Lies all within.—Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
Por.—There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours.
Mor. — O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

"All that glisters is not gold,"—
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat: and welcome, frost!—
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.
(Exit with his train. Cornets.
Por.—A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains: go.—
Let all of his complexion chose me so. (Exeunt.

Scene VIII.—*Venice. A Street*

Enter Salarino and Solanio

Sal.—Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail,
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.
Sol.—The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Sal.—He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Sol.—I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!—

Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealèd bag, two sealèd bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels,—two stones, two rich and precious stones.
Stolen by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!

Sal.—Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol.—Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal.— Marry, well remembered.
I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Sol.—You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal.—A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answered, Do not so,
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Sol.—I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embracèd heaviness
With some delight or other.

Sal.— Do we so. (Exeunt.

Scene IX.—*In Portia's House. A Room*

Enter Nerissa, with a Servant

Ner.—Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtains straight:

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their trains

Por.—Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contained,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Arr.—I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:—
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por.—To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Arr.—And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope—Gold, silver and base lead.
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire!—that many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house,
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeservèd dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

(He opens the silver casket.

Por.—Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Arr.—What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por.—To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposèd natures.

Arr.—What is here?

The fire seven times tried this,
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never chose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, sir: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

(Exit Arragon and train.

Por.—Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner.—The ancient saying is no heresy,—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por.—Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger

Mes.—Where is my lady?
Por.— Here; what would my lord?
Mes.—Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, (besides commends and courteous breath,)
Gifts of rich value: yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Por.—No more, I pray thee, I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
Ner.—Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be! (Exeunt.

ACT III

Scene I.—*Venice. A Street*

Enter Solanio and Salarino

Sol.—Now, what news on the Rialto?
Sal.—Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip, Report, be an honest woman of her word.
Sol.—I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!
Sal.—Come, the full stop.
Sol.—Ha,—what sayeth thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.
Sal.—I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Sol.—Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer,—for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter Shylock

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy.—You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal.—That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wing she flew withal.

Sol.—And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged, and then, it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy.—She is dammed for it.

Sal.—That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy.—My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sol.—Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy.—I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal.—There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish.—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy.—There I have another bad match, a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart: let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Sal.—Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy.—To bait fish withal, if it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? if you prick us do we not bleed? if you tickle us do we not laugh? if you poison us do we not die? and if you wrong us shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge.

The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant

Ser.—Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

Sal.—We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal

Sol.—Here comes another of the tribe, a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

(Exeunt Solanio, Salarino and Servant.

Shy.—How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub.—I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy.—Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse never fell upon our nation till now, I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why so? and I know not what's spent in the search. Why thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub.—Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy.—What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck.

Tub.—Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy.—I thank God, I thank God! Is it true, is it true?

Tub.—I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy.—I thank thee, good Tubal.—Good news, good news! ha, ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub.—Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

Shy.—Thou stick'st a dagger into me:—I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub.—There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot chose but break.

Shy.—I am very glad of it:—I'll plague him; I'll torture him:—I am glad of it.

Tub.—One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy.—Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal, it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub.—But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy.—Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. (Exeunt.

Scene II.—*In Portia's House*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa and Attendants

Por.—I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two,
Before you hazard, for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore, forbear a while.
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you, and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours.
And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bas.— Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por.—Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bas.—None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Por.—Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforcèd do speak any thing.
Bas.—Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.
Por.—Well then, confess and live.
Bas.— Confess and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por.—Away then, I am locked in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crownèd monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice:
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With blearèd visages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

(Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All.—Ding, dong, bell.

Bas.—So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damnèd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk,
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crispèd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposèd fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence.
Por.—How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstacy;
In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,

For fear I surfeit!

Bas.—What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine
Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por.—You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,

I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself, and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bas.—Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a belovèd prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleasèd multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner.—My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy, good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra.—My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bas.—With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra.—I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved, for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.

Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here, until I swet again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por.— Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner.—Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bas.—And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra.—Yes, faith, my lord.

Bas.—Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra.—We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner.—What, and stake down?

Gra.—No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, my old Venetian friend Solanio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica and Solanio

Bas.—Lorenzo and Solanio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por.— So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor.—I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sol.— I did, my lord;
And I have reason for 't. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. (Gives Bassanio a letter.

Bas.— Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sol.—Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind,
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra.—Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Sol.—I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
Por.—There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bas.— O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing, for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,—
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Solanio?
Hath all his ventures failed? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sol.— Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greed to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.
Jes.—When I was with him, I have heard him swear,

To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por.—Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bas.—The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por.—What sum owes he the Jew?

Bas.—For me three thousand ducats.

Por.— What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bas. (Reads.)—Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I. If I might but see you at my death:—notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por.—O love, dispatch all business and be gone.

Bas.—Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste, but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. (Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Venice. A Street*

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio and Gaoler

Shy.—Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:—
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant.— Here me yet, good Shylock.
Shy.—I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I've sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant.—I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy.—I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. (Exit.
Sal.—It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant.— Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft delivered from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me,
Therefore he hates me.
Sal.— I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant.—The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt,—and then I care not! (Exeunt.

Scene IV.—*In Portia's House*

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica and Balthazar

Lor.—Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por.—I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery?
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.
Lor.— Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por.—My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.
Lor.—Fair thoughts, and happy hours attend on you!

Jes.—I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por.—I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
(Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
Bal.—Madam, I go with all convenient speed. (Exit.
Por.—Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
Ner.— Shall they see us?
Por.—They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplishèd
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;—
I could not do withal;—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear I have discontinu'd school
Above a twelvemonth: I've within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.
Ner.— Why, shall we turn to men?
Por.—Fie, what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us

At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. (Exeunt.

Scene V.—*The Same. A Garden*

Enter Launcelot and Jessica

Lau.—Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you art damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes.—And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Lau.—Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not,—that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes.—That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Lau.—Truly, then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes.—I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Lau.—Truly, the more to blame: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jes.—I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Enter Lorenzo

Lor.—I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes.—Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor.—I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Lau.—It is much that the Moor should be more than reason, but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor.—How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow

commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Lau.—That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor.—Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then, bid them prepare dinner.

Lau.—That is done, too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor.—Will you cover, then, sir?

Lau.—Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor.—Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat and we will come in to dinner.

Lau.—For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. (Exit.

Lor.—O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.—How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,—
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes.—Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The Lord Bassanio lead an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not merit it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawned with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor.— Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes.—Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that.

Lor.—I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

Jes.—Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lor.—No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk,
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes.— Well, I'll set you forth. (Exeunt.

ACT IV

Scene I.—*Venice. A Court of Justice*

Enter the Duke; the Magnificoes; Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salarino, Solanio and others

Duke.—What, is Antonio here?
Ant.—Ready, so please your grace.
Duke.—I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant.— I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke.—Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Sol.—He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock

Duke.—Make room, and let him stand before our face.-
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shy.—I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn

To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;
But say it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat,
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a swollen bagpipe,—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bas.—This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy.—I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bas.—Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy.—Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bas.—Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy.—What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant.—I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,

But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bas.—For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy.—If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.
Duke.—How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy.—What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchaser slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer,—shall I have it?
Duke.—Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Sal.— My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
Duke.—Bring us the letters; call the messenger.
Bas.—Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant.—I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk

Duke.—Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner.—From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
(Presents a letter.
Bas.—Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy.—To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra.—Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy.—No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra.—O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinions with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd and ravenous.
Shy.—Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.
Duke.—This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.—
Where is he?
Ner.— He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke.—With all my heart,—Some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke.—You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Por.—I did, my lord.
Duke.— You are welcome; take your place,
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por.—I am informed thoroughly of the cause.—
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke.—Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por.—Is your name Shylock?
Shy.— Shylock is my name.
Por.—Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—
(To Antonio.) You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant.—Ay, so he says.
Por.— Do you confess the bond?
Ant.—I do.
Por.—Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy.—On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por.—The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronèd in the heart of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy.—My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por.—Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bas.—Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por.—It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shy.—A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
Por.—I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy.—Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Por.—Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy.—An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por.— Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy.—When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant.—Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por.— Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy.—O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por.—For, the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy.—'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por.—Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy.— Ay, his breast;
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.
Por.—It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy.—I have them ready.
Por.—Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy.—Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por.—It is not so express'd, but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy.—I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por.—Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant.—But little: I am armed and well prepared.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty, from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bas.—Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por.—Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra.—I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner.—'Tis well you offer it behind her back;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy.—These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por.—A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy.—Most rightful judge!
Por.—And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy.—Most learned judge!—A sentence! come, prepare!
Por.—Tarry a little: there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra.—O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned judge!
Shy.—Is that the law?
Por.— Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
Gra.—O learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned judge!
Shy.—I take this offer, then:—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bas.— Here is the money.
Por.—Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft! no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra.—O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por.—Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less than a just pound,—be it but so much
As make it light or heavy in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra.—A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por.—Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy.—Give me my principal and let me go.

Bas.—I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por.—He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra.—A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy.—Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por.—Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy.—Why, then the devil give him good of it;
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. — Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods, the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state,
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra.—Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke.—That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.
Por.—Ay, for the state,—not for Antonio.
Shy.—Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por.—What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra.—A halter gratis: nothing else, for God's sake.
Ant.—So please my lord the duke and all the court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke.—He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.

Por.—Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy.—I am content.

Por.—Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy.—I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke.— Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra.—In christening thou shalt have two god-fathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

(Exit Shylock.

Duke.—Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por.—I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke.—I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

(Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes and train.

Bas.—Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant.—And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por.—He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bas.—Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por.—You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bas.—This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por.—I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Bas.—There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation,
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por.—I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.
Bas.—Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should never sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por.—That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
(Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.
Ant.—My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.
Bas.—Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste. (Exit Gratiano.
Come, you and I will will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. (Exeunt.

Scene II.—*The Same. A Street*

Enter Portia and Nerissa

Por.—Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano

Gra.—Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por.— That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully;
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra.—That will I do.
Ner.— Sir, I would speak with you.—
(To Portia.) I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por.—Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner.—Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? (Exeunt.

ACT V

Scene I.—*Portia's Garden*

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica

Lor.—The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes.— In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor.— In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes.— In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor.— In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,

And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jes.— In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor.— In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jes.—I would out-night you, did nobody come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano

Lor.—Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Ste.—A friend.
Lor.—A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend.
Ste.—Stephano is my name, and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor.— Who comes with her?
Ste.—None, but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lor.—He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let use prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot

Lau.—Sola, sola, wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lor.—Who calls?
Lau.—Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!
Lor.—Leave hollaing, man:—here.
Lau.—Sola! where? where?
Lor.—Here.
Lau.—Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. (Exit.
Lor.—Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter:—why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.— (Exit Stephano.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. (Music.

Jes.—I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor.—The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa, at a distance

Por.—That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner.—When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por.—So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state,

Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.—Music! hark!
Ner.—It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por.—Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner.—Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por.—The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! (Music ceases.
Lor.— That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
Por.—He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor.— Dear lady, welcome home.
Por.—We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned?
Lor.— Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por.— Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you. (A tucket sounds.
Lor.—Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por.—This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano and their followers

Bass.—We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por.—Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all!—You're welcome home, my lord.
Bas.—I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend;
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por.—You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant.—No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por.—Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
Gra. (to Nerissa.)—By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por.—A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra.—About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose poesy was
For all the world like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife, Love me and leave me not.
Ner.—What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death:
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.
Gra.—He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner.—Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra.—Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy; a little scrubbèd boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por.—You were to blame,—I must be plain with you,—
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith upon your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind cause of grief:
An' twere to me, I should be mad at it.
Bas. (Aside.)—Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.
Gra.—My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed

Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.
Por.— What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, that you receiv'd of me.
Bas.—If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it,—it is gone.
Por.—Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
Ner.— Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
Bas.— Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasur
Por.—If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for 't, but some woman had the ring.
Bas.—No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him:
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessèd candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por.—Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner.—And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra.—Well, do you so: let me not take him, then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant.—I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por.—Sir, grieve not you; you're welcome notwithstanding.
Bas.—Portia, forgive me this enforcèd wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
Por.—Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
Bas.— Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant.—I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por.—Then you shall be his surety. Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant.—Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bas.—By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
Por.—I had it of him: pardon be, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.
Ner.—And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbèd boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.
Gra.—Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, when the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por.—Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here,
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now returned; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chancèd on this letter.
Ant.— I am dumb.
Bas.—Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra.—Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
Ner.—Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he lives until he be a man.
Bas.—Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then, lie with my wife.
Ant.—Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por.— How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.
Ner.—Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee,—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor.—Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Or starvèd people.
Por.— It is almost morning,
And yet I'm sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra.—Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sure, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. (Exeunt.

BOOK TWO
FAMOUS ORATIONS

PERICLES

FUNERAL ORATION ON THE ATHENIANS WHO FIRST FELL IN THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR

THE greater part of those who ere now have spoken in this place, have been accustomed to praise the man who introduced this oration into the law; considering it a right thing that it should be delivered over those who are buried after falling in battle. To me, however, it would have appeared sufficient, that when men had shown themselves brave by deeds, their honors also should be displayed by deeds —as you now see in the case of this burial, prepared at the public expense— and not that the virtue of many should be perilled in one individual, for credit to be given him according as he expresses himself well or ill. For it is difficult to speak with propriety on a subject on which even the impression of one's truthfulness is with difficulty established. For the hearer who is acquainted (with the facts), and kindly disposed (toward those who performed them), might perhaps think them somewhat imperfectly set forth, compared with what he both wishes and knows; while he who is unacquainted with them might think them somewhat imperfectly set forth, compared with what he both wishes and knows; while he who is unacquainted with them might think that some points were even exaggerated, being led to this conclusion by envy, should he hear anything surpassing his own natural powers. For praises spoken of others are only endured so far as each one thinks that he is himself also capable of doing any of the things he hears; but that which exceeds their own capacity men at once envy and disbelieve. Since, however, our ancestors judged this to be a right custom, I too, in obedience of the law, must endeavor to meet the wishes and views of every one, as far as possible.

I will begin then with our ancestors first: for it is just, and becoming too at the same time, that on such an occasion the honor of being thus mentioned should be paid them. For always inhabiting the country without change, through a long succession of posterity, by their valor they transmitted it free to this very time. Justly then may they claim to be commended; and more justly still may our own fathers. For in addition to what they inherited, they acquired the great empire which we possess, and by painful exertions bequeathed

it to us of the present day: though to most part of it have additions been made by ourselves here, who are still, generally speaking, in the vigor of life; and we have furnished our city with everything, so as to be most self-sufficient both for peace and for war. Now with regard to our military achievements, by which each possession was gained, whether in any case it were ourselves, or our fathers, that repelled with spirit hostilities brought against us by barbarian or Greek; as I do not wish to enlarge on the subject before you who are well acquainted with it, I will pass them over. But by what a mode of life we attained to our power, and by what form of government and owing to what habits it became so great, I will explain these points first, and then proceed to the eulogy of these men; as I consider that on the present occasion they will not be inappropriately mentioned, and that it is profitable for the whole assembly, both citizens and strangers, to listen to them.

For we enjoy a form of government which does not copy the laws of our neighbors; but we are ourselves rather a pattern to others than imitators of them. In name, from its not being administered for the benefit of the few, but of the many, it is called a democracy; but with regard to its laws, all enjoy equality, as concerns their private differences; while with regard to public rank, according as each man has reputation for anything, he is preferred for public honors, not so much from consideration of party, as of merit; nor, again, on the ground of poverty, while he is able to do the state any good service, is he prevented by the obscurity of his position. We are liberal then in our public administration; and with regard to mutual jealousy of our daily pursuits, we are not angry with our neighbor, if he does anything to please himself; nor wear on our countenance offensive looks, which, though harmless, are yet unpleasant. While, however, in private matters we live together agreeably, in public matters, under the influence of fear, we most carefully abstain from transgression, through our obedience to those who are from time to time in office, and to the laws; especially such of them as are enacted for the benefit of the injured, and such as, though unwritten, bring acknowledged disgrace (on those who break them).

Moreover, we have provided for our spirits the most numerous recreations from labors, by celebrating games and sacrifices through the whole year, and by maintaining elegant private establishments, of which the daily gratification drives away sadness. Owing to the greatness too of our city, everything from every land is imported into it; and it is our lot to reap with no more peculiar enjoyment the good things which are produced here, than those of the rest of the world likewise.

In the studies of war also we differ from our enemies in the following respects. We throw our city open to all, and never, by the

expulsion of strangers, exclude any one from either learning or observing things, by seeing which unconcealed any of our enemies might gain an advantage; for we trust not so much to preparations and stratagems as to our own valor for daring deeds. Again, as to our modes of education, they aim at the acquisition of a manly character, by laborious training from their very youth; while we, though living at our ease, no less boldly advance to meet equal dangers. As a proof of this, the Lacedæmonians never march against our country singly, but with all (their confederates) together: while we, generally speaking, have no difficulty in conquering in battle upon hostile ground those who are standing up in defense of their own. And no enemy ever yet encountered our whole united force, through our attending at the same time to our navy, and sending our troops by land on so many different services: but wherever they have engaged with any part of it, if they conquer only some of us, they boast that we were all routed by them; and if they are conquered, they say it was by all that they were beaten. And yet if with careless ease rather than with laborious practise, and with a courage which is the result not so much of laws as of natural disposition, we are willing to face danger, we have the advantage of not suffering beforehand from coming troubles, and of proving ourselves, when we are involved in them, no less bold than those who are always toiling; so that our country is worthy of admiration in these respects, and in others besides.

For we study taste with economy, and philosophy without effeminacy; and employ wealth rather for opportunity of action than for boastfulness of talking; while poverty is nothing disgraceful for a man to confess, but not to escape it by exertion is more disgraceful. Again, the same men can attend at the same time to domestic as well as to public affairs; and others, who are engaged with business, can still form a sufficient judgment on political questions. For we are the only people that consider the man who takes no part in these things, not as unofficious, but as useless; and we ourselves judge rightly of measures, at any rate, if we do not originate them; while we do not regard words as any hindrance to deeds, but rather (consider it a hindrance) not to have been previously instructed by word, before undertaking in deed what we have to do. For we have this characteristic also in a remarkable degree, that we are at the same time most daring and most calculating in what we take in hand; whereas to other men it is ignorance that brings daring, while calculation brings fear. Those, however, would deservedly be deemed most courageous, who know most fully what is terrible and what is pleasant, and yet do not on this account shrink from dangers. As regards beneficence also we differ from the generality of men; for we make friends, not by receiving, but by conferring kindness.

Now he who has conferred the favor is the firmer friend, in order that he may keep alive the obligation by good will toward the man on whom he has conferred it; whereas he who owes it in return feels less keenly, knowing that it is not as a favor, but as a debt, that he will repay the kindness. Nay, we are the only men who fearlessly benefit any one, not so much from calculations of expediency, as with the confidence of liberality.

In short, I say that both the whole city is a school for Greece, and that, in my opinion, the same individual would among us prove himself qualified for the most varied kinds of action, and with the most graceful versatility. And that this is not mere vaunting language for the occasion, so much as actual truth, the very power of the state, which we have won by such habits, affords a proof. For it is the only country at the present time that, when brought to the test, proves superior to its fame; and the only one that neither gives to the enemy who has attacked us any cause for indignation at being worsted by such opponents, nor to him who is subject to us room for finding fault, as not being ruled by men who are worthy of empire. But we shall be admired both by present and future generations as having exhibited our power with great proofs, and by no means without evidence; and as having no further need, either of Homer to praise us, or any one else who might charm for the moment by his verses, while the truth of the facts would mar the idea formed of them; but as having compelled every sea and land to become accessible to our daring, and everywhere established everlasting records, whether of evil or of good. It was for such a country then that these men, nobly resolving not to have it taken from them, fell fighting; and every one of their survivors may well be willing to suffer in its behalf.

For this reason, indeed, it is that I have enlarged on the characteristics of the state; both to prove that the struggle is not for the same object in our case as in that of men who have none of these advantages in an equal degree; and at the same time clearly to establish by proofs (the truth of) the eulogy of those men over whom I am now speaking. And now the chief points of it have been mentioned; for with regard to the things for which I have commended the city, it was the virtues of these men, and such as these, that adorned her with them; and few of the Greeks are there whose fame, like these men's, would appear but the just counterpoise of their deeds. Again, the closing scene of these men appears to me to supply an illustration of human worth, whether as affording us the first information respecting it, or its final confirmation. For even in the case of men who have been in other respects of an inferior character, it is but fair for them to hold forth as a screen their military courage in their country's behalf; for, having wiped out their evil by their good, they did more service collectively, than harm by their individual of-

fenses. But of these men there was none that either was made a coward by his wealth, from preferring the continued enjoyment of it; or shrank from danger through a hope suggested by poverty, namely, that he might yet escape it, and grow rich; but conceiving that vengeance on their foes was more to be desired than these objects, and at the same time regarding this as the most glorious of hazards, they wished by risking it to be avenged on their enemies, and so to aim at procuring those advantages; committing to hope the uncertainty of success, but resolving to trust to action, with regard to what was visible to themselves; and in that action, being minded rather to resist and die, than by surrendering to escape, they fled from the shame of (a discreditable) report, while they endured the brunt of the battle with their bodies; and after the shortest crisis, when at the very height of their fortune, were taken away from their glory rather than their fear.

Such did these men prove themselves, as became the character of their country. For you that remain, you must pray that you may have a more successful resolution, but must determine not to have one less bold against your enemies; not in word alone considering the benefit [of such a spirit] (on which one might descant to you at great length—though you know it yourselves quite as well—telling you how many advantages are contained in repelling your foes); but rather day by day beholding the power of the city as it appears in fact, and growing enamored of it, and reflecting, when you think it great, that it was by being bold, and knowing their duty, and being alive to shame in action, that men acquired these things; and because, if they ever failed in their attempt at anything, they did not on that account think it right to deprive their country also of their valor, but conferred upon her a most glorious joint-offering. For while collectively they gave her their lives, individually they received that renown which never grows old, and the most distinguished tomb they could have; not so much that in which they are laid, as that in which their glory is left behind them, to be everlastingly recorded on every occasion for doing so, either by word or deed, that may from time to time present itself. For of illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulchre; and not only does the inscription upon columns in their own land point it out, but in that also which is not their own there dwells with every one an unwritten memorial of the heart, rather than of a material monument. Vying then with these men in your turn, and deeming happiness to consist in freedom, and freedom in valor, do not think lightly of the hazards of war. For it is not the unfortunate (and those) who have no hope of any good, that would with most reason be unsparing of their lives; but those who, while they live, still incur the risk of a change to the opposite condition, and to whom the difference would be the greatest, should

they meet with any reverse. For more grievous, to a man of high spirit at least, is the misery which accompanies cowardice, than the unfelt death which comes upon him at once, in the time of his strength and of his hope for the common welfare.

Wherefore to the parents of the dead—as many of them as are here among you—I will not offer condolence, so much as consolation. For they know that they have been brought up subject to manifold misfortunes; but that happy is their lot who have gained the most glorious—death, as these have—sorrow, as you have; and to whom life has been so exactly measured, that they were both happy in it, and died in (that happiness). Difficult, indeed, I know it is to persuade you of this, with regard to those of whom you will often be reminded by the good fortune of others, in which you yourselves also once rejoiced; and sorrow is felt, not for the blessings of which one is bereft without full experience of them, but of that which one loses after becoming accustomed to it. But you must bear up in the hope of other children, those of you whose age yet allows you to have them. For to yourselves individually those who are subsequently born will be a reason for your forgetting those who are no more; and to the state it will be beneficial in two ways, by its not being depopulated, and by the enjoyment of security; for it is not possible that those should offer any fair and just advice, who do not incur equal risk with their neighbors by having children at stake. Those of you, however, who are past that age, must consider that the longer period of your life during which you have been prosperous is so much gain, and that what remains will be but a short one; and you must cheer yourselves with the fair fame of these (your lost ones). For the love of honor is the only feeling that never grows old; and in the helplessness of age it is not the acquisition of gain, as some assert, that gives greatest pleasure, but the enjoyment of honor.

For those of you, on the other hand, who are sons or brothers of the dead, great, I see, will be the struggle of competition. For every one is accustomed to praise the man who is no more; and scarcely, though even for an excess of worth, would you be esteemed, I do not say equal to them, but only slightly inferior. For the living are exposed to envy in their rivalry; but those who are in no one's way are honored with a good will free from all opposition. If, again, I must say anything on the subject of woman's excellence also, with reference to those of you who will now be in widowhood, I will express it all in a brief exhortation. Great will be your glory in not falling short of the natural character that belongs to you; and great is hers, who is least talked of among the men, either for good or evil.

I have now expressed in word, as the law required, what I had to say befitting the occasion; and, indeed, those who are here interred,

have already received part of their honors; while, for the remaining part, the state will bring up their sons at the public expense, from this time to their manhood; thus offering both to those and to their posterity a beneficial reward for such contests; for where the greatest prizes for virtue are given, there also the most virtuous men are found among the citizens. And now, having finished your lamentations for your several relatives, depart.

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO

SPEECH IN SUPPORT OF THE OPPIAN LAW

If, Romans, every individual among us had made it a rule to maintain the prerogative and authority of a husband with respect to his own wife, we should have less trouble with the whole sex. But now our privileges, overpowered at home by female contumacy, are, even here in the Forum, spurned and trodden under foot; and because we are unable to withstand each separately we now dread their collective body. I was accustomed to think it a fabulous and fictitious tale that in a certain island the whole race of males was utterly extirpated by a conspiracy of the women.

But the utmost danger may be apprehended equally from either sex if you suffer cabals and secret consultations to be held: scarcely indeed can I determine, in my own mind, whether the act itself, or the precedent that it affords, is of more pernicious tendency. The latter of these more particularly concerns us consuls and the other magistrates; the former, you, my fellow citizens: for, whether the measure proposed to your consideration be profitable to the state or not, is to be determined by you, who are to vote on the occasion.

As to the outrageous behavior of these woman, whether it be merely an act of their own, or owing to your instigations, Marcus Fundanius and Lucius Valerius, it unquestionably implies culpable conduct in magistrates. I know not whether it reflects greater disgrace on you, tribunes, or on the consuls: on you certainly, if you have brought these women hither for the purpose of raising tribunitian seditions; on us, if we suffer laws to be imposed on us by a secession of women, as was done formerly by that of the common people. It was not without painful emotions of shame that I, just now, made my way into the Forum through the midst of a band of women.

Had I not been restrained by respect for the modesty and dignity of some individuals among them, rather than of the whole number, and been unwilling that they should be seen rebuked by a consul, I should not have refrained from saying to them, "What sort of practice is this, of running out into public, besetting the streets, and addressing other women's husbands? Could not each have made the same request to

her husband at home? Are your blandishments more seducing in public than in private, and with other women's husbands than with your own? Although if females would let their modesty confine them within the limits of their own rights, it did not become you, even at home, to concern yourselves about any laws that might be passed or repealed here." Our ancestors thought it not proper that women should perform any, even private business, without a director; but that they should be ever under the control of parents, brothers, or husbands. We, it seems, suffer them, now, to interfere in the management of state affairs, and to thrust themselves into the Forum, into general assemblies, and into assemblies of election: for what are they doing at this moment in your streets and lanes? What, but arguing, some in support of the motion of tribunes; others contending for the repeal of the law?

Will you give the reins to their intractable nature, and then expect that themselves should set bounds to their licentiousness, and without your interference? This is the smallest of the injunctions laid on them by usage or the laws, all which women bear with impatience: they long entire liberty; nay, to speak the truth, not for liberty, but for unbounded freedom in every particular: for what will they not attempt if they now come off victorious? Recollect all the institutions respecting the sex, by which our forefathers restrained their profligacy and subjected them to their husbands; and yet, even with the help of all these restrictions, they can scarcely be kept within bounds. If, then, you suffer them to throw these off one by one, to tear them all asunder, and, at last, to be set on an equal footing with yourselves, can you imagine that they will be any longer tolerable? Suffer them once to arrive at an equality with you, and they will from that moment become your superiors.

But, indeed, they only object to any new law being made against them; they mean to deprecate, not justice, but severity. Nay, their wish is that a law which you have admitted, established by your suffrages, and found in the practice and experience of so many years to be beneficial, should now be repealed; and that by abolishing one law you should weaken all the rest. No law perfectly suits the convenience of every member of the community; the only consideration is, whether, on the whole, it be profitable to the greater part. If, because a law proves obnoxious to a private individual, it must therefore be cancelled and annulled, to what purpose is it for the community to enact laws, which those, whom they were particularly intended to comprehend, could presently repeal? Let us, however, inquire what this important affair is which has induced the matrons thus to run out into public in this indecorous manner, scarcely restraining from pushing into the Forum and the assembly of the people.

Is it to solicit that their parents, their husbands, children, and brothers may be ransomed from captivity under Hannibal?

By no means: and far be ever from the commonwealth so unfortunate a situation. Yet, when such was the case, you refused this to the prayers which, on that occasion, their duty dictated. But it is not duty, nor solicitude for their friends; it is religion that has collected them together. They are about to receive the Idæan Mother, coming, out of Phrygia from Pessinus.

What motive, that even common decency will not allow to be mentioned, is pretended for this female insurrection? Hear the answer: That we may shine in gold and purple; that, both on festival and common days, we may ride through the city in our chariots, triumphing over vanquished and abrogated law, after having captured and wrested from you your suffrages; and that there may be no bounds to our expenses and our luxury.

Often have you heard me complain of the profuse expenses of the women—often of those of the men; and that not only of men in private stations, but of the magistrates; and that the state was endangered by two opposite vices, luxury and avarice; those pests which have ever been the ruin of every great state. These I dread the more, as the circumstances of the commonwealth grow daily more properous and happy; as the empire increases; as we have passed over into Greece and Asia, places abounding with every kind of temptation that can inflame the passions; and as we have begun to handle even royal treasures: for I greatly fear that these matters will rather bring us into captivity than we them.

Believe me, those statues from Syracuse made their way into this city with hostile effect. I already hear too many commending and admiring the decorations of Athens and Corinth, and ridiculing the earthen images of our Roman gods that stand on the fronts of their temples. For my part, I prefer these gods,—propitious as they are, and I hope will continue, if we allow them to remain in their own mansions.

In the memory of our fathers, Pyrrhus, by his ambassador Cineas, made trial of the dispositions, not only of our men, but of our women also, by offers of presents: at that time the Oppian law, for restraining female luxury, had not been made; and yet not one woman accepted a present. What, think you, was the reason? That for which our ancestors made no provision by law on this subject: there was no luxury existing which might be restrained.

As diseases must necessarily be known before their remedies, so passions come into being before the laws which prescribe limits to them. What called forth the Licinian law, restricting estates to five hundred acres, but the unbounded desire for enlarging estates?

What the Cineian law, concerning gifts and presents, but that the plebeians had become vassals and tributaries to the senate? It is not, therefore, in any degree surprising that no want of the Oppian law, or of any other, to limit the expenses of the women, was felt at that time, when they refused to receive gold and purple that was thrown in their way and offered to their acceptance. If Cineas were now to go round the city with his presents, he would find numbers of women standing in the public streets ready to receive them.

There are some passions the causes or motives of which I can no way account for. To be debarred of a liberty in which another is indulged may perhaps naturally excite some degree of shame or indignation; yet, when the dress of all is alike, what inferiority in appearance can any one be ashamed of? Of all kinds of shame, the worst, surely, is the being ashamed of frugality or of poverty; but the law relieves you with regard to both; you want only that which it is unlawful for you to have.

This equalization, says the rich matron, is the very thing that I cannot endure. Why do not I make a figure, distinguished with gold and purple? Why is the poverty of others concealed under this cover of a law, so that it should be thought that, if the law permitted, they would have such things as they are not now able to procure? Romans, do you wish to excite among your wives an emulation of this sort, that the rich should wish to have what no other can have; and that the poor, lest they should be despised as such, should extend their expenses beyond their abilities? Be assured that when a woman once begins to be ashamed of what she ought not to be ashamed of, she will not be ashamed of what she ought. She who can, will purchase out of her own purse; she who cannot, will ask her husband.

Unhappy is the husband, both he who complies with the request, and he who does not; for what he will not give himself, another will. Now they openly solicit favors from other women's husbands; and, what is more, solicit a law and votes. From some they obtain them; although, with regard to you, your property, or your children, you would find it hard to obtain anything from them. If the law ceases to limit the expenses of your wife, you yourself will never be able to limit them. Do not suppose that the matter will hereafter be in the same state in which it was before the law was made on the subject. It is safer that a wicked man should never be accused than that he should be acquitted; and luxury, if it had never been meddled with, would be more tolerable than it will be, now, like a wild beast, irritated by having been chained and then let loose. My opinion is that the Oppian law ought on no account to be repealed. Whatever determination you may come to, I pray all the gods to prosper it.

CICERO

First Oration Against Catiline

When, O Catiline, do you mean to cease abusing our patience? How long is that madness of yours still to mock us? When is there to be an end of that unbridled audacity of yours, swaggering about as it does now? Do not the mighty guards placed on the Palatine Hill—do not the watches posted throughout the city—does not the alarm of the people, and the union of all good men—does not the precaution taken of assembling the senate in this most defensible place—do not the looks and countenances of this venerable body here present, have any effect upon you? Do you not feel that your plans are detected? Do you not see that your conspiracy is already arrested and rendered powerless by the knowledge which every one here possesses of it? What is there that you did last night, what the night before—where is it that you were—who was there that you summoned to meet you—what design was there which was adopted by you, with which you think that any one of us is unacquainted?

Shame on the age and on its principles! The senate is aware of these things; the consul sees them; and yet this man lives. Lives! ay, he comes even into the senate. He takes a part in the public deliberations; he is watching and marking down and checking off for slaughter every individual among us. And we, gallant men that we are, think that we are doing our duty to the republic if we keep out of the way of his frenzied attacks.

You ought, O Catiline, long ago to have been led to execution by command of the counsel. That destruction which you have been long plotting against us ought to have already fallen on your own head.

What? Did not that most illustrious man, Publius Scipio, the Pontifex Maximus, in his capacity of a private citizen, put to death Tiberius Gracchus, though but slightly undermining the constitution? And shall we, who are the consuls, tolerate Catiline, openly desirous to destroy the whole world with fire and slaughter? For I pass over older instances, such as how Caius Servilius Ahala with his own hand slew Spurius Mælius when plotting a revolution in the state. There was—there was once such virtue in this republic that brave men would repress mischievous citizens with severer chastise-

ment than the most bitter enemy. For we have a resolution of the senate, a formidable and authoritative decree against you, O Catiline; the wisdom of the republic is not at fault, nor the dignity of this senatorial body. We, we alone—I say it openly—we, the consuls, are wanting in our duty.

The senate once passed a decree that Lucius Opimius, the consul, should take care that the republic suffered no injury. Not one night elapsed. There was put to death, on some mere suspicion of disaffection, Caius Gracchus, a man whose family had borne the most unblemished reputation for many generations. There was slain Marcus Fulvius, a man of consular rank, and all his children. By a like decree of the senate the safety of the republic was intrusted to Caius Marius and Lucius Valerius, the consuls. Did not the vengeance of the republic, did not execution overtake Lucius Saturninus, a tribune of the people, and Caius Servilius, the prætor, without the delay of one single day? But we, for these twenty days, have been allowing the edge of the senate's authority to grow blunt, as it were. For we are in possession of a similar decree of the senate, but we keep it locked up in its parchment—buried, I may say, in the sheath; and according to this decree you ought, O Catiline, to be put to death this instant. You live—and you live, not to lay aside, but to persist in your audacity.

I wish, O conscript fathers, to be merciful; I wish not to appear negligent amid such danger to the state; but I do now accuse myself of remissness and culpable inactivity. A camp is pitched in Italy, at the entrance of Etruria, in hostility to the republic; the number of the enemy increases every day; and yet the general of that camp, the leader of those enemies, we see within the walls—ay, and even in the senate—planning every day some internal injury to the republic. If, O Catiline, I should now order you to be arrested, to be put to death, I should, I suppose, have to fear lest all good men should say that I had acted tardily, rather than that any one should affirm that I acted cruelly. But yet this, which ought to have been done long since, I have good reason for not doing as yet; I will put you to death, then, when there shall be not one person possible to be found so wicked, so abandoned, so like yourself, as not to allow that it has been rightly done. As long as one person exists who can dare to defend you, you shall live; but you shall live as you do now, surrounded by my many and trusted guards, so that you shall not be able to stir one finger against the republic: many eyes and ears shall still observe and watch you, as they have hitherto done, though you shall not perceive them.

For what is there, O Catiline, that you can still expect, if night is not able to veil your nefarious meetings in darkness, and if private

houses cannot conceal the voice of your conspiracy within their walls —if everything is seen and displayed? Change your mind: trust me: forget the slaughter and conflagration you are meditating. You are hemmed in on all sides; all your plans are clearer than the day to us; let me remind you of them. Do you recollect that on the 21st of October I said in the senate, that on a certain day, which was to be the 27th of October, C. Manlius, the satellite and servant of your audacity, would be in arms? Was I mistaken, Catiline, not only in so important, so atrocious, so incredible a fact, but, what is much more remarkable, in the very day? I said also in the senate that you had fixed the massacre of the nobles for the 28th of October, when many chief men of the senate had left Rome, not so much for the sake of saving themselves as of checking your designs. Can you deny that on that very day you were so hemmed in by my guards and my vigilance, that you were unable to stir one finger against the republic; when you said that you would be content with the flight of the rest, and the slaughter of us who remained? What? when you made sure that you would be able to seize Præneste on the 1st of November by a nocturnal attack, did you not find that that colony was fortified by my order, by my garrison, by my watchfulness and care? You do nothing, you plan nothing, think of nothing which I not only do not hear but which I do not see and know every particular of.

Listen while I speak of the night before. You shall now see that I watch far more actively for the safety than you do for the destruction of the republic. I say that you came the night before (I will say nothing obscurely) into the Scythe-dealers' street, to the house of Marcus Lecca; that many of your accomplices in the same insanity and wickedness came there, too. Do you dare to deny it? Why are you silent? I will prove it if you do deny it; for I see here in the senate some men who were there with you.

O ye immortal gods, where on earth are we? in what city are we living? what constitution is ours? There are here—here in our body, O conscript fathers, in this the most holy and dignified assembly of the whole world, men who meditate my death, and the death of all of us, and the destruction of this city, and of the whole world. I, the consul, see them; I ask them their opinion about the republic, and I do not yet attack, even by words, those who ought to be put to death by the sword. You were, then, O Catiline, at Lecca's that night; you divided Italy into sections; you settled where every one was to go; you fixed whom you were to leave at Rome, whom you were to take with you; you portioned out the divisions of the city for conflagration; you undertook that you yourself would at once leave the city, and said that there was then only this to delay you, that I was still

alive. Two Roman knights were found to deliver you from this anxiety, and to promise that very night, before daybreak, to slay me in my bed. All this I knew almost before your meeting had broken up. I strengthened and fortified my house with a stronger guard; I refused admittance, when they came, to those whom you sent in the morning to salute me, and of whom I had foretold to many eminent men that they would come to me at that time.

As, then, this is the case, O Catiline, continue as you have begun. Leave the city at last: the gates are open; depart. That Manlian camp of yours has been waiting too long for you as its general. And lead forth with you all your friends, or at least as many as you can; purge the city of your presence; you will deliver me from a great fear, when there is a wall between me and you. Among us you can dwell no longer—I will not bear it, I will not permit it, I will not tolerate it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and to this very Jupiter Stator, in whose temple we are, the most ancient protector of this city, that we have already so often escaped so foul, so horrible, and so deadly an enemy to the republic. But the safety of the commonwealth must not be too often allowed to be risked on one man. As long as you, O Catiline, plotted against me while I was the consul elect, I defended myself not with a public guard, but by my own private diligence. When, in the next consular comitia, you wished to slay me when I was actually consul, and your competitors also, in the Campus Martius, I checked your nefarious attempt by the assistance and resources of my own friends, without exciting any disturbance publicly. In short, as often as you attacked me, I by myself opposed you, and that, too, though I saw that my ruin was connected with great disaster to the republic. But now you are openly attacking the entire republic.

You are summoning to destruction and devastation the temples of the immortal gods, the houses of the city, the lives of all the citizens; in short, all Italy. Wherefore, since I do not yet venture to do that which is the best thing, and which belongs to my office and to the discipline of our ancestors, I will do that which is more merciful if we regard its rigor, and more expedient for the state. For if I order you to be put to death, the rest of the conspirators will still remain in the republic; if, as I have long been exhorting you, you depart, your companions, these worthless dregs of the republic, will be drawn off from the city too. What is the matter, Catiline? Do you hesitate to do that when I order you which you were already doing of your own accord? The consul orders an enemy to depart from the city. Do you ask me, Are you to go into banishment? I do not order it; but, if you consult me, I advise it.

For what is there, O Catiline, that can now afford you any pleasure

in this city? for there is no one in it, except that band of profligate conspirators of yours, who does not fear you—no one who does not hate you. What brand of domestic baseness is not stamped upon your life? What disgraceful circumstance is wanting to your infamy in your private affairs? From what licentiousness have your eyes, from what atrocity have your hands, from what iniquity has your whole body ever abstained? Is there one youth, when you have once entangled him in the temptations of your corruption, to whom you have not held out a sword for audacious crime, or a torch for licentious wickedness?

What? when lately by the death of your former wife you had made your house empty and ready for a new bridal, did you not even add another incredible wickedness to this wickedness? But I pass that over, and willingly allow it to be buried in silence, that so horrible a crime may not be seen to have existed in this city, and not to have been chastised. I pass over the ruin of your fortune, which you know is hanging over you against the ides of the very next month; I come to those things which relate not to the infamy of your private vices, not your domestic difficulties and baseness, but to the welfare of the republic and to the lives and safety of us all.

Can the light of this, O Catiline, can the breath of this atmosphere be pleasant to you, when you know that there is not one man of those here present who is ignorant that you, on the last day of the year, when Lepidus and Tullus were consuls, stood in the assembly armed; that you had prepared your hand for the slaughter of the consuls and chief men of the state, and that no reason or fear of yours hindered your crime and madness, but the fortune of the republic? And I say no more of these things, for they are not unknown to every one. How often have you endeavored to slay me, both as consul-elect and as actual consul? how many shots of yours, so aimed that they seemed impossible to be escaped, have I avoided by some slight stooping aside, and some dodging, as it were, of my body? You attempt nothing, you execute nothing, you devise nothing that can be kept hid from me at the proper time; and yet you do not cease to attempt and to contrive. How often already has that dagger of yours been wrested from your hands? how often has it slipped through them by some chance, and dropped down? and yet you cannot any longer do without it; and to what sacred mysteries it is consecrated and devoted by you I know not, that you think it necessary to plunge it in the body of the consul.

But now, what is that life of yours that you are leading? For I will speak to you not so as to seem influenced by the hatred I ought to feel, but by pity, nothing of which is due to you. You came a little while ago into the senate: in so numerous an assembly, who of

so many friends and connections of yours saluted you? If this in the memory of man never happened to any one else, are you waiting for insults by word of mouth, when you are overwhelmed by the most irresistible condemnation of silence? Is it nothing that at your arrival all those seats were vacated? that all the men of consular rank, who had often been marked out by you for slaughter, the very moment you sat down, left that part of the benches bare and vacant? With what feelings do you think you ought to bear this? On my honor, if my slaves feared me as all your fellow-citizens fear you, I should think I must leave my house. Do not you think you should leave the city? If I saw that I was even undeservedly so suspected and hated by my fellow-citizens, I would rather flee from their sight than be gazed at by the hostile eyes of every one. And do you, who, from the consciousness of your wickedness, know that the hatred of all men is just and has been long due to you, hesitate to avoid the sight and presence of those men whose minds and senses you offend? If your parents feared and hated you, and if you could by no means pacify them, you would, I think, depart somewhere out of their sight. Now your country, which is the common parent of all of us, hates and fears you, and has no other opinion of you than that you are meditating parricide in her case; and will you neither feel awe of her authority, nor deference for her judgment, nor fear of her power?

And she, O Catiline, thus pleads with you, and after a manner silently speaks to you: There has now for many years been no crime committed but by you; no atrocity has taken place without you; you alone unpunished and unquestioned have murdered the citizens, have harassed and plundered the allies; you alone have had power not only to neglect all laws and investigations, but to overthrow and break through them. Your former actions, though they ought not to have been borne, yet I did bear as well as I could; but now that I should be wholly occupied with fear of you alone, that at every sound I should dread Catiline, that no design should seem possible to be entertained against me which does not proceed from your wickedness, this is no longer endurable. Depart, then, and deliver me from this fear; that, if it be a just one, I may not be destroyed; if an imaginary one, that at least I may at last cease to fear.

If, as I have said, your country were thus to address you, ought she not to obtain her request, even if she were not able to enforce it? What shall I say of your having given yourself into custody? what of your having said, for the sake of avoiding suspicion, that you were willing to dwell in the house of Marcus Lepidus? And when you were not received by him, you dared even to come to me, and begged me to keep you in my house; and when you had received answer from me that I could not possibly be safe in the same house

with you, when I considered myself in great danger as long as we were in the same city, you came to Quintus Metellus, the prætor, and being rejected by him, you passed on to your associate, that most excellent man, Marcus Marcellus, who would be, I suppose you thought, most diligent in guarding you, most sagacious in suspecting you, and most bold in punishing you; but how far can we think that man ought to be from bonds and imprisonment who has already judged himself deserving of being given into custody?

Since, then, this is the case, do you hesitate, O Catiline, if you cannot remain here with tranquillity, to depart to some distant land, and to trust your life, saved from just and deserved punishment, to flight and solitude? Make a motion, say you, to the senate (for that is what you demand), and if this body votes that you ought to go into banishment, you say that you will obey. I will not make such a motion, it is contrary to my principles, and yet I will let you see what these men think of you. Begone from the city, O Catiline, deliver the republic from fear; depart into banishment, if that is the word you are waiting for. What now, O Catiline? Do you not perceive, do you not see the silence of these men? they permit it, they say nothing; why wait you for the authority of their words, when you see their wishes in their silence?

But had I said the same to this worthy young man, Publius Sextius, or to that brave man, Marcus Marcellus, before this time the senate would deservedly have laid violent hands on me, consul though I be, in this very temple. But as to you, Catiline, while they are quiet they approve, while they permit me to speak they vote, while they are silent they are loud and eloquent. And not they alone, whose authority forsooth is dear to you, though their lives are unimportant, but the Roman knights, too, those most honorable and excellent men, and the other virtuous citizens who are now surrounding the senate, whose numbers you could see, whose desires you could know, and whose voices you a few minutes ago could hear —ay, whose very hands and weapons I have for some time been scarcely able to keep off from you; but those, too, I will easily bring to attend you to the gates if you leave these places you have been long desiring to lay waste.

And yet, why am I speaking? that anything may change your purpose? that you may ever amend your life? that you may meditate flight or think of voluntary banishment? I wish the gods may give you such a mind; though I see, if alarmed at my words you bring your mind to go into banishment, what a storm of unpopularity hangs over me, if not at present, while the memory of your wickedness is fresh, at all events hereafter. But it is worth while to incur that, as long as that is but a private misfortune of my own, and is unconnected

with the dangers of the republic. But we cannot expect that you should be concerned at your own vices, that you should fear the penalties of the laws, or that you should yield to the necessities of the republic, for you are not, O Catiline, one whom either shame can recall from infamy, or fear from danger, or reason from madness.

Wherefore, as I have said before, go forth, and if you wish to make me, your enemy as you call me, unpopular, go straight into banishment. I shall scarcely be able to endure all that will be said if you do so; I shall scarcely be able to support my load of unpopularity if you do go into banishment at the command of the consul; but if you wish to serve my credit and reputation, go forth with your ill-omened band of profligates; betake yourself to Manlius, rouse up the abandoned citizens, separate yourself from the good ones, wage war against your country, exult in your impious banditti, so that you may seem to have been driven out by me and gone to strangers, but to have gone invited to your friends.

Though why should I invite you, by whom I know men have been already sent on to wait in arms for you at the forum Aurelium; who I know has fixed and agreed with Manlius upon a settled day; by whom I know that that silver eagle, which I trust will be ruinous and fatal to you and to all your friends, and to which there was set up in your house a shrine, as it were, of your crimes, has been already sent forward. Need I fear that you can long do without that which you used to worship when going out to murder, and from whose altars you have transferred your impious hand to the slaughter of citizens?

You will go at last where your unbridled and mad desire has been long hurrying you. And this causes you no grief, but an incredible pleasure. Nature has formed you, desire has trained you, fortune has preserved you for this insanity. Not only did you never desire quiet, but you never even desired any war but a criminal one; you have collected a band of profligates and worthless men, abandoned not only by all fortune but even by hope.

Then what happiness will you enjoy! with what delight will you exult! in what pleasure will you revel! when in so numerous a body of friends you neither hear nor see one good man. All the toils you have gone through have always pointed to this sort of life; your lying on the ground not merely to lie in wait to gratify your unclean desires, but even to accomplish crimes; your vigilance, not only when plotting against the sleep of husbands, but also against the goods of your murdered victims, have all been preparations for this. Now you have an opportunity of displaying your splendid endurance of hunger, of cold, of want of everything; by which in a short time you will find yourself worn out. All this I effected when I procured your rejection from the consulship, that you should be re-

duced to make attempts on your country as an exile, instead of being able to distress it as consul, and that that which had been wickedly undertaken by you should be called piracy rather than war.

Now that I may remove and avert, O conscript fathers, any in the least reasonable complaint from myself, listen, I beseech you, carefully to what I say, and lay it up in your inmost hearts and minds. In truth, if my country, which is far dearer to me than my life—if all Italy—if the whole republic were to address me, "Marcus Tullius, what are you doing? will you permit that man to depart whom you have ascertained to be an enemy? whom you see ready to become the general of the war? whom you know to be expected in the camp of the enemy as their chief, the author of all this wickedness, the head of the conspiracy, the instigator of the slaves and abandoned citizens, so that he shall seem not driven out of the city by you, but let loose by you against the city? Will you not order him to be thrown into prison, to be hurried off to execution, to be put to death with the most prompt severity? What hinders you? is it the customs of our ancestors? But even private men have often in this republic slain mischievous citizens. Is it the laws which have been passed about the punishment of Roman citizens? But in this city those who have rebelled against the republic have never had the rights of citizens. Do you fear odium with posterity? You are showing fine gratitude to the Roman people which has raised you, a man known only by your own actions, of no ancestral renown, through all the degrees of honor at so early an age to the very highest office, if from fear of unpopularity or of any danger you neglect the safety of your fellow-citizens. But if you have a fear of unpopularity, is that arising from the imputation of vigor and boldness, or that arising from that of inactivity and indecision most to be feared? When Italy is laid waste by war, when cities are attacked and houses in flames, do you not think that you will be then consumed by a perfect conflagration of hatred?

To this holy address of the republic, and to the feelings of those men who entertain the same opinion, I will make this short answer: If, O conscript fathers, I thought it best that Catiline should be punished with death, I would not have given the space of one hour to this gladiator to live in. If, forsooth, those excellent men and most illustrious cities not only did not pollute themselves, but even glorified themselves by the blood of Saturninus, and the Gracchi, and Flaccus, and many others of old time, surely I had no cause to fear lest for slaying this parricidal murderer of the citizens and unpopularity should accrue to me with posterity. And if it did threaten me to ever so great a degree, yet I have always been of the disposition to think unpopularity earned by virtue and glory not unpopularity.

Though there are some men in this body who either do not see what threatens, or dissemble what they do see; who have fed hope of Catiline by mild sentiments, and have strengthened the rising conspiracy by not believing it; influenced by whose authority many, and they not wicked, but only ignorant, if I punished him would say that I had acted cruelly and tyrannically. But I know that if he arrives at the camp of Manlius to which he is going, there will be no one so stupid as not to see that there has been a conspiracy, no one so hardened as not to confess it. But if this man alone were put to death, I know that this disease of the republic would be only checked for a while, not eradicated forever. But if he banishes himself, and takes with him all his friends, and collects at one point all the ruined men from every quarter, then not only will this full-grown plague of the republic be extinguished and eradicated, but also the root and seed of all future evils.

We have now for a long time, O conscript fathers, lived among these dangers and machinations of conspiracy; but somehow or other, the ripeness of all wickedness, and of this long-standing madness and audacity, has come to a head at the time of my consulship. But if this man alone is removed from this piratical crew, we may appear, perhaps, for a short time relieved from fear and anxiety, but the danger will settle down and lie hid in the veins and bowels of the republic. As it often happens that men afflicted with a severe disease, when they are tortured with heat and fever, if they drink cold water, seem at first to be relieved, but afterward suffer more and more severely; so this disease which is in the republic, if relieved by the punishment of this man, will only get worse and worse, as the rest will be still alive.

Wherefore, O conscript fathers, let the worthless begone—let them separate themselves from the good—let them collect in one place —let them, as I have often said before, be separated from us by a wall; let them cease to plot against the consul in his own house—to surround the tribunal of the city prætor—to besiege the senate house with swords—to prepare brands and torches to burn the city; let it, in short, be written on the brow of every citizen what are his sentiments about the republic. I promise you this, O conscript fathers, that there shall be so much diligence in us the consuls, so much authority in you, so much virtue in the Roman knights, so much unanimity in all good men, that you shall see everything made plain and manifest by the departure of Catiline—everything checked and punished.

With these omens, O Catiline, begone to your impious and nefarious war, to the great safety of the republic, to your own misfortune and injury, and to the destruction of those who have joined themselves

to you in every wickedness and atrocity. Then do you, O Jupiter, who were consecrated by Romulus with the same auspices as this city, whom we rightly call the stay of this city and empire, repel this man and his companions from your altars and from the other temples—from the houses and walls of the city—from the lives and fortunes of all the citizens; and overwhelm all the enemies of good men, the foes of the republic, the robbers of Italy, men bound together by a treaty and infamous alliance of crimes, dead and alive, with eternal punishments.

CÆSAR

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE ROMAN SENATE ON THE TREATMENT OF THE CATILINARIAN CONSPIRATORS

It becomes all men, conscript fathers, who deliberate on dubious matters, to be influenced neither by hatred, affection, anger, nor pit. The mind, when such feelings obstruct its view, cannot easily see what is right; nor has any human being consulted, at the same moment, his passions and his interest. When the mind is freely exerted, its reasoning is sound; but passion, if it gain possession of it, becomes its tyrant, and reason is powerless.

I could easily mention, conscript fathers, numerous examples of kings and nations, who, swayed by resentment or compassion, have adopted injudicious courses of conduct; but I had rather speak of those instances in which our ancestors, in opposition to the impulse of passion, acted with wisdom and sound policy.

In the Macedonian war, which we carried on against King Perses, the great and powerful state of Rhodes, which had risen by the aid of the Roman people, was faithless and hostile to us; yet, when the war was ended, and the conduct of the Rhodians was taken into consideration, our forefathers left them unmolested, lest any should say that war was made upon them for the sake of seizing their wealth, rather than of punishing their faithlessness. Throughout the Punic wars, too, though the Carthaginians, both during peace and in suspension of arms, were guilty of many acts of injustice, yet our ancestors never took occasion to retaliate, but considered rather what was worthy of themselves than what might justly be inflicted on their enemies.

Similar caution, conscript fathers, is to be observed by yourselves, that the guilt of Lentulus, and the other conspirators, may not have greater weight with you than your own dignity, and that you may not regard your indignation more than your character. If, indeed, a punishment adequate to their crimes be discovered, I consent to extraordinary measures; but if the enormity of their crime exceeds whatever can be devised, I think that we should inflict only such penalties as the laws have provided.

Most of those who have given their opinions before me have de-

plored, in studied and impressive language, the sad fate that threatens the republic; they have recounted the barbarities of war, and the afflictions that would fall on the vanquished; they have told us that maidens would be dishonored, and youths abused; that children would be torn from the embraces of their parents; that matrons would be subjected to the pleasure of the conquerors; that temples and dwelling-houses would be plundered; that massacres and fires would follow; and that every place would be filled with arms, corpses, blood and lamentation. But to what end, in the name of the eternal gods! was such eloquence directed? Was it intended to render you indignant at the conspiracy? A speech, no doubt, will inflame him whom so frightful and monstrous a reality has not provoked! Far from it: for to no man does evil, directed against himself, appear a light matter; many, on the contrary, have felt it more seriously than was right.

But to different persons, conscript fathers, different degrees of license are allowed. If those who pass a life sunk in obscurity commit any error, through excessive anger, few become aware of it, for their fame is as limited as their fortune; but of those who live invested with extensive power, and in an exalted station, the whole world knows the proceedings. Thus in the highest position there is the least liberty of action; and it becomes us to indulge neither partiality nor aversion, but least of all animosity; for what in others is called resentment is in the powerful termed violence and cruelty.

I am, indeed, of opinion, conscript fathers, that the utmost degree of torture is inadequate to punish their crime; but the generality of mankind dwell on that which happens last, and, in the case of malefactors, forget their guilt, and talk only of their punishment, should that punishment have been inordinately severe. I feel assured, too, that Decimus Silanus, a man of spirit and resolution, made the suggestions which he offered, from zeal for the state, and that he had no view, in so important a matter, to favor or to enmity; such I know to be his character, and such his discretion. Yet his proposal appears to me, I will not say cruel (for what can be cruel that is directed against such characters?), but foreign to our policy. For, assuredly, Silanus, either your fears, or their treason, must have induced you, a consul-elect, to propose this new kind of punishment. Of fear it is unnecessary to speak, when, by the prompt activity of that distinguished man our consul, such numerous forces are under arms; and as to the punishment, we may say, what is, indeed, the truth, that in trouble and distress death is a relief from suffering, and not a torment; that it puts an end to all human woes; and that, beyond it, there is no place either for sorrow or joy.

But why, in the name of the immortal gods, did you not add to your proposal, Silanus, that, before they were put to death, they should be punished with the scourge? Was it because the Porcian law forbids it? But other laws forbid condemned citizens to be deprived of life, and allow them to go into exile. Or was it because scourging is a severer penalty than death? Yet what can be too severe, or too harsh, toward men convicted of such an offence? But if scourging be a milder punishment than death, how is it consistent to observe the law as to the smaller point, when you disregard it as to the greater?

But who, it may be asked, will blame any severity that shall be decreed against these parricides of their country? I answer that time, the course of events, and fortune, whose caprice governs nations, may blame it. Whatever shall fall on the traitors, will fall on them justly; but it is for you, conscript fathers, to consider well what you resolve to inflict on others. All precedents productive of evil effects had had their origin from what was good; but when a government passes into the hands of the ignorant or unprincipled, any new example of severity, inflicted on deserving and suitable objects, is extended to those that are improper and undeserving of it. The Lacedæmonians, when they had conquered the Athenians, appointed thirty men to govern their state. These thirty began their administration by putting to death, even without a trial, all who were notoriously wicked, or publicly detestable; acts at which the people rejoiced, and extolled their justice. But afterward, when their lawless power gradually increased, they proceeded, at their pleasure, to kill the good and bad indiscriminately, and to strike terror into all; and thus the state, overpowered and enslaved, paid a heavy penalty for its imprudent exultation.

Within our own memory, too, when the victorious Sylla ordered Damasippus, and others of similar character, who had risen by distressing their country, to be put to death, who did not commend the proceeding? All exclaimed that wicked and factious men, who had troubled that state with their seditious practices, had justly forfeited their lives. Yet this proceeding was the commencement of great bloodshed. For whenever any one coveted the mansion or villa, or even the plate or apparel of another, he exerted his influence to have him numbered among the proscribed. Thus they, to whom the death of Damasippus had been a subject of joy, were soon after dragged to death themselves; nor was there any cessation of slaughter, until Sylla had glutted all his partisans with riches.

Such excesses, indeed, I do not fear from Marcus Tullius, or in these times. But in a large state there arise many men of various dispositions. At some other period, and under another consul, who,

like the present, may have an army at his command, some false accusation may be credited as true; and when, with our example for a precedent, the consul shall have drawn the sword on the authority of the senate, who shall stay its progress, or moderate its fury?

Our ancestors, conscript fathers, were never deficient in conduct or courage; nor did pride prevent them from imitating the customs of other nations, if they appeared deserving of regard. Their armor, and weapons of war, they borrowed from the Samnites; their ensigns of authority, for the most part, from the Etrurians; and, in short, whatever appeared eligible to them, whether among allies or among enemies, they adopted at home with the greatest readiness, being more inclined to emulate merit than to be jealous of it. But at the same time, adopting a practice from Greece, they punished their citizens with the scourge, and inflicted capital punishment on such as were condemned. When the republic, however, became powerful, and faction grew strong from the vast number of citizens, men began to involve the innocent in condemnation, and other like abuses were practiced; and it was then that the Porcian and other laws were provided, by which condemned citizens were allowed to go into exile. This lenity of our ancestors, conscript fathers, I regard as a very strong reason why we should not adopt any new measures of severity. For assuredly there was greater merit and wisdom in those, who raised so mighty an empire from humble means, than in us, who can scarcely preserve what they so honorably acquired. Am I of opinion, then, you will ask, that the conspirators should be set free, and that the army of Catiline should thus be increased? Far from it; my recommendation is, that their property be confiscated, and that they themselves be kept in custody in such of the municipal towns as are best able to bear the expense; that no one hereafter bring their case before the senate, or speak on it to the people; and that the senate now give their opinion that he who shall act contrary to this, will act against the republic and the general safety.

OLIVER CROMWELL

SPEECH AT OPENING OF FIRST PROTECTIVE PARLIAMENT

DELIVERED SEPTEMBER 4, 1654

Gentlemen,—You are met here on the greatest occasion that, I believe, England ever saw; having upon your shoulders the interests of three great nations with the territories belonging to them; and truly, I believe I may say it without any hyperbole, you have upon your shoulders the interests of all the Christian people in the world. And the expectation is that I should let you know, as far as I have cognizance of it, the occasion of your assembling together at this time.

It hath been very well hinted to you this day that you come hither to settle the interests above mentioned: for your work here, in the issue and consequence of it, will extend so far, even to all Christian people. In the way and manner of my speaking to you, I shall study plainness, and to speak to you what is truth, and what is upon my heart, and what will in some measure reach to these great concernments.

After so many changes and turnings which this nation hath labored under, to have such a day of hope as this is, and such a door of hope opened by God to us, truly I believe, some months since, would have been beyond all our thoughts! I confess it would have been worthy of such a meeting as this is, to have remembered that which was the rise of, and gave the first beginning to, all these troubles which have been upon this nation: and to have given you a series of the transactions,—not of men, but of the providence of God, all along unto our late changes: as also the ground of our first undertaking to oppose that usurpation and tyranny which was upon us, both in civils and spirituals; and the several grounds particularly applicable to the several changes that have been. But I have two or three reasons which divert me from such a way of proceeding at this time.

If I should have gone in that way, then that which lies upon my heart as to these things—which is so written there that if I would blot it out I could not—would itself have spent this day: the providences and dispensations of God have been so stupendous. As David

said in the like case (Ps. xl, 5), "Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered." Truly, another reason, unexpected by me, you had to-day in the sermon: you had much recapitulation of Providence; much allusion to a state and dispensation in respect of discipline and correction, of mercies and deliverances, to a state and dispensation similar to ours, —to, in truth, the only parallel of God's dealing with us that I know in the world, which was largely and wisely held forth to you this day: to Israel's bringing-out of Egypt through a wilderness by many signs and wonders, toward a Place of Rest,—I say toward it. And that having been so well remonstrated to you this day is another argument why I shall not trouble you with a recapitulation of those things; though they are things which I hope will never be forgotten, because written in better Books than those of paper;—written, I am persuaded, in the heart of every good man!

But a third reason was this: What I judge to be the end of your meeting, the great end, which was likewise remembered to you this day; to wit, healing and settling. The remembering of transactions too particularly, perhaps instead of healing,—at least in the hearts of many of you,—might set the wound fresh a-bleeding. And I mus profess this unto you, whatever thoughts pass upon me: That if this day, if this meeting, prove not healing, what shall we do! But, as I said before, I trust it is in the minds of you all, and much more in the mind of God, to cause healing. It must be first in His mind: and He being pleased to put it into yours, this will be a day indeed, and such a day as generations to come will bless you for! I say for this and the other reasons I have forborne to make a particular remembrance and enumeration of things, and of the manner of the Lord's bringing us through so many changes and turnings as have passed upon us.

Howbeit I think it will be more than necessary to let you know, at least so well as I may, in what condition this nation, or rather these nations, were, when the present government was undertaken. And for order's sake: It's very natural to consider what our condition was, in civils; and then also in spirituals.

What was our condition! Every man's hand almost was against his brother; at least his heart was; little regarding anything that should cement, and might have a tendency in it to cause us to grow into one. All the dispensations of God; his terrible ones, when he met us in the way of his judgment in a ten-years' civil war, and his merciful ones: they did not, work upon us! No. But we had our humors and interests; and indeed I fear our humors went for more

with us than even our interests. Certainly, as it falls out in such cases, our passions were more than our judgments. Was not everything almost grown arbitrary? Who of us knew where or how to have right done him, without some obstruction or other intervening? Indeed we were almost grown arbitrary in everything.

What was the face that was upon our affairs as to the interest of the nation; as to the authority in the nation; to the magistracy; to the ranks and orders of men,—whereby England hath been known for hundreds of years? A nobleman, a gentleman, a yeoman; the distinction of these: that is a good interest of the nation, and a great one! The natural magistracy of the nation, was it not almost trampled under foot, under despite and contempt, by men of levelling principles? I beseech you, for the orders of men and ranks of men, did not that levelling principle tend to the reducing of all to an equality? Did it consciously think to do so; or did it only unconsciously practise toward that for property and interest? At all events, what was the purport of it but to make the tenant as liberal a fortune as the landlord?—which, I think, if obtained, would not have lasted long! The men of that principle, after they had served their own turns, would then have cried up property and interest fast enough! This instance is instead of many. And that the thing did and might well extend far is manifest; because it was a pleasing voice to all poor men, and truly not unwelcome to all bad men. To my thinking, this as a consideration which, in your endeavors after settlement, you will be so well minded of that I might have spared it here: but let that pass.

Now as to spirituals. Indeed in spiritual things the case was more sad and deplorable still; and that was told to you this day eminently. The prodigious blasphemies; contempt of God and Christ, denying of him, contempt of him and his ordinances and of the Scriptures: a spirit visibly acting those things foretold by Peter and Jude; yea, those things spoken of by Paul to Timothy! Paul declaring some things to be worse than the Antichristian state (of which he had spoken in 1 Tim. iv, 1, 2, under the title of the Latter Times), tells us what should be the lot and portion of the Last Times. He says (2 Tim. iii, 2-4): "In the Last Days perilous times shall come; men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful," and so on. But in speaking of the Antichristian state he told us (1 Tim. iv, 1, 2), that "in the latter days" that state shall come in; not the last days, but the latter,—wherein "there shall be a departing from the faith, and a giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy," and so on. This is only his description of the latter times, or those of Antichrist; and we are given to under-

stand that there are last times coming, which will be worse! And surely it may be feared, these are our times. For when men forget all rules of law and nature, and break all the bonds that fallen man hath on him; obscuring the remainder of the image of God in their nature, which they cannot blot out, and yet shall endeavor to blot out, "having a form of godliness without the power,"—surely these are sad tokens of the last times!

And indeed the character wherewith this spirit and principle is described in that place of Scripture is so legible and visible that he who runs may read it to be among us. For by such "the grace of God is turned into wantonness," and Christ and the Spirit of God made a cloak for all villainy and spurious apprehensions. And though nobody will own these things publicly as to practice, the things being so abominable and odious; yet the consideration how this principle extends itself, and whence it had its rise, makes me think of a second sort of men, tending in the same direction; who, it is true, as I said, will not practice or own these things, yet can tell the magistrate "that he hath nothing to do with men holding such notions: these, forsooth, are matters of conscience and opinion: they are matters of religion; what hath the magistrate to do with these things? He is to look to the outward man, not to the inward,"—and so forth. And truly it so happens that though these things do break out visibly to all, yet the principle wherewith these things are carried on so forbids the magistrate to meddle with them that it hath hitherto kept the offenders from punishment.

Such considerations, and pretensions to "liberty of conscience," what are they leading us toward? Liberty of conscience, and liberty of the subject,—two as glorious things to be contended for as any that God hath given us; yet both these abused for the patronizing of villainies! insomuch that it hath been an ordinary thing to say, and in dispute to affirm, "that the restraining of such pernicious notions was not in the magistrate's power; he had nothing to do with it. Not so much as the printing of a Bible in the nation for the use of the people was competent to the magistrate, lest it should be imposed upon the consciences of men,"—for "they would receive the same traditionally and implicity from the magistrate if it were thus received!" The afore-mentioned abominations did thus swell to this height among us.

So likewise the axe was laid to the root of the ministry. It was Antichristian, it was Babylonish, said they. It suffered under such a judgment that the truth is, as the extremity was great according to the former system, I wish it prove not as great according to this. The former extremity we suffered under was, that no man, though he had never so good a testimony, though he had received gifts from Christ,

might preach, unless ordained. So now I think we are at the other extremity, when many affirm that he who is ordained hath a nullity, or Anti-Christianism, stamped thereby upon his calling; so that he ought not to preach, or not be heard. I wish it may not be too justly said that there was severity and sharpness in our old system! yea, too much of an imposing spirit in matters of conscience; a spirit unchristian enough in any times, most unfit for these times; denying liberty of conscience to men who have earned it with their blood; who have earned civil liberty, and religious also, for those who would thus impose upon them!

We may reckon among these our spiritual evils an evil that hath more refinedness in it, more color for it, and hath deceived more people of integrity than the rest have done; for few have been catched by the former mistakes except such as have apostatized from their holy profession, such as, being corrupt in their consciences, have been forsaken by God and left to such noisome opinions. But, I say, there is another error of more refined sort, which many honest people whose hearts are sincere, many of them belonging to God, have fallen into; and that is the mistaken notion of the Fifth Monarchy.

Fifth Monarchy. A thing pretending more spirituality than anything else. A notion I hope we all honor, and wait, and hope for the fulfillment of: That Jesus Christ will have a time to set up his reign in our hearts, by subduing those corruptions and lusts and evils that are there, which now reign more in the world than, I hope, in due time they shall do. And when more fulness of the Spirit is poured forth to subdue iniquity and bring in everlasting righteousness, then will the approach of that glory be. The carnal divisions and contentions among Christians, so common, are not the symptoms of that kingdom! But for men, on this principle to betitle themselves that they are the only men to rule kingdoms, govern nations, and give laws to people, and determine of property and liberty and everything else,—upon such a pretension as this is: truly they had need to give clear manifestations of God's presence with them before wise men will receive or submit to their conclusions! Nevertheless, as many of these men have good meanings, which I hope in my soul they have, it will be the wisdom of all knowing and experienced Christians to do as Jude saith. Jude, when he reckoned up those horrible things, done upon pretences, and haply by some upon mistakes: "Of some," says he, "have compassion, making a difference;" others save "with fear, pulling them out of the fire." I fear they will give too often opportunity for this exercise! But I hope the same will be for their good. If men do but so much as pretend for justice and righteousness, and be of peaceable spirits,

and will manifest this, let them be the subjects of the magistrate's encouragement. And if the magistrate, by punishing visible miscarriages, save them by that discipline, God having ordained him for that end, I hope it will evidence love and not hatred, so to punish where there is cause.

Indeed this is that which doth most declare the danger of that spirit. For if these were but notions,—I mean these instances I have given you of dangerous doctrines both in civil things and spiritual; if, I say, they were but notions, they were best let alone. Notions will hurt none but those that have them. But when they came to such practices as telling us, for instance, that liberty and property are not the badges of the kingdom of Christ; when they tell us, not that we are to regulate law, but that law is to be abrogated, indeed subverted; and perhaps wish to bring in the Judaical Law, instead of our known laws settled among us: this is worthy of every magistrate's consideration, especially where every stone is turned to bring in confusion. I think, I say, this will be worthy of the magistrate's consideration.

Whilst these things were in the midst of us; and whilst the nation was rent and torn in spirit and principle from one end to the other, after this sort and manner I have now told you; family against family, husband against wife, parents against children; and nothing in the hearts and minds of men but "Overturn, overturn, overturn!" (a Scripture phrase very much abused, and applied to justify unpeaceable practices by all men of discontented spirits),—the common enemy sleeps not: our adversaries in civil and religious respects did take advantage of these distractions and divisions, and did practise accordingly in the three nations of England, Scotland and Ireland. We know very well that emissaries of the Jesuits never came in such swarms as they have done since those things were set on foot. And I tell you that divers gentlemen here can bear witness with me how that they, the Jesuits, have had a Consistory abroad which rules all the affairs of things in England, from an archbishop down to the other dependents upon him. And they had fixed in England,—of which we are able to produce the particular instruments in most of the limits of their cathedrals or pretended dioceses,—an episcopal power with archdeacons, etc., and had persons authorized to exercise and distribute those things, who pervert and deceive the people. And all this, while we were in that sad, and as I said deplorable condition.

And in the meantime all endeavors possible were used to hinder the work of God in Ireland, and the progress of the work of God in Scotland; by continual intelligences and correspondences, both at home and abroad, from hence into Ireland, and from hence into Scotland. Persons were stirred up, from our divisions and discomposure of affairs, to do all they could to ferment the war in both

these places. To add yet to our misery, whilst we were in this condition, we were in a foreign war. Deeply engaged in war with the Portuguese; whereby our trade ceased: the evil consequences by that war were manifest and very considerable. And not only this, but we had a war with Holland; consuming our treasure; occasioning a vast burden upon the people. A war that cost this nation full as much as the whole taxes came unto; the navy being a hundred and sixty ships, which cost this nation above 100,000*l.* a month; besides the contingencies, which would make it 120,000*l.* That very one war did engage us to so great a charge. At the same time also we were in a war with France. The advantages that were taken of the discontents and divisions among ourselves did also ferment that war, and at least hinder us of an honorable peace; every man being confident we could not hold out long. And surely they did not calculate amiss if the Lord had not been exceedingly gracious to us! I say, at the same time we had a war with France. And besides the sufferings in respect to the trade of the nation, it is most evident that the purse of the nation could not have been able much longer to bear it, by reason of the advantages taken by other states to improve their own, and spoil our manufacture of cloth, and hinder the vent thereof; which is the great staple commodity of this nation. Such was our condition: spoiled in our trade, and we at this vast expense; thus dissettled at home, and having these engagements abroad.

Things being so,—and I am persuaded it is not hard to convince every person here they were so,—what a heap of confusions were upon these poor nations! And either things must have been left to sink into the miseries these premises would suppose, or else a remedy must be applied. A remedy hath been applied: that hath been this government; a thing I shall say little unto. The thing is open and visible to be seen and read by all men; and therefore let it speak for itself. Only let me say this,—because I can speak it with comfort and confidence before a Greater than you all: That in the intention of it, as to the approving of our hearts to God, let men judge as they please, it was calculated with our best wisdom for the interest of the people,—for the interest of the people alone, and for their good, without respect had to any other interest. And if that be not true I shall be bold to say it again, Let it speak for itself. Truly I may—I hope, humbly before God, and modestly before you—say somewhat on the behalf of the government. Not that I would discourse of the particular heads of it, but acquaint you a little with the effects it has had: and this not for ostentation's sake, but to the end I may at this time deal faithfully with you, and acquaint you with the state of things, and what proceedings have been entered into by this govern-

ment, and what the state of our affairs is. This is the main end of my putting you to this trouble.

The government hath had some things in desire; and it hath done some things actually. It hath desired to reform the laws. I say to reform them: and for that end it hath called together persons—without offence be it spoken—of as great ability and as great interest as are in these nations, to consider how the laws might be made plain and short and less chargeable to the people; how to lessen expense for the good of the nation. And those things are in preparation, and bills prepared, which in due time, I make no question, will be tendered to you. In the meanwhile there hath been care taken to put the administration of the laws into the hands of just men; men of the most known integrity and ability. The Chancery hath been reformed—hath been reformed, I hope, to the satisfaction of all good men: and as for the things, or causes, depending there, which made the burden and work of the honorable persons entrusted in those services too heavy for their ability, it hath referred many of them to those places where Englishmen love to have the rights tried, the courts of law of Westminster.

This government hath, farther, endeavored to put a stop to that heady way (likewise touched of in our sermon this day) of every man making himself a minister and preacher. It hath endeavored to settle a method for the approving and sanctioning of men of piety and ability to discharge that work. And I think I may say it hath committed the business to the trust of persons, both of the Presbyterian and Independent judgments, of as known ability, piety, and integrity, as any, I believe, this nation hath. And I believe also that, in that care they have taken, they have labored to approve themselves to Christ, to the nation and to their own consciences. And indeed I think, if there be anything of quarrel against them,—though I am not here to justify the proceedings of any,—it is that they, in fact, go upon such a character as the Scripture warrants: To put men into that great employment, and to approve men for it, who are men that have "received gifts from him that ascended up on high, and gave gifts" for the work of the ministry and for the edifying of the body of Christ. The government hath also taken care, we hope, for the expulsion of all those who may be judged any way unfit for this work; who are scandalous, and the common scorn and contempt of that function.

One thing more this government hath done: it hath been instrumental to call a free Parliament, which, blessed be God, we see here this day! I say, a free Parliament. And that it may continue so, I hope is in the heart and spirit of every good man in England, save such discontented persons as I have formerly mentioned. It is that

which, as I have desired above my life, so I shall desire to keep it above my life.

I did before mention to you the plunges we were in with respect to foreign States; by the war with Portugal, France, the Dutch, the Danes, and the little assurance we had from any of our neighbors round about. I perhaps forgot, but indeed it was a caution upon my mind, and I desire now it may be so understood, that if any good hath been done, it was the Lord, not we, his poor instruments.

I did instance the wars, which did exhaust your treasure, and put you into such a condition that you must have sunk therein if it had continued but a few months longer: this I can affirm, if strong probability may be a fit ground. And now you have, though it be not the first in time, peace with Swede-land; an honorable peace; through the endeavors of an honorable person here present as the instrument. I say you have an honorable peace with a kingdom which, not many years since, was much a friend to France, and lately perhaps inclinable enough to the Spaniard. And I believe you expect not much good from any of your Catholic neighbors; nor yet that they would be very willing you should have a good understanding with your Protestant friends. Yet, thanks be to God, that peace is concluded; and as I said before, it is an honorable peace.

You have a peace with the Danes,—a State that lay contiguous to that part of this island which hath given us the most trouble. And certainly if your enemies abroad be able to annoy you, it is likely they will take their advantage (where it best lies) to give you trouble from that country. But you have a peace there, and an honorable one. Satisfaction to your merchants' ships; not only to their content, but to their rejoicing. I believe you will easily know it is so,—an honorable peace. You have the Sound open; which used to be obstructed. That which was and is the strength of this nation, the shipping, will now be supplied thence. And whereas you were glad to have anything of that kind at second hand, you have now all manner of commerce there, and at as much freedom as the Dutch themselves, who used to be the carriers and venders of it to us; and at the same rates and tolls; and I think, by that peace, the said rates now fixed upon cannot be raised to you in future.

You have a peace with the Dutch: a peace unto which I shall say little, seeing it is so well known in the benefit and consequences thereof. And I think it was as desirable, and as acceptable to the spirit of this nation as any one thing that lay before us. And, as I believe nothing so much gratified our enemies as to see us at odds with that Commonwealth; so I persuade myself nothing is of more terror or trouble to them than to see us thus reconciled. Truly as a peace with the Protestant states hath much security in it, so it hath

as much of honor and of assurance to the Protestant interest abroad; without which no assistance can be given thereunto. I wish it may be written upon our hearts to be zealous for that interest! For if ever it were like to come under a condition of suffering, it is now. In all the Emperor's patrimonial territories, the endeavor is to drive the Protestant part of the people out as fast as is possible; and they are necessitated to run to Protestant states to seek their bread. And by this conjunction of interests I hope you will be in a more fit capacity to help them. And it begets some reviving of their spirits that you will help them as opportunity shall serve.

You have a peace likewise with the Crown of Portugal; which peace, though it hung long in hand, yet is lately concluded. It is a peace which, your merchants make us believe, is of good concernment to their trade; the rate of insurance to that country having been higher, and so the profit which could bear such rate, than to other places. And one thing hath been obtained in this treaty which never before was since the Inquisition was set up here,—that our people which trade thither have liberty of conscience,—liberty to worship in chapels of their own.

Indeed, peace is, as you were well told to-day, desirable with all men, as far as it may be had with conscience and honor! We are upon a treaty with France. And we may say this, that if God give us honor in the eyes of the nations about us, we have reason to bless him for it, and so to own it. And I dare say that there is not a nation in Europe but is very willing to ask a good understanding with you.

I am sorry I am thus tedious: but I did judge that it was somewhat necessary to acquaint you with these things. And things being so, I hope you will not be unwilling to hear a little again of the sharp as well as of the sweet! And I should not be faithful to you, nor to the interest of these nations which you and I serve, if I did not let you know all.

As I said before, when this government was undertaken, we were in the midst of those domestic divisions and animosities and scatterings; engaged also with those foreign enemies round about us, at such a vast charge,—120,000*l.* a month for the very fleet, which sum was the very utmost penny of your assessments. Ay; and then all your treasure was exhausted and spent when this government was undertaken: all accidental ways of bringing in treasure were, to a very inconsiderable sum, consumed,—the forfeited lands sold; the sums on hand spent; rents, fee-farms, delinquents' lands, king's, queen's, bishops', dean-and-chapters' lands, sold. These were spent when this government was undertaken. I think it is my duty to let you know so much. And that is the reason why the taxes do yet lie so heavy upon the people;—of which we have abated 30,000*l.*

a month for the next three months. Truly I thought it my duty to let you know, That though God hath dealt thus bountifully with you, yet these are but entrances and doors of hope. Whereby, through the blessing of God, you may enter into rest and peace. But you are not yet entered!

You were told to-day of a people brought out of Egypt toward the land of Canaan; but through unbelief, murmuring, repining, and other temptations and sins wherewith God was provoked, they were fain to come back again, and linger many years in the Wilderness before they came to the Place of Rest. We are thus far, through the mercy of God. We have cause to take notice of it that we are not brought into misery, not totally wrecked, but have, as I said before, a door of hope open. And I may say this to you: If the Lord's blessing and his presence go along with the management of affairs at this meeting, you will be enabled to put the top-stone to the work and make the nation happy. But this must be by knowing the true state of affairs! You are yet like the people under circumcision, but raw. Your peaces are but newly made. And it is a maxim not to be despised, "Though peace be made, yet it is interest that keeps peace;" —and I hope you will not trust such peace except so far as you see interest upon it. But all settlement grows stronger by mere continuance. And therefore I wish that you may go forward, and not backward; and in brief that you may have the blessing of God upon your endeavors! It is one of the great ends of calling this Parliament that the ship of the Commonwealth may be brought into a safe harbor; which, I assure you, it will not be, without your counsel and advice.

You have great works upon your hands. You have Ireland to look unto. There is not much done to the planting thereof, though some things leading and preparing for it are. It is a great business to settle the government of that nation upon fit terms, such as will bear that work through. You have had laid before you some considerations intimating your peace with several foreign States. But yet you have not made peace with all. And if they should see we do not manage our affairs with that wisdom which becomes us,— truly we may sink under disadvantages, for all that is done. And our enemies will have their eyes open and be revived, if they see animosities amongst us; which indeed will be their great advantage.

I do therefore persuade you to a sweet, gracious, and holy understanding of one another and of your business, concerning which you had so good counsel this day; which as it rejoiced my heart to hear, so I hope the Lord will imprint it upon your spirits,—wherein you shall have my prayers.

Having said this, and perhaps omitted many other material things

through the frailty of my memory, I shall exercise plainness and freeness with you; and say that I have not spoken these things as one assumes to himself dominion over you; but as one who doth resolve to be a fellow servant with you to the interest of these great affairs and of the people of these nations. I shall trouble you no longer; but desire you to repair to your House, and to exercise your own liberty in the choice of a Speaker, that so you may lose no time in carrying on your work.

JOHN WESLEY

SERMON: GOD'S LOVE TO FALLEN MAN

How exceedingly common and how bitter is the outcry against our first parent for the mischief which he not only brought upon himself, but entailed upon his latest posterity! It was by his wilful rebellion against God "that sin entered into the world." "By one man's disobedience," as the Apostle observes, the many, as many as were then in the loins of their forefathers, were made, or constituted sinners: not only deprived of the favor of God, but also of his image, of all virtue, righteousness, and true holiness, and sunk partly into the image of the devil, in pride, malice, and all other diabolical tempers; partly into the image of the brute, being fallen under the dominion of brutal passions and grovelling appetites. Hence also death entered into the world with all its forerunners and attendants; pain, sickness, and a whole train of uneasy as well as unholy passions and tempers.

"For all this we may thank Adam" has been echoed down from generation to generation. The self-same charge has been repeated in every age and every nation where the oracles of God are known, in which alone this grand and important event has been discovered to the children of men. Has not your heart, and probably your lips, too, joined in the general charge? How few are there of those who believe the scriptural relation of the fall of man that have not entertained the same thought concerning our first parent, severely condemning him that, through wilful disobedience to the sole command of his Creator,

"Brought death into the world and all our woe."

Nay, it were well if the charge rested here: but it is certain it does not. It cannot be denied that it frequently glances from Adam to his Creator. Have not thousands, even of those that are called Christians, taken the liberty to call his mercy, if not his justice also, into question, on this very account? Some indeed have done this a little more modestly, in an oblique and indirect manner: but others have thrown aside the mask and asked, "Did not God foresee that Adam would abuse his liberty? And did he not know the baneful consequences which this must naturally have on all his

posterity? And why then did he permit that disobedience? Was it not easy for the Almighty to have prevented it?" He certainly did forsee the whole. This cannot be denied. "For known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world." (Rather from all eternity, as the words ἀπ ἀιῶνος properly signify.) And it was undoubtedly in his power to prevent it; for he hath all power both in heaven and earth. But it was known to him at the same time that it was best upon the whole not to prevent it. He knew that "not as the transgression, so is the free gift:" that the evil resulting from the former was not as the good resulting from the latter, not worthy to be compared with it. He saw that to permit the fall of the first man was far best for mankind in general: that abundantly more good than evil would accrue to the posterity of Adam by his fall: that if "sin abounded" thereby over all the earth, yet grace "would much more abound:" yea, and that to every individual of the human race, unless it was his own choice.

It is exceedingly strange that hardly anything has been written, or at least published, on this subject: nay, that it has been so little weighed or understood by the generality of Christians: especially considering that it is not a matter of mere curiosity, but a truth of the deepest importance; it being impossible, on any other principle,

> "To assert a gracious Providence,
> And justify the ways of God with men:"

and considering withal how plain this important truth is to all sensible and candid inquirers. May the Lover of Men open the eyes of our understanding to perceive clearly that by the fall of Adam mankind in general have gained a capacity,

First, of being more holy and happy on earth, and,

Secondly, of being more happy in heaven than otherwise they could have been.

And, first, mankind in general have gained by the fall of Adam a capacity of attaining more holiness and happiness on earth than it would have been possible for them to attain if Adam had not fallen. For if Adam had not fallen Christ had not died. Nothing can be more clear than this: nothing more undeniable: the more thoroughly we consider the point, the more deeply shall we be convinced of it. Unless all the partakers of human nature had received that deadly wound in Adam it would not have been needful for the Son of God to take our nature upon him. Do you not see that this was the very ground of his coming into the world? "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin. And thus death passed upon all" through him "in whom all men sinned." Was it not to remedy this very

thing that "the Word was made flesh?" that "as in Adam all died, so in Christ all might be made alive?"

Unless, then, many had been made sinners by the disobedience of one, by the obedience of one many would not have been made righteous. So there would have been no room for that amazing display of the Son of God's love to mankind. There would have been no occasion for his "being obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." It could not then have been said, to the astonishment of all the hosts of heaven, "God so loved the world," yea, the ungodly world, which had no thought or desire of returning to him, "that he gave his Son" out of his bosom, his only-begotten Son, "to the end that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Neither could we then have said, "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself:" or that he "made him to be sin," that is, a sin-offering "for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God through him." There would have been no such occasion for such "an Advocate with the Father" as "Jesus Christ the Righteous:" neither for his appearing "at the right hand of God to make intercession for us."

What is the necessary consequence of this? It is this: there could then have been no such thing as faith in God, thus loving the world, giving his only Son for us men and for our salvation. There could have been no such thing as faith in the Son of God "as loving us and giving himself for us." There could have been no faith in the Spirit of God as renewing the image of God in our hearts, as raising us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness. Indeed, the whole privilege of justification by faith could have no existence; there could have been no redemption in the blood of Christ: neither could Christ have been "made of God unto us," either "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, or redemption."

And the same grand blank which was in our faith must likewise have been in our love. We might have loved the Author of our being, the Father of angels and men, as our Creator and Preserver: we might have said, "O Lord our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all earth!" But we could not have loved him under the nearest and dearest relation "as delivering up his Son for us all." We might have loved the Son of God as being the "brightness of his Father's glory, the express image of his person" (although this ground seems to belong rather to the inhabitants of heaven than earth). But we could not have loved him as "bearing our sins in his own body on the tree," and "by that one oblation of himself once offered, making a full oblation, sacrifice, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world." We could not have been "made con-

formable to his death," nor "have known the power of his resurrection." We could not have loved the Holy Ghost as revealing to us the Father and the Son, as opening the eyes of our understanding, bringing us out of the darkness into his marvellous light, renewing the image of God in our soul, and sealing us unto the day of redemption. So that, in truth, what is now "in the sight of God, even the Father," not of fallible men, "pure religion and undefiled" would then have had no being: inasmuch as it wholly depends on those grand principles, "By grace ye are saved through faith:" and "Jesus Christ is of God made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

We see then what unspeakable advantage we derive from the fall of our first parent with regard to faith: faith both in God the Father, who spared not his own Son, his only Son, but "wounded him for our transgressions" and "bruised him for our iniquities:" and in God the Son, who poured out his soul for us transgressors and washed us in his own blood. We see what advantage we derive therefrom with regard to the love of God, both of God the Father and God the Son. The chief ground of this love, as long as we remain in the body, is plainly declared by the Apostle, "We love him because he first loved us." But the greatest instance of his love had never been given if Adam had not fallen.

And as our faith, both in God the Father and the Son, receives an unspeakable increase, if not its very being, from this grand event, as does also our love both of the Father and the Son: so does the love of our neighbor also, our benevolence to all mankind, which cannot but increase in the same proportion with our faith and love of God. For who does not apprehend the force of that inference drawn by the loving Apostle, "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." If God so loved us—observe, the stress of the argument lies on this very point: so loved us! as to deliver up his only Son to die a cursed death for our salvation. "Beloved, what manner of love is this" wherewith God hath loved us, so as to give his only Son, in glory equal with the Father, in majesty coeternal? What manner of love is this wherewith the only-begotten Son of God hath loved us, as to empty himself, as far as possible, of his eternal Godhead; as to divest himself of that glory which he had with the Father before the world began; as to "take upon him the form of a servant, being found in fashion as a man!" And then to humble himself still further, "being obedient unto death, even the death of the cross!" If God so loved us, how ought we to love one another? But this motive to brotherly love had been totally wanting if Adam had not fallen. Consequently we could not then have loved one another in so high a degree as we may now. Nor

could there have been that height and depth in the command of our Blessed Lord, "As I have loved you, so love one another."

Such gainers may we be by Adam's fall, with regard both to the love of God and of our neighbor. But there is another grand point, which, though little adverted to, deserves our deepest consideration. By that one act of our first parent, not only "sin entered the world," but pain also, and was alike entailed on his whole posterity. And herein appeared, not only the justice, but the unspeakable goodness of God. For how much good does he continually bring out of this evil! How much holiness and happiness out of pain!

How innumerable are the benefits which God conveys to the children of men through the channel of sufferings, so that it might well be said, "What are termed afflictions in the language of men are in the language of God styled blessings." Indeed, had there been no suffering in the world, a considerable part of religion, yea, and in some respects, the most excellent part, could have had no place therein: since the very existence of it depends on our suffering: so that had there been no pain it could have had no being. Upon this foundation, even our suffering, it is evident all our passive graces are built; yea, the noblest of all Christian graces, love enduring all things. Here is the ground for resignation to God, enabling us to say from the heart, in every trying hour, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good." "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" And what a glorious spectacle is this! Did it not constrain even a heathen to cry out, *"Ecce spectaculum Deo dignum!"* See a sight worthy of God: a good man struggling with adversity, and superior to it. Here is the ground for confidence in God, both with regard to what we feel and with regard to what we should fear, were it not that our soul is calmly stayed on him. What room could there be for trust in God if there was no such thing as pain or danger? Who might not say then, "The cup which my Father had given me, shall I not drink it?" It is by sufferings that our faith is tried, and, therefore, made more acceptable to God. It is in the day of trouble that we have occasion to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." And this is well pleasing to God, that we should own him in the face of danger; in defiance of sorrow, sickness, pain, or death.

Again: Had there been neither natural nor moral evil in the world, what must have become of patience, meekness, gentleness, long-suffering? It is manifest they could have had no being: seeing all these have evil for their object. If, therefore, evil had never entered into the world, neither could these have had any place in it. For who could have returned good for evil, had there been no

evil-doer in the universe? How had it been possible, on that supposition, to overcome evil with good?

Will you say, "But all these graces might have been divinely infused into the hearts of men." Undoubtedly they might: but if they had, there would have been no use or exercise for them. Whereas in the present state of things we can never long want occasion to exercise them. And the more they are exercised, the more all our graces are strengthened and increased. And in the same proportion as our resignation, our confidence in God, our patience and fortitude, our meekness, gentleness, and long-suffering, together with our faith and love of God and man increase, must our happiness increase, even in the present world.

Yet again: As God's permission of Adam's fall gave all his posterity a thousand opportunities of suffering, and thereby of exercising all those passive graces which increase both their holiness and happiness: so it gives them opportunities of doing good in numberless instances, of exercising themselves in various good works, which otherwise could have had no being. And what exertions of benevolence, of compassion, of godlike mercy, had been totally prevented! Who could then have said to the lover of men,—

"Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
While listening to the wretches' cry,
The widow's or the orphan's groan;
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
The poor and needy to relieve;
Myself, my all for them to give"?

It is the just observation of a benevolent man,—

"All worldly joys are less,
Than that one joy of doing kindnesses."

Surely in keeping this commandment, if no other, there is great reward. "As we have time, let us do good unto all men;" good of every kind and in every degree. Accordingly the more good we do (other circumstances being equal), the happier we shall be. The more we deal our bread to the hungry, and cover the naked with garments; the more we relieve the stranger, and visit them that are sick or in prison: the more kind offices we do to those that groan under the various evils of human life,—the more comfort we receive even in the present world; the greater the recompense we have in our own bosom.

To sum up what has been said under this head: As the more holy we are upon earth, the more happy we must be (seeing there is an inseparable connection between holiness and happiness); as the more

good we do to others, the more of present reward redounds into our own bosom: even as our sufferings for God lead us to rejoice in him "with joy unspeakable and full of glory:" therefore the fall of Adam first, by giving us an opportunity of being far more holy; secondly, by giving us the occasions of doing innumerable good works which otherwise could not have been done; and, thirdly, by putting it into our power to suffer for God, whereby "the Spirit of glory and of God rests upon us;" may be of such advantage to the children of men, even in the present life, as they will not thoroughly comprehend till they attain life everlasting.

It is then we shall be enabled fully to comprehend, not only the advantages which accrue at the present time to the sons of men by the fall of their first parent, but the infinitely greater advantages which they may reap from it in eternity. In order to form some conception of this we may remember the observation of the Apostle, "As one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead." The most glorious stars will undoubtedly be those who are the most holy; who bear most of that image of God wherein they were created. The next in glory to these will be those who have been most abundant in good works: and next to them, those that have suffered most, according to the will of God.

But what advantages in every one of these respects will the children of God receive in heaven by God's permitting the introduction of pain upon earth in consequence of sin? By occasion of this they attained many holy tempers which otherwise could have had no being: resignation to God, confidence in him in times of trouble and danger, patience, meekness, gentleness, long-suffering, and the whole train of passive virtues. And on account of this superior holiness they will then enjoy superior happiness.

Again: every one will then "receive his own reward, according to his own labor." Every individual will be "rewarded according to his work." But the fall gave rise to innumerable good works which could otherwise never have existed, such as ministering to the necessities of the saints, yea, relieving the distressed in every kind. And hereby innumerable stars will be added to their eternal crown. Yet again: there will be an abundant reward in heaven, for suffering, as well as for doing, the will of God: "these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Therefore that event which occasioned the entrance of suffering into the world has thereby occasioned to all the children of God an increase of glory to all eternity. For although the sufferings themselves will be at an end: although—

"The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
The sighing grief shall weep no more;
And sin shall never enter there:"

—yet the joys occasioned thereby shall never end, but flow at God's right hand forevermore.

There is one advantage more that we reap from Adam's fall, which is not unworthy our attention. Unless in Adam all had died, being in the loins of their first parent, every descendant of Adam, every child of man, must have personally answered for himself to God: it seems to be a necessary consequence of this, that if he had once fallen, once violated any command of God, there would have been no possibility of his rising again; there was no help, but he must have perished without remedy. For that covenant knew not to show mercy: the word was, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Now who would not rather be on the footing he is now; under a covenant of mercy? Who would wish to hazard a whole eternity upon one stake? Is it not infinitely more desirable to be in a state wherein, though encompassed with infirmities, yet we do not run such a desperate risk, but if we fall we may rise again? Wherein we may say,—

"My trespass is grown up to heaven!
But, far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise!"

In Christ! Let me entreat every serious person once more to fix his attention here. All that has been said, all that can be said, on these subjects, centres in this point. The fall of Adam produced the death of Christ! Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth! Yea,—

"Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' Name!"

If God had prevented the fall of man, the Word had never been made flesh: nor had we ever "seen his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father." Those mysteries had never been displayed "which the very angels desire to look into." Methinks this consideration swallows up all the rest, and should never be out of our thoughts. Unless "by one man judgment had come upon all

men to condemnation," neither angels nor men could ever have known "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

See then, upon the whole, how little reason we have to repine at the fall of our first parent, since herefrom we may derive such unspeakable advantages both in time and eternity. See how small pretence there is for questioning the mercy of God in permitting that event to take place, since, therein, mercy, by infinite degrees, rejoices over judgment! Where, then, is the man that presumes to blame God for not preventing Adam's sin? Should we not rather bless him from the ground of the heart, for therein laying the grand scheme of man's redemption and making way for that glorious manifestation of his wisdom, holiness, justice, and mercy? If, indeed, God had decreed, before the foundation of the world, that millions of men should dwell in everlasting burnings because Adam sinned hundreds or thousands of years before they had a being; I know not who could thank him for this, unless the devil and his angels: seeing, on this supposition, all those millions of unhappy spirits would be plunged into hell by Adam's sin without any possible advantage from it. But, blessed be God, this is not the case. Such a decree never existed. On the contrary, every one born of a woman may be an unspeakable gainer thereby: and none ever was or can be a loser but by his own choice.

We see here a full answer to that plausible account "of the origin of evil," published to the world some years since, and supposed to be unanswerable: that it "necessarily resulted from the nature of matter, which God was not able to alter." It is very kind in this sweet-tongued orator to make an excuse for God! But there is really no occasion for it: God hath answered for himself. He made man in his own image, a spirit endued with understanding and liberty. Man, abusing that liberty, produced evil; brought sin and pain into the world. This God permitted, in order to a fuller manifestation of his wisdom, justice, and mercy, by bestowing on all who would receive it an infinitely greater happiness than they could possibly have attained if Adam had not fallen.

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" Although a thousand particulars of "his judgments, and of his ways are unsearchable" to us, and past our finding out, yet we may discern the general scheme, running through time into eternity. "According to the council of his own will," the plan he had laid before the foundation of the world, he created the parent of all mankind in his own image. And he permitted all men to be made sinners by the disobedience of this one man, that, by the obedience of one, all who receive the free gift may be infinitely holier and happier to all eternity!

PATRICK HENRY

"GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH"

DELIVERED IN THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION, ON A RESOLUTION TO PUT THE COMMONWEALTH INTO A STATE OF DEFENSE, MARCH 23, 1775

Mr. President: No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as I do opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is not time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future except by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious smile

with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, What means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated: we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by our force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

GEORGE WASHINGTON

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1789

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate and of the House of Representatives: Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the fourth day of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision as the asylum of my declining years; a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health to the gradual waste committed on it by time; on the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken, in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens, a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpracticed in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected. All I dare hope is, that if, in executing this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country, with some share of the partiality in which they originated.

Such being the impression under which I have, in obedience to the public summons, repaired to the present station, it would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being, who rules over the universe, who

presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that his benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute, with success, the functions allotted to his charge. In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own; nor those of my fellow-citizens at large less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency. And, in the important revolution just accomplished, in the system of their united government the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude, along with a humble anticipation of the future blessings, which the past seems to presage. These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppressed. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none under the influence of which the proceedings of a new and free government can more auspiciously commence.

By the article establishing the Executive Department, it is made the duty of the President "to recommend to your consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." The circumstances under which I now meet you will acquit me from entering into that subject further than to refer you to the great constitutional charter under which we are assembled; and which, in defining your powers, designates the objects to which your attention is to be given. It will be more consistent with those circumstances and far more congenial with the feelings which actuate me, to substitute, in place of a recommendation of particular measures, the tribute that is due to the talents, the rectitude, and the patriotism which adorn the characters selected to devise and adopt them. In these honorable qualifications, I behold the surest pledges, that as, on one side, no local prejudices or attachments, no separate views nor party animosities, will misdirect the comprehensive and equal eye which ought to watch over this great assemblage of communities and interests—so, on another, that the foundations of our national policy will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality; and the preëminence of a free government be exemplified by all the at-

tributes which can win the affections of its citizens and command the respect of the world.

I dwell on this prospect with every satisfaction which an ardent love for my country can inspire; since there is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists, in the economy and course of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness—between duty and advantage—between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity—since we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which heaven itself has ordained—and since the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally staked, on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people.

Besides the ordinary objects submitted to your care, it will remain with your judgment to decide how far an exercise of the occasional power delegated by the fifth article of the Constitution is rendered expedient, at the present juncture, by the nature of objections which have been urged against the system, or by the degree of inquietude which has given birth to them. Instead of undertaking particular recommendations no this subject, in which I could be guided by no lights derived from official opportunities, I shall again give way to my entire confidence in your discernment and pursuit of the public good. For I assure myself that, while you carefully avoided every alteration which might endanger the benefits of a united and effective government, or which ought to await the future lessons of experience, a reverence for the characteristic rights of freemen and a regard for the public harmony will sufficiently influence your deliberations on the question how far the former can be more impregnably fortified, or the latter be safely and more advantageously promoted.

To the preceding observations I have one to add, which will be most properly addressed to the House of Representatives. It concerns myself, and will therefore be as brief as possible.

When I was first honored with a call into the service of my country, then on the eve of an arduous struggle for its liberties, the light in which I contemplated my duty required that I should renounce every pecuniary compensation. From this resolution I have in no instance departed. And being still under the impressions which produced it, I must decline, as inapplicable to myself, any share in the personal emoluments which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the Executive Department; and must accordingly pray that the pecuniary estimates for the station in which

I am placed may, during my continuation in it, be limited to such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require.

Having thus imparted to you my sentiments, as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave, but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race, in humble supplication, that, since he has been pleased to favor the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquillity, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity, on a form of government for the security of their union and the advancement of their happiness, so his divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures on which the success of this government must depend.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

DEMOCRACY DEFINED

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS, DELIVERED MARCH 4, 1801

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: Called upon to undertake the duties of the first executive office of our country, I avail myself of the presence of that portion of my fellow-citizens which is here assembled, to express my grateful thanks for the favor with which they have been pleased to look toward me, to declare a sincere consciousness that the task is above my talents, and that I approach it with those anxious and awful presentiments which the greatness of the charge and the weakness of my powers so justly inspire. A rising nation spread over a wide and fruitful land, traversing all the seas with the rich productions of their industry, engaged in commerce with nations who feel power and forget right, advancing rapidly to destinies beyond the reach of mortal eye; when I contemplate these transcendent objects, and see the honor, the happiness, and the hopes of this beloved country committed to the issue and the auspices of this day, I shrink from the contemplation, and humble myself before the magnitude of the undertaking. Utterly, indeed, should I despair, did not the presence of many whom I here see remind me that in the other high authorities provided by our Constitution I shall find resources of wisdom, of virtue, and of zeal on which to rely under all difficulties. To you, then, gentlemen, who are charged with the sovereign functions of legislation, and to those associated with you, I look with encouragement for that guidance and support which may enable us to steer with safety the vessel in which we are all embarked, amid the conflicting elements of a troubled world.

During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers unused to think freely and to speak and to write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the Constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the

majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal law must protect, and to violate would be oppression. Let us, then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind; let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things. And let us reflect, that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions. During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking through blood and slaughter his long-lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some and less by others; and should divide opinions as to measures of safety; but every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans: we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles; our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the hundredth and thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own in-

dustry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practiced in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man, acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here and his greater happiness hereafter; with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and a prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens—a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people; a mild and safe correction of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution, where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person, under the protection of the Habeas Corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone be-

fore us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment; they should be the creed of our political faith: the text of civic instruction; the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

I repair, then, fellow-citizens, to the post you have assigned me. With experience enough in subordinate offices to have seen the difficulties of this, the greatest of all, I have learned to expect that it will rarely fall to the lot of imperfect man to retire from this station with the reputation and the favor which bring him into it. Without pretensions to that high confidence you reposed in our first and greatest revolutionary character, who preëminent services had entitled him to the first place in his country's love, and destined for him the fairest page in the volume of faithful history, I ask so much confidence only as may give firmness and effect to the legal administration of your affairs. I shall often go wrong through defect of judgment. When right, I shall often be thought wrong by those whose positions will not command a view of the whole ground. I ask your indulgence for my own errors, which will never be intentional; and your support against the errors of others, who may condemn what they would not, if seen in all its parts. The approbation implied by your suffrage is a great consolation to me for the past; and my future solicitude will be to retain the good opinion of those who have bestowed it in advance, to conciliate that of others by doing them all the good in my power, and to be instrumental to the happiness and freedom of all.

Relying, then, on the patronage of your goodwill, I advance with obedience to the work, ready to retire from it whenever you become sensible how much better choices it is in your power to make. And may that Infinite Power which rules the destinies of the universe lead our councils to what is best, and give them a favorable issue for your peace and prosperity.

DANTON

TO DARE, TO DARE AGAIN; ALWAYS TO DARE

DELIVERED IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, SEPTEMBER, 2, 1792, ON THE DEFENSE OF THE REPUBLIC

IT SEEMS a satisfaction for the ministers of a free people to announce to them that their country will be saved. All are stirred, all are enthused, all burn to enter the combat.

You know that Verdun is not yet in the power of our enemies and that its garrison swears to immolate the first who breathes a proposition of surrender.

One portion of our people will guard our frontiers, another will dig and arm the intrenchments, the third with pikes will defend the interior of our cities. Paris will second these great efforts. The commissioners of the Commune will solemnly proclaim to the citizens the invitation to arm and march to the defense of the country. At such a moment you can proclaim that the capital deserves the esteem of all France. At such a moment this National Assembly becomes a veritable committee of war. We ask that you concur with us in directing this sublime movement of the people, by naming commissioners to second and assist all these great measures. We ask that any one refusing to give personal service or to furnish arms shall meet the punishment of death. We ask that proper instructions be given to the citizens to direct their movements. We ask that carriers be sent to all the departments to notify them of the decrees that you proclaim here. The tocsin we shall sound is not the alarm signal of danger, it orders the charge on the enemies of France. (Applause.) To conquer we have need to dare, to dare again, always to dare! And France will be saved!

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

ADDRESS TO ARMY AT BEGINNING OF ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

DELIVERED MARCH, 1796

SOLDIERS,—You are naked and ill-fed! Government owes you much and can give you nothing. The patience and courage you have shown in the midst of this rocky wilderness are admirable; but they gain you no renown; no glory results to you from your endurance. It is my design to lead you into the most fertile plains of the world. Rich provinces and great cities will be in your power; there you will find honor, glory, and wealth. Soldiers of Italy, will you be wanting in courage or perseverance?

PROCLAMATION TO ARMY

MAY, 1796

SOLDIERS,—You have in fifteen days gained six victories, taken twenty-one stand of colors, fifty-five pieces of cannon, and several fortresses, and overrun the richest part of Piedmont; you have made 15,000 prisoners and killed or wounded upwards of 10,000 men.

Hitherto you have been fighting for barren rocks, made memorable by your valor, though useless to your country, but your exploits now equal those of the Armies of Holland and the Rhine. You were utterly destitute, and you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon, passed rivers without bridges, performed forced marches without shoes; and bivouacked without strong liquors, and often without bread.

None but Republican phalanxes, the soldiers of liberty, could have endured what you have done; thanks to you, soldiers, for your perseverance! Your grateful country owes its safety to you; and if the taking of Toulon was an earnest of the immortal campaign of 1794, your present victories foretell one more glorious.

The two armies which lately attacked you in full confidence now flee before you in consternation; the perverse men who laughed at your distress and inwardly rejoiced at the triumph of your enemies are now confounded and trembling.

But, soldiers, you have as yet done nothing, for there still remains much to do. Neither Turin nor Milan are yours; the ashes of the conquerors of Tarquin are still trodden underfoot by the assassins of Basseville. It is said that there are some among you whose courage is shaken, and who would prefer returning to the summits of the Alps and Apennines. No, I cannot believe it. The victors of Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, and Mondovi are eager to extend the glory of the French name!

TO SOLDIERS ON ENTERING MILAN

PROCLAIMED MAY 15, 1796

SOLDIERS,—You have rushed like a torrent from the top of the Apennines; you have overthrown and scattered all that opposed your march. Piedmont, delivered from Austrian tyranny, indulges her natural sentiments of peace and friendship toward France. Milan is yours, and the Republican flag waves throughout Lombardy. The Dukes of Parma and Modena owe their political existence to your generosity alone.

The army which so proudly threatened you can find no barrier to protect it against your courage; neither the Po, the Ticino, nor the Adda could stop you for a single day. These vaunted bulwarks of Italy opposed you in vain; you passed them as rapidly as the Apennines.

These great successes have filled the heart of your country with joy. Your representatives have ordered a festival to commemorate your victories, which has been held in every district of the Republic. There your fathers, your mothers, your wives, sisters, and mistresses rejoiced in your good fortune and proudly boasted of belonging to you.

Yes, soldiers, you have done much,—but remains there nothing more to do? Shall it be said of us that we knew how to conquer, but not how to make use of victory? Shall posterity reproach us with having found Capua in Lombardy?

But I see you already hasten to arms. An effeminate repose is tedious to you; the days which are lost to glory are lost to your happiness. Well, then, let us set forth! We have still forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, injuries to revenge. Let those who have sharpened the daggers of civil war in France, who have basely murdered our ministers and burnt our ships at Toulon, tremble!

The hour of vengeance has struck; but let the people of all countries be free from apprehension; we are the friends of the people everywhere, and those great men whom we have taken for our models.

To restore the capitol, to replace the statues of the heroes who rendered it illustrious, to rouse the Roman people, stupefied by several ages of slavery,—such will be the fruit of our victories; they will form an era for posterity; you will have the immortal glory of changing the face of the finest part of Europe. The French people, free and respected by the whole world, will give to Europe a glorious peace, which will indemnify them for the sacrifices of every kind which for the last six years they have been making. You will then return to your homes and your country. Men will say, as they point you out, "He belonged to the Army of Italy."

ADDRESS TO SOLDIERS DURING SIEGE OF MANTUA

DELIVERED NOVEMBER 6, 1796

SOLDIERS,— I am not satisfied with you; you have shown neither bravery, discipline, nor perseverance; no position could rally you; you abandoned yourselves to a panic-terror; you suffered yourselves to be driven from situations where a handful of brave men might have stopped an army. Soldiers of the 39th and 85th, you are not French soldiers. Quartermaster-General, let it be inscribed on their colors, "They no longer form part of the Army of Italy!"

ADDRESS TO TROOPS ON CONCLUSION OF FIRST ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

DELIVERED MARCH, 1797

SOLDIERS,—The campaign just ended has given you imperishable renown. You have been victorious in fourteen pitched battles and seventy actions. You have taken more than a hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred field-pieces, two thousand heavy guns, and four pontoon trains. You have maintained the army during the whole campaign. In addition to this you have sent six millions of dollars to the public treasury, and have enriched the National Museum with three hundred masterpieces of the arts of ancient and modern Italy, which it has required thirty centuries to produce. You have conquered the finest countries in Europe.

The French flag waves for the first time upon the Adriatic opposite to Macedon, the native country of Alexander. Still higher destinies await you. I know that you will not prove unworthy of them. Of all the foes that conspired to stifle the Republic in its birth, the Austrian emperor alone remains before you. To obtain peace we must seek it in the heart of his hereditary state. You will there find

a brave people, whose religion and customs you will respect, and whose prosperity you will hold sacred. Remember that it is liberty you carry to the brave Hungarian nation.

ADDRESS TO TROOPS AFTER WAR OF THIRD COALITION

DELIVERED OCTOBER, 1805

Soldiers of the Grand Army,—In a fortnight we have finished the entire campaign. What we proposed to do has been done. We have driven the Austrian troops from Bavaria and restored our ally to the sovereignty of his dominions.

That army which with equal presumption and imprudence marched upon our frontiers is annihilated.

But what does this signify to England. She has gained her object. We are no longer at Boulogne, and her subsidy will be neither more nor less.

Of a hundred thousand men who composed that army sixty thousand are prisoners. They will replace our conscripts in the labors of agriculture.

Two hundred pieces of cannon, the whole park of artillery, ninety flags, and all their generals are in our power. Fifteen thousand men only have escaped.

Soldiers: I announced to you the result of a great battle; but, thanks to the ill-advised schemes of the enemy, I was enabled to secure the wished-for result without incurring any danger, and, what is unexampled in the history of nations, that result has been gained at the sacrifice of scarcely fifteen hundred men killed and wounded.

Soldiers: this success is due to your unlimited confidence in your emperor, to your patience in enduring fatigues and privations of every kind, and to your singular courage and intrepidity.

But we will stop here. You are impatient to commence another campaign.

The Russian army, which English gold has brought from the extremities of the universe, shall experience the same fate as that which we have just defeated.

In the conflict in which we are about to engage, the honor of the French infantry is especially concerned. We shall now see another decision of the question which has already been determined in Switzerland and Holland; namely, whether the French infantry is the first or the second in Europe.

Among the Russians there are no generals in contending against whom I can acquire any glory. All I wish is to obtain the victory with the least possible bloodshed. My soldiers are my children.

ADDRESS TO TROOPS ON BEGINNING THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN

DELIVERED MAY, 1812

SOLDIERS,—The second war of Poland has begun. The first war terminated at Friedland and Tilsit. At Tilsit Russia swore eternal alliance with France and war with England. She has openly violated her oath, and refuses to offer any explanation of her strange conduct till the French Eagle shall have passed the Rhine and consequently shall have left her allies at her discretion. Russia is impelled onward by fatality. Her destiny is about to be accomplished. Does she believe that we have degenerated? that we are no longer the soldiers of Austerlitz? She has placed us between dishonor and war. The choice cannot for an instant be doubtful.

Let us march forward, then, and, crossing the Niemen, carry the war into her territories. The second war of Poland will be to the French army as glorious as the first. But our next peace must carry with it its own guarantee and put an end to that arrogant influence which for the last fifty years Russia has exercised over the affairs of Europe.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD GUARD

SPOKEN APRIL 20, 1814

SOLDIERS of my old guard,—I bid you farewell. For twenty years I have constantly accompanied you on the road to honor and glory. In these latter times, as in the days of our prosperity, you have invariably been models of courage and fidelity. With men such as you our cause could not be lost; but the war would have been interminable; it would have been civil war, and that would have entailed deeper misfortunes on France.

I have sacrificed all my interests to those of the country.

I go, but you, my friends, will continue to serve France. Her happiness was my only thought. It will still be the object of my wishes. Do not regret my fate; if I have consented to survive, it is to serve your glory. I intend to write the history of the great achievements we have performed together. Adieu, my friends. Would I could press you all to my heart.

(Napoleon then ordered the eagles to be brought, and, having embraced them he added:)

I embrace you all in the person of your general. Adieu, soldiers! Be always gallant and good.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO

ON THE CENTENNIAL OF VOLTAIRE'S DEATH

DELIVERED AT PARIS, MAY 30, 1878

One hundred years ago to-day a man died! He died immortal, laden with years, with labors, and with the most illustrious and formidable of responsibilities—the responsibility of the human conscience informed and corrected. He departed amid the curses of the past and the blessings of the future—and these are the two superb forms of glory!—dying amid the acclamations of his contemporaries and of posterity, on the one hand, and on the other with the hootings and hatreds bestowed by the implacable past on those who combat it. He was more than a man—he was an epoch! He had done his work; he had fulfilled the mission evidently chosen for him by the Supreme Will, which manifests itself as visibly in the laws of destiny as in the laws of nature. The eighty-four years he had lived bridge over the interval between the apogee of the Monarchy and the dawn of the Revolution. At his birth, Louis XIV. still reigned; at his death Louis XVI. had already mounted the throne. So that his cradle saw the last rays of the great throne and his coffin the first gleams from the great abyss. . . .

The court was full of festivities; Versailles was radiant; Paris was ignorant; and meanwhile, through religious ferocity, judges killed an old man on the wheel and tore out a child's tongue for a song. Confronted by this frivolous and dismal society, Voltaire alone, sensible of all the forces marshalled against him—court, nobility, finance; that unconscious power, the blind multitude; that terrible magistracy, so oppressive for the subject, so docile for the master, crushing and flattering, kneeling on the people before the king; that clergy, a sinister medley of hypocrisy and fanaticism—Voltaire alone declared war against this coalition of all social iniquities—against that great and formidable world. He accepted battle with it. What was his weapon? That which has the lightness of the wind and the force of a thunderbolt—a pen. With that weapon Voltaire fought, and with that he conquered! Let us salute that memory! He conquered! He waged a splendid warfare—the war of one alone against all—the grand war of mind against matter, of reason against prejudice; a war for the just against the unjust, for the oppressed

against the oppressor, the war of goodness, the war of kindness! He had the tenderness of a woman and the anger of a hero. His was a great mind and an immense heart. He conquered the old code, the ancient dogma! He conquered the feudal lord, the Gothic judge, the Roman priest! He bestowed on the populace the dignity of the people! He taught, pacified, civilized. He fought for Sirven and Montbailly as for Calas and Labarre. Regardless of menaces, insults, persecutions, calumny, exile, he was indefatigable and immovable. He overcame violence by a smile, despotism by sarcasm, infallibility by irony, obstinacy by perseverance, ignorance by truth! I have just uttered the word "smile," and I pause at it! "To smile!" That is Voltaire. Let us repeat it—pacification is the better part of philosophy. In Voltaire the equilibrium was speedily restored. Whatever his just anger, it passed off. The angry Voltaire always gives place to the Voltaire of calmness; and then in that profound eye appears his smile. That smile is wisdom—that smile, I repeat, is Voltaire. It sometimes goes as far as a laugh, but philosophic sadness tempers it. It mocks the strong, it caresses the weak. Disquieting the oppressor, it reassures the oppressed. It becomes raillery against the great; pity for the little! Ah! let that smile sway us, for it had in it the rays of the dawn. It was an illumination for truth, for justice, for goodness, for the worthiness of the useful. It illuminated the inner stronghold of superstition. The hideous things it is salutary to see, he showed. It was a smile, fruitful as well as luminous! The new society, the desire for equality and concession; that beginning of fraternity called tolerance, mutual good will, the just accord of men and right, the recognition of reason as the supreme law, the effacing of prejudices, serenity of soul, the spirit of indulgence and pardon, harmony and peace—behold what has resulted from that grand smile! On the day—undoubtedly close at hand—when the identity of wisdom and clemency will be recognized, when the amnesty is proclaimed, I say it!—yonder in the stars Voltaire will smile.

Between two servants of humanity who appeared at one thousand eight hundred years' interval, there is a mysterious relation. To combat Pharisaism, unmask imposture, overturn tyrannies, usurpations, prejudices, falsehoods, superstitions—to demolish the temple in order to rebuild it—that is to say, to substitute the true for the false, attack the fierce magistracy, the sanguinary priesthood; to scourge the money changers from the sanctuary; to reclaim the heritage of the disinherited; to protect the weak, poor, suffering and crushed; to combat for the persecuted and oppressed—such was the war of Jesus Christ! And what man carried on that war? It was Voltaire! The evangelical work had for its complement the philosophic work; the spirit of mercy commenced, the spirit of tolerance continued, let us

say it with a sentiment of profound respect: Jesus wept—Voltaire smiled. From that divine tear and that human smile sprang the mildness of existing civilization.

Alas! the present moment, worthy as it is of admiration and respect, has still its dark side. There are still clouds on the horizon; the tragedy of the peoples is not played out; war still raises its head over this august festival of peace. Princes for two years have persisted in a fatal misunderstanding; their discord is an obstacle to our concord, and they are ill-inspired in condemning us to witness the contrast. This contrast brings us back to Voltaire. Amid these threatening events let us be more peaceful than ever. Let us bow before this great death, this great life, this great living spirit. Let us bend before this venerated sepulchre! Let us ask counsel of him whose life, useful to men, expired a hundred years ago, but whose work is immortal. Let us ask counsel of other mighty thinkers, auxiliaries of this glorious Voltaire—of Jean Jacques, Diderot, Montesquieu! Let us stop the shedding of human blood. Enough, despots! Barbarism still exists. Let philosophy protest. Let the eighteenth century succor the nineteenth. The philosophers, our predecessors, are the apostles of truth. Let us invoke these illustrious phantoms that, face to face with monarchies thinking of war, they may proclaim the right of man to life, the right of conscience to liberty, the sovereignty of reason, the sacredness of labor, the blessedness of peace! And since night issues from thrones, let light emanate from the tombs.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

ORATION AT THE RAISING OF "THE OLD FLAG" AT FORT SUMTER

DELIVERED APRIL 14, 1865

On this solemn and joyful day we again lift to the breeze our father's flag, now again the banner of the United States, with the fervent prayer that God would crown it with honor, protect it from treason, and send it down to our children with all the blessings of civilization, liberty, and religion. Terrible in battle, may it be beneficent in peace. Happily no bird or beast of prey has been inscribed upon it. The stars that redeem night from darkness, and the beams of red light that beautify the morning, have been united upon its folds. As long as the sun endures, or the stars, may it wave over a nation neither enslaved nor enslaving. Once, and but once, has treason dishonored it. In that insane hour, when the guiltiest and bloodiest rebellion of time hurled their fires upon this fort, you sir (turning to General Anderson), and a small heroic band, stood within these now crumbled walls and did gallant and just battle for the honor and defense of the nation's banner.

In that cope of fire this glorious flag still peacefully waved to the breeze above your head, unconscious of harm as the stars and skies above it. Once it was shot down. A gallant hand, in whose care this day it has been, plucked it from the ground and reared it again—"cast down, but not destroyed." After a vain resistance, with trembling hand and sad heart, you withdrew it from its height, closed its wings, and bore it far away, sternly to sleep amid the tumults of rebellion and the thunder of battle. The first act of war had begun. The long night of four years had set in. While the giddy traitors whirled in a maze of exhilaration, dim horrors were already advancing, that were ere long to fill the land with blood.

To-day you are returned again. We devoutly join with you in thanksgiving to Almighty God that he has spared your honored life and vouchsafed you the honors of this day. The heavens over you are the same; the same shores; morning comes, and evening, as they did. All else, how changed! What grim batteries crowd the burdened shores! What scenes have filled this air and disturbed these waters! These shattered heaps of shapeless stone are all that is left

of Fort Sumter. Desolation broods in yonder sad city; solemn retribution hath avenged our dishonored banner! You have come back with honor who departed hence, four years ago, leaving the air sultry with fanaticism. The surging crowds that rolled up their frenzied shouts as the flag came down are dead, or scattered, or silent; and their habitations are desolate. Ruin sits in the cradle of treason. Rebellion has perished. But there flies the same flag that was insulted. With starry eyes it looks all over this bay for that banner that supplanted it, and sees it not. You that then, for the day, were humbled are here again, to triumph once and forever. In the storm of that assault this glorious ensign was often struck; but, memorable fact, not one of its stars was torn out by shot or shell. It was a prophecy.

It said: "Not one State shall be struck from this nation by treason!" The fulfillment is at hand. Lifted to the air to-day, it proclaims, after four years of war, "Not a State is blotted out!"

Hail to the flag of our fathers, and our flag! Glory to the banner that has gone through four years black with tempests of war, to pilot the nation back to peace without dismemberment! And glory be to God, who, above all hosts and banners, hath ordained victory and shall ordain peace!

Wherefore have we come hither, pilgrims from distant places? Are we come to exult that Northern hands are stronger than Southern? No, but to rejoice that the hands of those who defend a just and beneficent government are mightier than the hands that assaulted it! Do we exult over fallen cities? We exult that a nation has not fallen. We sorrow with the sorrowful. We sympathize with the desolate. We look upon this shattered fort and yonder dilapidated city with sad eyes, grieved that men should have committed such treason and glad that God hath set such a mark upon treason that all ages shall dread and abhor it.

We exult, not for a passion gratified, but for a sentiment victorious; not for temper, but for conscience; not as we devoutly believe that our will is done, but that God's will hath been done. We should be unworthy of that liberty entrusted to our care if on such a day as this we sullied our hearts by feelings of aimless vengeance; and equally unworthy if we did not devoutly thank him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," that he hath set a mark upon arrogant Rebellion, ineffaceable while time lasts!

Since this flag went down on that dark day, who shall tell the mighty woes that have made this land a spectacle to angels and men? The soil has drunk blood and is glutted. Millions mourn for millions slain, or, envying the dead, pray for oblivion. Towns and villages have been razed. Fruitful fields have turned back to wilderness. It

came to pass, as the prophet said: "The sun was turned to darkness, and the moon to blood." The course of law was ended. The sword sat chief magistrate in half the nation; industry was paralyzed; morals corrupted; the public weal invaded by rapine and anarchy; whole States ravaged by avenging armies. The world was amazed. The earth reeled. When the flag sank here, it was as if political night had come and all beasts of prey had come forth to devour.

That long night is ended! And for this returning day we have come from afar to rejoice and give thanks. No more war! No more accursed secession! No more slavery, that spawned them both!

Let no man misread the meaning of this unfolding flag! It says, "Government hath returned hitherto." It proclaims in the name of vindicated government peace and protection to loyalty; humiliation and pains to traitors. This is the flag of sovereignty. The nation, not the States, is sovereign. Restored to authority, this flag commands, not supplicates.

There may be pardon, but no concession. There may be amnesty and oblivion, but no honeyed compromises. The nation to-day has peace for the peaceful and war for the turbulent. The only condition of submission is to submit! There is the constitution, there are the laws, there is the government. They rise up like mountains of strength that shall not be moved. They are the conditions of peace.

One nation, under one government, without slavery, has been ordained and shall stand. There can be peace on no other basis. On this basis reconstruction is easy and needs neither architect nor engineer. Without this basis no engineer or architect shall ever reconstruct these rebellious States.

We do not want your cities or your fields. We do not envy you your prolific soil or heavens full of perpetual summer. Let agriculture revel here; let manufactures make every stream twice musical; build fleets in every port; inspire the arts of peace with genius second only to that of Athens; and we shall be glad in your gladness and rich in your wealth.

All that we ask is unswerving loyalty and universal liberty. And that, in the name of this high sovereignty of the United States of America, we demand; and that, with the blessing of Almighty God, we will have!

We raise our fathers' banner, that it may bring back better blessings than those of old; that it may cast out the devil of discord; that it may restore lawful government and a prosperity purer and more enduring than that which it protected before; that it may win parted friends from their alienation; that it may inspire hope and inaugurate universal liberty; that it may say to the sword "Return to thy sheath," and to the plow and sickle, "Go forth;" that it may heal all jealousies, unite all policies, inspire a new national life, com-

pact our strength, purify our principles, ennoble our national ambitions, and make this people great and strong, not for aggression and quarrelsomeness, but for the peace of the world, giving to us the glorious prerogative of leading all nations to juster laws, to more humane policies, to sincerer friendship, to rational, instituted civil liberty, and to universal Christian brotherhood.

Reverently, piously, in hopeful patriotism, we spread this banner on the sky, as of old the bow was planted on the cloud, and with solemn fervor beseech God to look upon it and make it the memorial of an everlasting covenant and decree that never again on this fair land shall a deluge of blood prevail.

Why need any eye turn from this spectacle? Are there not associations which, overleaping the recent past, carry us back to times when over North and South this flag was honored alike by all? In all our colonial days we were one, in the long Revolutionary struggle, and in the scores of prosperous years succeeding. When the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765 aroused the colonies, it was Gadsden of South Carolina that cried with prescient enthusiasm: "We stand on the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men. There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on this continent, but all of us," said he, "Americans!" That was the voice of South Carolina. That shall be the voice of South Carolina. Faint is the echo; but it is coming. We now hear it sighing sadly through the pines; but it shall yet break upon the shore—no North, no West, no South, but one United States of America.

There is scarcely a man born in the South who has lifted his hand against this banner but had a father who would have died for it. Is memory dead? Is there no historic pride? Has a fatal fury struck blindness or hate into eyes that used to look kindly toward each other; that read the same Bible; that hung over the same historic pages of our national glory; that studied the same constitution?

Let this uplifting bring back all of the past that was good, but leave in darkness all that was bad.

It was never before so wholly unspotted; so clear of all wrong; so purely and simply the sign of justice and liberty. Did I say that we brought back the same banner that you bore away, noble and heroic sir? It is not the same. It is more and better than it was. The land is free from slavery since that banner fell.

When God would prepare Moses for emancipation he overthrew his first steps and drove him for forty years to brood in the wilderness. When our flag came down, four years it lay brooding in darkness. It cried to the Lord, "Wherefore am I deposed?" Then arose before it a vision of its sin. It had strengthened the strong and forgotten the weak. It proclaimed liberty, but trod upon slaves.

In that seclusion it dedicated itself to liberty. Behold, to-day it fulfills its vows. When it went down four million people had no flag. To-day it rises and four million people cry out, "Behold our flag!" Hark! they murmur. It is the gospel that they recite in sacred words: "It is a gospel to the poor, it heals our broken hearts, it preaches deliverance to captives, it gives sight to the blind, it sets at liberty them that are bruised." Rise up, then, glorious gospel banner and roll out these messages of God Tell the air that not a spot now sullies thy whiteness. Thy red is not the blush of shame, but the flush of joy. Tell the dews that wash thee that thou art pure as they. Say to the night that thy stars led toward the morning; and to the morning that a brighter day arises with healing in its wings. And then, oh! glorious flag, bid the sun pour light on all thy folds with double brightness whilst thou art bearing around and round the world with solemn joy—a race set free! a nation redeemed!

The mighty hand of government, made strong in war by the favor of the God of Battles, spreads wide to-day the banner of liberty that went down in darkness, that arose in light; and there it streams, like the sun above it, neither parcelled out nor monopolized but flooding the air with light for all mankind. Ye scattered and broken, ye wounded and dying, bitten by the fiery serpents of oppression everywhere in all the world, look upon this sign, lifted up, and live! And ye homeless and houseless slaves, look and ye are free! At length you too have part and lot in this glorious ensign that broods with partial love small and great, the poor and the strong, the bond and the free.

In this solemn hour let us pray for the quick coming of reconciliation and happiness under this common flag!

But we must build again from the foundations in all these now free southern States. No cheap exhortations, "to forgetfulness of the past, to restore all things as they were," will do. God does not stretch out his hand, as he has for four dreadful years, that men may easily forget the might of his terrible acts. Restore things as they were? What? the alienations and jealousies, the discords and contentions, and the causes of them? No. In that solemn sacrifice on which a nation has offered up for its sins so many precious victims, loved and lamented, let our sins and mistakes be consumed utterly and forever.

No, never again shall things be restored as before the war. It is written in God's decree, "Old things are passed away." That new earth in which dwelleth righteousness draws near.

Things as they were! Who has an omnipotent hand to restore a million dead, slain in battle, or wasted by sickness, or dying of grief, broken-hearted? Who has omniscience to search for the scattered ones? Who shall restore the lost to broken families? Who shall bring back the squandered treasure, the years of industry wasted, and

convince you that four years of guilty rebellion and cruel war are no more than dirt upon the hand, which a moment's washing removes and leaves the hand clean as before? Such a war reaches down to the very vitals of society.

Emerging from such a prolonged rebellion, he is blind who tells you that the State, by a mere amnesty and benevolence of government, can be put again, by a simple decree, in its old place. It would not be honest, it would not be kind or fraternal, for me to pretend that Southern revolution against the Union has not reacted and wrought revolution in the southern States themselves, and inaugurated a new dispensation.

Society here is like a broken loom, and the piece which rebellion put in, and was weaving, has been cut and every thread broken. You must put in new warp and new woof, and weaving anew as the fabric slowly unwinds, we shall see in it no Gorgon figures, hideous grotesques of the old barbarism, but the figures of liberty, vines, and golden grains, framing in the heads of Justice, Love, and Liberty!

The august convention of 1787 framed the constitution with this memorable preamble:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain this constitution for the United States of America."

Again, in the awful convention of war the people of the United States, for the very ends just recited, have debated, settled, and ordained certain fundamental truths which must henceforth be accepted and obeyed. Nor is any State or any individual wise who shall disregard them. They are to civil affairs what the natural laws are to health,—indispensable conditions of peace and happiness.

What are the ordinances given by the people, speaking out of fire and darkness of war, with authority inspired by that same God who gave the law from Sinai amid thunders and trumpet voices?

1. That these United States shall be one and indivisible.
2. That States have not absolute sovereignty and have no right to dismember the republic.
3. That universal liberty is indispensable to republican government, and that slavery shall be utterly and forever abolished!

Such are the results of war. These are the best fruits of the war. They are worth all they have cost. They are foundations of peace. They will secure benefits to all nations as well as to ours.

Our highest wisdom and duty is to accept the facts as the decrees of God. We are exhorted to forget all that has happened. Yes,

the wrath, the conflict, the cruelty, but not those overruling decrees of God which this war has pronounced. As solemnly as on Mount Sinai, God says, "Remember! Remember! Hear it to-day." Under this sun, under that bright child of the sun, our banner, with the eyes of this nation and of the world upon us, we repeat the syllables of God's providence and recite the solemn decrees: No more disunion! No more secession! No more slavery!

Why did this civil war begin! We do not wonder that European statesmen failed to comprehend this conflict, and that foreign philanthropists were shocked at a murderous war that seemed to have had no moral origin, but, like the brutal fights of beasts of prey, to have sprung from ferocious animalism. This great nation,—filling all profitable latitudes, cradled between two oceans, with inexhaustible resources, with riches increasing in an unparelled ratio by agriculture, by manufactures, by commerce, with schools and churches, with books and newspapers thick as leaves in our own forests, with institutions sprung from the people and peculiarly adapted to their genius; a nation not sluggish but active, used to excitement, practical in political wisdom, and accustomed to self-government, and all its vast outlying parts held together by a federal government mild in temper, gentle in administration, and beneficent in results,—seemed to have been formed for peace.

All at once, in this hemisphere of happiness and hope, there came drooping clouds with fiery bolts full of death and desolation. At a cannon-shot upon this fort, the nation, as if it had been a trained army lying on its arms awaiting a signal, rose up and began a war of defense which, for awfulness, rises into the first rank of eminence. The front of battle, going with the sun, was twelve hundred miles long; and the depth, measured along a meridian, was a thousand miles. In this vast area more than two million men, first and last, for four years, have, in skirmish, fight, and battle, met in more than a thousand conflicts; while a coast and river line not less than four thousand miles in length has swarmed with fleets freighted with artillery. The very industry of the country seemed to have been touched by some infernal wand, and, with sudden wheel, changed its front from peace to war. The anvils of the land beat like drums. As out of the ooze emerge monsters, so from our mines and foundries uprose new and strange iron-clad machines of war.

And so, in a nation of peaceful habits, without external provocation, there arose such a storm of war as blackened the whole horizon and hemisphere. What wonder that foreign observers stood amazed at this fanatical fury that seemed without divine guidance and inspired wholly with infernal frenzy?

The explosion was sudden, but the train had long been laid. We must consider the condition of Southern society if we would under-

stand the mystery of this iniquity. Society in the South resolves itself into three divisions, more sharply distinguished than in any other part of the nation. At the base is the laboring class, made up of slaves. Next is the middle class, made up of traders, small farmers, and poor men. The lower edge of this class touches the slave and the upper edge reaches up to the third and ruling class. This class was a small minority in numbers, but in practical ability they had centered in their hands the whole government of the South and had mainly governed the country.

Upon this polished, cultured, exceedingly capable, and wholly unprincipled class rests the whole burden of this war. Forced up by the bottom-heat of slavery, the ruling class in all the disloyal States arrogated to themselves a superiority not compatible with republican equality or with just morals. They claimed a right of pre-eminence. An evil prophet arose who trained these wild and luxuriant shoots of ambition to the shapely form of a political philosophy.

By its re-agents they precipitated labor to the bottom of society and left at the top what they thought to be a clarified fluid. In their political economy labor was to be owned by capital. In their theory of government a few were to rule the many. They boldly avowed, not the fact alone that under all forms of government the few rule the many, but their right and duty to do so. Set free from the necessity of labor, they conceived a contempt for those who left its wholesome regiment. Believing themselves foreordained to supremacy, they regarded the popular vote, when it failed to register their wishes, as an intrusion and a nuisance. They were born in a garden, and popular liberty, like freshets over-swelling their banks, covered their dainty walks and flowers with the slime and mud of democratic votes.

When with shrewd observation they saw the growth of the popular element in the northern States, they instinctively took in the inevitable events. It must be controlled or cut off from a nation governed by gentlemen! Their power to control that popular element became less every decade; and they prepared secretly and earnestly, with wide conference and mutual connivance, to separate the South from the North.

We are to distinguish between the pretended and the real causes of this war.

To inflame and unite the great middle class of the South who had no interest in separation and no business with war, they alleged grievances that never existed and employed arguments which they, better than all other men, knew to be specious and false. Slavery itself was cared for only as an instrument of power or of excitement. They had unalterably fixed their eyes upon empire, and all was good which would secure that, and bad which hindered it.

Thus the ruling class of the South,—an aristocracy as intens-

proud, and inflexible as ever existed; not limited either by customs or institutions; not recognized and adjusted in the regular order of society, playing a reciprocal part in its machinery, but secret, disowning its own existence, baptized with the ostentatious name of democracy; obsequious to the people for the sake of governing them; this nameless, lurking aristocracy, that ran in the blood of society like a rash not yet come to the skin; this political tapeworm that produced nothing but lay coiled in the body, feeling on its nutriment, and holding the whole structure to be but a servant set up to nourish it,—this aristocracy of the plantation with firm and deliberate resolve brought on the war that they might cut the land in two, and clearing themselves from incorrigible free society, set up a sterner, statelier empire where slaves worked that gentlemen might live at ease. Nor can there be any doubt that though, at first, they meant to erect the form of republican government this was but a device; a step necessary to the securing of that power by which they should be able to change the whole economy of society.

That they never dreamed of such a war we may well believe. That they would have accepted it, though twice as bloody, if only thus they could rule, none can doubt that knows the temper of these worst men of modern society. But they miscalculated. They understood the people of the South; but they were totally incapable of understanding the character of the great working classes of the loyal States. That industry which is the foundation of independence, and so of equity, they stigmatized as stupid drudgery or as mean avarice. That general intelligence and independence of thought which schools for the common people and newspapers breed they reviled as the incitement of unsettled zeal running easily into fanaticism.

They more thoroughly misunderstood the profound sentiment of loyalty and the deep love of country which pervaded the common people. If those who knew them best had never suspected the depth and power of that loyalty and love which threw them into an agony of grief when the flag was here humbled, how should they conceive of it who were wholly disjointed from them in sympathy? The whole land rose up, you remember, when the flag came down, as if inspired unconsciously by the breath of the Almighty and the power of Omnipotence. It was as when one pierces the banks of the Mississippi for a rivulet and the whole raging stream plunges through with headlong course. There they calculated and miscalculated.

And more than all, they miscalculated the bravery of men who have been trained under law; who are civilized and hate personal brawls; who are so protected by society as to have dismissed all thought of self-defense; the whole force of whose life is turned to peaceful pursuits. These arrogant conspirators against government, with Chinese vanity, believed that they could blow away the self-respecting

citizens as chaff from the battle-field. Few of them are left alive to ponder their mistake.

Here, then, are the roots of this civil war. It was not a quarrel of wild beasts; it was an inflection of the strife of ages between power and right, between ambition and equity. An armed band of pestilent conspirators sought the nation's life. Her children rose up and fought at every door and room and hall to thrust out the murderers and save the house and household. It was not legitimately a war between the common people of the North and South. The war was set on by the ruling class, the aristocratic conspirators, of the South. They suborned the common people with lies, with sophistries, with cruel deceits and slanders, to fight for secret objects which they abhorred and against interests as dear to them as their own lives.

I charge the whole guilt of this war upon the ambitious, educated, plotting political leader of the South. They have shed this ocean of blood. They have desolated the South. They have poured poverty through all her towns and cities. They have bewildered the imagination of the people with phantasms and led them to believe that they were fighting for their homes and liberty, whose homes were unthreatened and whose liberty was in no jeopardy.

These arrogant instigators of civil war have renewed the plagues of Egypt, not that the oppressed might go free but that the free might be oppressed. A day will come when God will reveal judgment and arraign at his bar these mighty miscreants; and then every orphan that their bloody game has made and every widow that sits sorrowing and every maimed and wounded sufferer and every bereaved heart in all the wide regions of this land, will rise up and come before the Lord to lay upon these chief culprits of modern history their awful witness. And from a thousand battle-fields shall rise up armies of airy witnesses, who, with the memory of their awful sufferings, shall confront these miscreants with shrieks of fierce accusation; and every pale and starved prisoner shall raise his skinny hand in judgment. Blood shall call out for vengeance and tears shall plead for justice, and grief shall silently beckon, and love, heart-smitten, shall wail for justice. Good men and angels will cry out, "How long, oh Lord, how long wilt thou not avenge?"

And then those guiltiest and most remorseless traitors, these high and cultured men with might and wisdom used for the destruction of their country; these most detested of all criminals that have drenched a continent in needless blood and moved the foundations of their times with hideous crimes and cruelty, shall be plunged downward forever and forever in an endless retribution, while God shall say "Thus shall it be to all who betray their country," and in heaven and upon the earth will say "Amen!"

But for the people misled, for the multitudes drafted and driven

into their civil war, let not a trace of animosity remain. The moment their willing hand drops the musket and they return to their allegiance, then stretch out your own honest right hand to greet them. Recall to them the old days of kindness. Our hearts wait for their redemption. All the resources of a renovated nation shall be applied to rebuild their prosperity and smooth down the furrows of war.

Has this long and weary period of strife been an unmingled evil? Had nothing been gained? Yes, much. This nation has attained its manhood.

Among Indian customs is one which admits young men to the rank of warriors only after severe trials of hunger, fatigue, pain, endurance. They reach their station, not through years, but ordeals. Our nation has suffered and now is strong.

The sentiment of loyalty and patriotism, next in importance to religion, has been rooted and grounded. We have something to be proud of and pride helps love. Never so much as now did we love our country.

But four such years of education in ideas, in the knowledge of political truth, in the lore of history, in the geography of our own country, almost every inch of which we have probed with the bayonet, have never passed before. There is half a hundred years' advance in four.

We believed in our institutions and principles before; but now we know their power. It is one thing to look upon artillery and be sure that it is loaded; it is another thing to prove its power in battle. We believed in the hidden power stored in our institutions; we had never before seen this nation thundering like Mount Sinai at all those that worshiped the calf at the base of the mountain.

A people educated and moral are competent to all the exigencies of national life. A vote can govern better than a crown. We have proved it. A people intelligent and religious are strong in all economic elements. They are fitted for peace and competent to war. They are not easily inflamed and when justly incensed not easily extinguished. They are patient in adversity, endure cheerfully needful burdens, tax themselves for real wants more royally than any prince would dare to tax his people. They pour forth without stint relief for the sufferings of war, and raise charity out of the realm of a dole into a munificent duty of beneficence.

The habit of industry among freemen prepares them to meet the exhaustion of war with increase of productiveness commensurate with the need that exists. Their habits of skill enable them at once to supply such armies as only freedom can muster with arms and munition such as only free industry can create. Free society is terrible in war and afterward repairs the mischief of war with celerity

almost as great as that with which the ocean heals the seams gashed in it by the keels of ploughing ships.

Free society is fruitful of military genius. It comes when called; when no longer needed it falls back, as waves do to the level of the common sea, that no wave may be greater than the undivided water. With proof of strength so great, yet in its infancy, we stand up among the nations of the world, asking no privileges, asserting no rights, but quietly assuming our place, and determine to be second to none in the race of civilization and religion.

Of all nations we are the most dangerous and the least to be feared. We need not expound the perils that wait upon enemies that assault us. They are sufficiently understood. But we are not a dangerous people because we are warlike. All the arrogant attitudes of this nation, so offensive to foreign governments, were inspired by slavery under the administration of its minions. Our tastes, our habits, our interests, and our principles incline us to the arts of peace.

This nation was founded by the common people for the common people. We are seeking to embody in public economy more liberty, with higher justice and virtue, than have been organized before. By the necessity of our doctrines we are put in sympathy with the masses of men in all nations. It is not our business to subdue nations, but to augment the powers of the common people. The vulgar ambition of mere domination, as it belongs to universal human nature, may tempt us; but it is withstood by the whole force of our principles, our habits, our precedents, and our legends.

We acknowledge the obligation which our better political principles lay upon us to set an example more temperate, humane, and just than monarchical government can. We will not suffer wrong, and still less will we inflict it upon other nations. Nor are we concerned that so many, ignorant of our conflict, for the present misconceive the reasons of our invincible military zeal. "Why contend," say they, "for a little territory that you do not need?" Because it is ours. Because it is the interest of every citizen to save it from becoming a fortress and refuge of iniquity. This nation is our house, and our fathers' house; and accursed be the man who will not defend it to the uttermost. More territory than we need? England, that is not large enough to be our pocket, may think that it is more than we need because it is more than it needs; but we are better judges of what we need than others are.

Shall a philanthropist say to a banker who defends himself against a robber, "Why do you need so much money?" But we will not reason with such questions. When any foreign nation will willingly divide its territory and give it cheerfully away, we will answer the question why we are fighting for territory.

At present, for I pass to the consideration of benefits that accrue to

the South in distinction from the rest of the nation, the South reaps only suffering; but good seed lies buried under the furrows of war that peace will bring to harvest.

Deadly doctrines have been purged away in blood. The subtle poison of seccession was a perpetual threat of revolution. The sword has ended that danger. That which reason had affirmed as a philosophy the people have settled as a fact. Theory pronounces, "There can be no permanent government where each integral particle has liberty to fly off." Who would venture upon a voyage on a ship each plank and timber of which might withdraw at its pleasure? But the people have reasoned by the logic of the sword and of the ballot, and they have declared that States are inseparable parts of national government. They are not sovereign. State rights remain; but sovereignty is a right higher than all others; and that has been made into a common stock for the benefit of all. All further agitation is ended. This settlement must be cast out of political problems. Henceforth that poison will not rankle in the blood.

Another thing has been learned: the rights and duties of minorities. The people of the whole nation are of more authority than the people of any section. These United States are supreme over northern, western, and southern States. It ought not to have required the awful chastisement of this war to teach that a minority must submit the control of the nation's government to a majority. The army and navy have been good political schoolmasters. The lesson is learned. Not for many generations will it require further illustration.

No other event of the war can fill an intelligent Southern man, of those conceits of vanity which on either side have clouded the recognition of the manly courage of all Americans. If it be a sign of manhood to be able to fight, then Americans are men. The North, certainly, is in no doubt whatever of the soldierly qualities of Southern men. Southern soldiers have learned that all latitudes breed courage on this continent. Courage is a passport to respect. The people of all the regions of this nation are likely hereafter to cherish a generous admiration of each other's prowess. The war has bred respect, and respect will breed affection, and affection, peace and unity.

No other event of the war can fill an intelligent Southern man, of candid nature, with more surprise than the revelation of the capacity, moral and military, of the black race. It is a revelation indeed. No people were ever less understood by those most familiar with them. They were said to be lazy, lying, impudent, and cowardly wretches, driven by the whip alone to the tasks needful to their own support and the functions of civilization. They were said to be dangerous, bloodthirsty, liable to insurrection; but four years of tumultuous distress and war have rolled across the area inhabited by them, and I have

yet to hear of one authentic instance of the misconduct of a colored man. They have been patient, and gentle, and docile, and full of faith, and hope, and piety; and, when summoned to freedom they have emerged with all the signs and tokens that freedom will be to them what it was to us, the swaddling-band that shall bring them to manhood. And after the government, honoring them as men, summoned them to the field, when once they were disciplined and had learned the arts of war they proved themselves to be not second to their white brethren in arms. And when the roll of men that had shed their blood is called in the other land, many and many a dusky face will rise, dark no more when the light of eternal glory shall shine upon it from the throne of God.

The industry of the southern States is regenerated and now rests upon a basis that never fails to bring prosperity. Just now industry is collapsed; but it is not dead. It sleepeth. It is vital yet. It will spring like mown grass from the roots that need but showers and heat and time to bring them forth.

Though in many districts this generation may not see the wanton wastes of self-invoked war repaired, and though many portions may lapse again to wilderness; yet in our lifetime we shall see States, as a whole, raised to a prosperity vital, wholesome, and immovable.

The destruction of class interests, working with a religion which tends toward true democracy in proportion as it is pure and free, will create a new era of prosperity for the common laboring people of the South. Upon them have come the labor, the toil, and the loss of this war. They have fought blindfolded. They have fought for a class that sought their degradation while they were made to believe that it was for their own homes and altars. Their leaders meant a supremacy which would not long have left them political liberty save in name. But their leaders are swept away. The sword has been hungry for the ruling classes. It has sought them out with remorseless zeal. New men are to raise up; new ideas are to bud and blossom; and there will be men with different ambition and altered policy.

Meanwhile the South, no longer a land of plantations but of farms; no longer filled by slaves, but by freemen, will find no hindrance to the spread of education. Schools will multiply. Books and papers will spread. Churches will bless every hamlet. There is a good day coming for the South. Through darkness and tears and blood she has sought it. It has been an unconscious *via dolorosa*. But in the end it will be worth all it has cost. Her institutions before were deadly; she nourished death in her bosom; the greater her secular prosperity the more sure was her ruin; and every year of delay but made the change more terrible. Now, by an earthquake, the evil is shaken down, and her own historians, in a better day, shall

write that from the day the sword cut off the cancer she began to find her health.

What, then, shall hinder the rebuilding of this republic? The evil spirit is cast out; why should not this nation cease to wander among tombs cutting itself? Why should it not come clothed, and in its right mind, to sit at the feet of Jesus? Is it feared that the government will oppress the conquered States? What possible motive has the government to narrow the base of that pyramid on which its own permanence depends?

It is feared that the rights of the States will be withheld? The South is not more jealous of State rights than the North. State rights from the earliest colonial days have been the peculiar pride and jealousy of New England. In every stage of national formation it was peculiarly northern, and not southern, statesmen that guarded State rights as we were forming the constitution. But once united, the loyal States gave up forever that which had been delegated to the national government. And now, in the hour of victory, the loyal States do not mean to trench upon southern State rights. They will not do it or suffer it to be done. There is not to be one rule for high latitudes and another for low. We take nothing from the southern States that has not already been taken from the northern. The South shall have just those rights that every eastern, every middle, every western State has—no more or less.

We are not seeking our own aggrandizement by impoverishing the South. Its prosperity is an indispensable element of our own. We have shown by all that we have suffered in war how great is our estimate of the southern States of this Union; and we will measure that estimate now in peace by still greater exertions for their rebuilding.

Will reflecting men not perceive, then, the wisdom of accepting established facts, and, with alacrity of enterprise, began to retrieve the past?

Slavery cannot come back. It is the interest therefore of every man to hasten its end. Do you want more war? Are you not yet weary of contest? Will you gather up the unexploded fragments of this prodigious magazine of all mischief and heap them up for continued explosions? Does not the South need peace? And since free labor is inevitable will you have it in its worst forms or its best? Shall it be ignorant, impertinent, indolent; or shall it be educated, self-respecting, moral, and self-supporting? Will you have men as drudges or will you have them as citizens? Since they have vindicated the government and cemented its foundation-stones with their blood may they not offer the tribute of their support to maintain its laws and its policy? It is better for religion; it is better for political integrity; it is better for industry; it is better for money, if

you will have that ground-motive, that you should educate the black, man, and by education make him a citizen. They who refuse education to the black man would turn the South into a vast poorhouse, and labor into a pendulum, incessantly vibrating between poverty and indolence.

From this pulpit of broken stone we speak forth our earnest greeting to all our land.

We offer to the President of these United States our solemn congratulations that God has sustained his life and health under the unparalleled burdens and sufferings of four bloody years and permitted him to behold this auspicious consummation of that national unity for which he has waited with so much patience and fortitude and for which he has labored with such disinterested wisdom.

To the members of the government associated with him in the administration of perilous affairs in critical times, to the senators and representatives of the United States who have eagerly fashioned the instruments by which the popular will might express and enforce itself, we tender our grateful thanks.

To the officers and men of the army and navy who have so faithfully, skilfully and gloriously upheld their country's authority by suffering, labor, and sublime courage, we offer a heart-tribute beyond the compass of words.

Upon those true and faithful citizens, men and women, who have borne up with unflinching hope in the darkest hour and covered the land with their labor of love and charity, we invoke the divinest blessing of him whom they have so truly imitated.

But chiefly to thee, God, of our fathers, we render thanksgiving and praise for that wondrous providence that has brought forth from such a harvest of war the seed of so much liberty and peace.

We invoke peace upon the North. Peace be to the West. Peace be upon the South!

In the name of God we lift up our banner and dedicate it to peace, union, and liberty, now and forever more. Amen.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

ON DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

DELIVERED AT WEST CALDER, NOVEMBER 27, 1879

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—In addressing you to-day, as in addressing like audiences assembled for a like purpose in other places of the country, I am warmed by the enthusiastic welcome which you have been pleased in every quarter and in every form to accord to me. I am, on the other hand, daunted when I recollect, first of all, what large demands I have to make on your patience; and secondly, how inadequate are my powers and how inadequate almost any amount of time you can grant me to set forth worthily the whole of the case which ought to be laid before you in connection with the coming election.

To-day, gentlemen, as I know that many among you are interested in the land and as I feel that what is termed "agricultural distress" is at the present moment a topic too serious to be omitted from our consideration, I shall say some words upon the subject of that agricultural distress and particularly because in connection with it there have arisen in some quarters of the country proposals which have received a countenance far beyond their deserts to reverse or to compromise the work which it took us one whole generation to achieve and to revert to the mischievous, obstructive, and impoverishing system of protection. Gentlemen, I speak of agricultural distress as a matter now undoubtedly serious. Let none of us withhold our sympathy from the farmer, the cultivator of the soil, in the struggle he has to undergo. His struggle is a struggle of competition with the United States. But I do not fully explain the case when I say the United States. It is not with the entire United States, it is with the western portion of these States—that portion remote from the seaboard; and I wish in the first place, gentlemen, to state to you all a fact of very great interest and importance, as it seems to me, relating to and defining the point at which the competition of the western States of America is most severely felt. I have in my hand a letter received recently from one well-known and honorably known in Scotland—Mr. Lyon Playfair, who has recently been a traveler in the United States and who, as you well know, is as well qualified as any man upon earth for accurate and

careful investigation. The point, gentlemen, at which the competition of the western States of America is most severely felt is in the eastern States of America. Whatever be agricultural distress in Scotland, whatever it be, where undoubtedly it is more felt in England, it is greater by much in the eastern States of America. In the States of New England the soil has been to some extent exhausted by careless methods of agriculture, and these, gentlemen, are the greatest of all the enemies with which the farmer has to contend.

But the foundation of the statement I make, that the eastern States of America are those that most feel the competition of the West is to be found in facts,—in this fact above all, not only they are not in America, as we are here, talking about the shortness of the annual returns and in some places having much said on the subject of rents and of temporary remission or of permanent reduction. That is not the state of things; they have actually got to this point that the capital values of land, as tested by sales in the market, have undergone an enormous diminution. Now I will tell you something that actually happened, on the authority of my friend Mr. Playfair. I will tell you something that has happened in one of the New England States,—not, recollect, in a desert or a remote country,—in an old cultivated country and near one of the towns of these States, a town that has the honorable name of Wellesley.

Mr. Playfair tells me this: Three weeks ago—that is to say about the first of this month, so you will see my information is tolerably recent,—three weeks ago a friend of Mr. Playfair bought a farm near Wellesley for $33 an acre,—for £6 12s. an acre,—agricultural land, remember, in an old settled country. That is the present condition of agricultural property in the old States of New England. I think by the simple recital of that fact I have tolerably well established my case, for you have not come in England and you have not come in Scotland to the point at which agricultural land is to be had—not wild land, but improved and old cultivated land,—is to be had for the price of £6 12s. an acre. He mentions that this is by no means a strange case, an isolated case, that it fairly represented the average transactions that have been going on; and he says that in that region the ordinary price of agricultural land at the present time is from $20 to $50 an acre, or from £4 to £10. In New York the soil is better and the population is greater; but even in the State of New York land ranges for agricultural purposes from $50 to $100, that is to say from £10 to £20 an acre.

I think those of you, gentlemen, who are farmers will perhaps derive some comfort from perceiving that if the pressure here is heavy the pressure elsewhere and the pressure nearer to the seat of this very abundant production is greater and far greater still.

It is most interesting to consider, however, what this pressure is. There has been developed in the astonishing progressive power of the United States—there has been developed a faculty of producing corn for the subsistence of man with a rapidity and to an extent unknown in the experience of mankind. There is nothing like it in history. Do not let us conceal, gentlemen, from ourselves the fact; I shall not stand the worse with any of you who are farmers if I at once avow that this greater and comparatively immense abundance of the prime article of subsistence for mankind is a great blessing vouchsafed by Providence to mankind. In part I believe that the cheapness has been increased by special causes. The lands from which the great abundance of American wheat comes are very thinly peopled as yet. They will become more thickly peopled and as they become more thickly peopled a larger proportion of their produce will be wanted for home consumption and less of it will come to you, and at a higher price. Again, if we are rightly informed, the price of American wheat has been unnaturally reduced by the extraordinary depression, in recent times, of trade in America, and especially of the mineral trades, upon which many railroads are dependent in America and with which these railroads are connected in America in a degree and manner that in this country we know but little of. With a revival of trade in America it is to be expected that the freights of corn will increase and all other freights, because the employment of the railroads will be a great deal more abundant and they will not be content to carry corn at nominal rates. In some respects therefore you may expect a mitigation of the pressure, but in other respects it is likely to continue.

Nay, the prime minister is reported as having not long ago said,—and he ought to have the best information on this subject, nor am I going to impeach in the main what he stated,—he gave it to be understood that there was about to be a development of corn production in Canada which would entirely throw into the shade this corn production in the United States. Well, that certainly was very cold comfort as far as the British agriculturist is concerned, because he did not say—he could not say—that the corn production of the United States was to fall off, but there was to be added an enormous corn production from Manitoba, the great Province which forms now a part of the Canada Dominion. There is no doubt, I believe, that it is a correct expectation that vast or very large quantities of corn will proceed from that Province and therefore we have to look forward to a state of things in which, for a considerable time to come, large quantities of wheat will be forthcoming from America, probably larger quantities and perhaps frequently at lower prices than those at which the corn-producing and corn-exporting districts of Europe have commonly been able to supply us. Now that I believe to be,

gentlemen, upon the whole, not an unfair representation of the state of things.

How are you to meet that state of things? What are your fair claims? I will tell you. In my opinion your fair claims are, in the main, two. One is to be allowed to purchase every article that you require in the cheapest market and have no needless burden laid upon anything that comes to you and can assist you in the cultivation of your land. But that claim has been conceded and fulfilled.

I do not know whether there is an object, an instrument, a tool of any kind, an auxiliary of any kind, that you want for the business of the farmer which you do not buy at this moment in the cheapest market. But beyond that you want to be relieved from every unjust and unnecessary legislative restraint. I say every unnecessary legislative restraint because taxation, gentlemen, is unfortunately a restraint upon us all, but we cannot say that it is always unnecessary and we cannot say that it is always unjust. . . .

Now, gentlemen, having said thus much my next duty is to warn you against quack remedies, against delusive remedies, against the quack remedies that there are plenty of people found to propose, not so much in Scotland as in England; for, gentlemen, from Midlothian at present we are speaking to England as well as to Scotland. Let me give a friendly warning from this northern quarter to the agriculturist of England not to be deluded by those who call themselves his friends in a degree of special and superior excellence and who have been too much given to delude him in other times; not to be deluded into hoping relief from sources from which it can never come. Now, gentlemen, there are three of these remedies. The first of them, gentlemen, I will not call a quack remedy at all, but I will speak of it notwithstanding in the tone of rational and dispassionate discussion. I am not now so much upon the controversial portion of the land question—a field which, Heaven knows, is wide enough—as I am upon matters of deep and universal interest to us in our economic and social condition. There are some gentlemen and there are persons for whom I for one have very great respect, who think that the difficulties of our agriculture may be got over by a fundamental change in the land-holding system of this country.

I do not mean, now pray observe, a change as to the law of entail and settlement and all those restraints which I hope were tolerably well disposed of yesterday at Dalkeith, but I mean those who think that if you can cut up the land, or a large part of it, into a multitude of small properties that of itself will solve the difficulty and start everybody on a career of prosperity.

Now, gentlemen, to a proposal of that kind I for one am not going to object upon the ground that it would be inconsistent with the privileges of landed proprietors. In my opinion, if it is known

to be for the welfare of the community at large, the legislature is perfectly entitled to buy out the landed proprietors. It is not intended probably to confiscate the property of a landed proprietor more than the property of any other man; but the state is perfectly entitled, if it please, to buy out the landed proprietors as it may think fit for the purpose of dividing the property into small lots. I don't wish to recommend it because I will show you the doubts that to my mind hang about that proposal; but I admit that in principle no objection can be taken. Those persons who possess large portions of the spaces of the earth are not altogether in the same position as the possessors of mere personalty; that personalty does not impose the same limitations upon the action and industry of man and upon the well-being of the community as does the possession of land; and therefore I freely own that compulsory expropriation is a thing which for an adequate public object is in itself admissible and so far sound in principle.

Now, gentlemen, this idea about small proprietors, however, is one which very large bodies and parties in this country treat with the utmost contempt; and they are accustomed to point to France, and say: "Look at France." In France you have got 5,000,000—I am not quite sure whether it is 5,000,000 or even more; I do not wish to be beyond the mark in anything—you have 5,000,000 of small proprietors, and you do not produce in France as many bushels of wheat per acre as you do in England. Well, now I am going to point out to you a very remarkable fact with regard to the condition of France. I will not say that France produces—for I believe it does not produce—as many bushels of wheat per acre as England does, but I should like to know whether the wheat of France is produced mainly upon the small properties of France. I believe that the wheat of France is produced mainly upon the large properties of France, and I have not any doubt that the large properties of England are upon the whole better cultivated and more capital is put into the land than in the large properties of France. But it is fair that justice should be done to what is called the peasant proprietary. Peasant proprietary is an excellent thing, if it can be had, in many points of view. It interests an enormous number of the people in the soil of the country and in the stability of its institutions and its laws. But now look at the effect that it has upon the progressive value of the land—and I am going to give you a very few figures which I will endeavor to relieve from all complication lest I should unnecessarily weary you. But what will you think when I tell you that the agricultural value of France—the taxable income derived from the land, and therefore the income of the proprietors of that land—has advanced during our lifetime far more rapidly than that of England? When I say England I believe the same thing is applicable to Scotland, certainly

to Ireland; but I shall take England for my test because the difference between England and Scotland, though great, does not touch the principle, and because it so happens that we have some means of illustration from former times for England which are not equally applicable for all the three kingdoms.

Here is the state of the case. I will not go back any further than 1851. I might go back much further; it would only strengthen my case. But for 1851 I have a statement made by French official authority of the agricultural income of France as well as the income of other real property, namely, houses. In 1851 the agricultural income of France was £76,000,000. It was greater in 1851 than the whole income from land and houses together had been in 1821. This is a tolerable evidence of progress, but I will not enter into the detail of it because I have no means of dividing the two—the house income and the land income—for the earlier year, namely, 1821. In 1851 it was £76,000,000—the agricultural income; and in 1864 it had risen from £76,000,000 to £106,000,000. That is to say, in the space of thirteen years the increase of agricultural values in France—annual values—was no less than forty per cent, or three per cent per annum. Now I go to England. Wishing to be quite accurate, I shall limit myself to that with respect to which we have positive figures. In England the agricultural income in 1813-14 was £37,000,000; in 1842 it was £42,000,000, and that year is the one I will take as my starting point. I have given you the years 1851 to 1864 in France. I could only give you those thirteen years with a certainty that I was not misleading you, and I believe I have kept within the mark. I believe I might have put my case more strongly for France.

In 1842, then, the agricultural income of England was £42,000,000; in 1876 it was £52,000,000—that is to say, while the agricultural income of France increased forty per cent in thirteen years the agricultural income of England increased twenty per cent in thirty-four years. The increase in France was three per cent per annum; the increase in England was about one-half or three-fifths per cent per annum. Now, gentlemen, I wish this justice to be done to a system where peasant proprietary prevails. It is of great importance. And will you allow me, you who are Scotch agriculturists, to assure you that I speak to you not only with the respect which is due from a candidate to a constituency, but with the deference which is due from a man knowing very little of agricultural matters to those who know a great deal? And there is one point at which the considerations that I have been opening up, and this rapid increase of the value of the soil in France, bear upon our discussions. Let me try to explain it. I believe myself that the operation of economic laws is what in the main dictates the distribution of landed property in this country. I doubt if those economic laws will allow it to remain cut

up into a multitude of small properties like the small properties of France. As to small holdings, I am one of those who attach the utmost value to them. I say that in the Lothians—I say that in the portion of the country where almost beyond any other large holdings prevail—in some parts of which large holdings exclusively are to be found—I attach the utmost value to them. But it is not on that point I am going to dwell, for we have no time for what is unnecessary. What I do wish very respectfully to submit to you, gentlemen, is this. When you see this vast increase of the agricultural value of France you know at once it is perfectly certain that it has not been upon the large properties of France, which, if anything, are inferior in cultivation to the large properties of England. It has been upon those very peasant-properties which some people are so ready to decry. What do the peasant-properties mean? They mean what in France is called the small cultivation—that is to say, cultivation of superior articles pursued upon a small scale—cultivation of flowers, cultivation of trees and shrubs, cultivation of fruits of every kind, and all that in fact which rises above the ordinary character of farming produce, and rather approaches the produce of the gardener.

Gentlemen, I cannot help having this belief that, among other means of meeting the difficulties in which we may be placed, our destiny is that a great deal more attention will have to be given than heretofore by the agriculturists of England, and perhaps even by the agriculturists of Scotland, to the production of fruits, of vegetables, of flowers, of all that variety of objects which are sure to find a market in a rich and wealthy country like this, but which have hitherto been consigned almost exclusively to garden production. You know that in Scotland, in Aberdeenshire—and I am told also in Perthshire—a great example of this kind has been set in the cultivation of strawberries—the cultivation of strawberries is carried on over hundreds of acres at once. I am ashamed, gentlemen, to go further into this matter as if I was attempted to instruct you. I am sure you will take my hint as a respectful hint—I am sure you will take it as a friendly hint. I do not believe that the large properties of this country, generally or universally, can or will be broken up into small ones. I do not believe that the land of this country will be owned as a general rule by those who cultivate it. I believe we shall continue to have, as we have had, a class of landlords and a class of cultivators, but I most earnestly desire to see—not only to see the relations of those classes to one another harmonious and sound, their interests never brought into conflict; but I desire to see both flourishing and prospering, and the soil of my country producing as far as may be under the influence of capital and skill, every variety of product which may give an abundant livelihood to

those who live upon it. I say therefore, gentlemen, and I say it with all respect, I hope for a good deal from the small culture, the culture in use among the small proprietors of France; but I do not look to a fundamental change in the distribution of landed property in this country as a remedy for agricultural distress.

But I go on to another remedy which is proposed, and I do it with a great deal less of respect; nay, I now come to the region of what I have presumed to call quack remedies. There is a quack remedy which is called Reciprocity, and this quack remedy is under the special protection of quack doctors, and among the quack doctors I am sorry to say there appear to be some in very high station indeed, and if I am rightly informed, no less a person than her Majesty's secretary of state for foreign affairs has been moving about the country and indicating a very considerable expectation that possibly by reciprocity agricultural distress will be relieved. Let me test, gentlemen, the efficacy of this quack remedy for your, in some places, agricultural pressure, and generally distress—the pressure that has been upon you, the struggle in which you are engaged. Pray watch its operation; pray note what is said by the advocates of reciprocity. They always say, We are the soundest and best free-traders. We recommend reciprocity because it is the truly effectual method of bringing about free trade. At present America imposes enormous duties upon our cotton goods and upon our iron goods. Put reciprocity into play and America will become a free-trading country. Very well, gentlemen, how would that operate upon you agriculturists in particular? Why, it would operate thus: If your condition is to be regretted in certain particulars and capable of amendment, I beg you to cast an eye of sympathy upon the condition of the American agriculturist. It has been very well said, and very truly said,—though it is a smart antithesis,—the American agriculturist has got to buy everything that he wants at prices which are fixed in Washington by the legislation of America, but he has got to sell everything that he produces at prices which are fixed in Liverpool—fixed by the free competition of the world. How would you like that, gentlemen—to have protective prices to pay for everything that you use—for your manures, for your animals, for your implements, for all your farming stock, and at the same time to have to sell what you produce in the free and open market of the world? But bring reciprocity into play, and then if reciprocity doctors are right the Americans will remove all their protective duties, and the American farmer, instead of producing as he does now, under the disadvantage and the heavy disadvantage of having to pay protective prices for everything that constitutes his farming stock, will have all his tools and implements, and manures, and everything else purchased in the free, open market of the world at free-trade

prices. So he will be able to produce his corn to compete with you even cheaper than he does now. So much for reciprocity considered as a cure for distress. I am not going to consider it now in any other point of view.

But, gentlemen, there are another set of men who are bolder still, and who are not for reciprocity; who are not content with that milder form of quackery, but who recommend a reversion, pure and simple, to what I may fairly call, I think, the exploded doctrine of protection. And upon this, gentlemen, I think it necessary, if you will allow me, to say to you a few words, because it is a very serious matter, and it is all the more serious because her Majesty's government—I do not scruple to say—are coquetting with this subject in a way which is not right. They are tampering with it; they are playing with it. A protective speech was made in the House of Commons in a debate last year by Mr. Chaplin, on the part of what is called "the agricultural interest." Mr. Chaplin did not use the word protection, but what he did say was this: He said he demanded that the malt tax should be abolished and the revenue supplied by a tax upon foreign barley or some other foreign commodity. Well, if he has a measure of that kind in his pocket I don't ask him to affix the word protection to it. I can do that for myself. Not a word of rebuke, gentlemen, was uttered to the doctrines of Mr. Chaplin. He was complimented upon the ability of his speech and the well-chosen terms of his motion. Some of the members of her Majesty's government—the minor members of her Majesty's government—the humbler luminaries of that great constellation—have been going about the country and telling their farming constituents that they think the time has come when a return to protection might very wisely be tried. But, gentlemen, what delusions have been practised upon the unfortunate British farmer! When we go back for twenty years, what is now called the Tory party was never heard of as the Tory party. It was always heard of as the party of protection. As long as the chiefs of the protective party were not in office, as long as they were irresponsible, they recommended themselves to the good will of the farmer as protectionists, and said they would set him up and put his interests on a firm foundation through protection. We brought them into office in the year 1852. I gave with pleasure a vote that assisted to bring them into office. I thought bringing them into office was the only way of putting their professions to the test. They came into office, and before they had been six months in office they had thrown protection to the winds. And that is the way in which the British farmer's expectations are treated by those who claim for themselves in the special sense the designation of his friends.

It is exactly the same with the malt tax. Gentlemen, what is done

with the malt tax? The malt tax is held by them to be a great grievance on the British farmer. Whenever a Liberal government is in office, from time to time they have a great muster from all parts of the country to vote for the abolition of the malt tax. But when a Tory government comes into office, the abolition of the malt tax is totally forgotten; and we have now had six years of a Tory government without a word said, as far as I can recollect,—and my friend in the chair could correct me if I were wrong,—without a motion made, or a vote taken, on the subject of the malt tax. The malt tax, great and important as it is, is small in reference to protection. Gentlemen, it is a very serious matter indeed if we ought to go back to protection, because how did we come out of protection to free trade? We came out of it by a struggle which in its crisis threatened to convulse the country, which occupied Parliaments, upon which elections turned, which took up twenty years of our legislative life, which broke up parties. In a word, if effected a change so serious that if, after the manner in which we effected that change, it be right that we should go back upon our steps, then all I can say is, that we must lose that which has ever been one of the most honorable distinctions of British legislation in the general estimation of the world,—that British legislation, if it moves slowly, always moves in one direction—that we never go back upon our steps.

But are we such children that, after spending twenty years—as I may say from 1840 to 1860—in breaking down the huge fabric of protection, in 1879 we are seriously to set about building it up again? If that be right, gentlemen, let it be done, but it will involve on our part a most humiliating confession. In my opinion it is not right. Protection, however, let me point out, now is asked for in two forms, and I am next going to quote Lord Beaconsfield for the purpose of expressing my concurrence with him.

Mostly, I am bound to say, as far as my knowledge goes, protection has not been asked for by the agricultural interest, certainly not by the farmers of Scotland.

It has been asked for by certain injudicious cliques and classes of persons connected with other industries—connected with some manfacturing industries. They want to have duties laid upon manufactures.

But here Lord Beaconsfield said—and I cordially agree with him—that he would be no party to the institution of a system in which protection was to be given to manufacturers and to be refused to agriculture.

That one-sided protection I deem to be totally intolerable, and I reject it even at the threshold as unworthy of a word of examination or discussion.

But let us go on to two-sided protection and see whether that

is any better—that is to say, protection in the shape of duties on manufactures and protection in the shape of duties upon corn, duties upon meat, duties upon butter and cheese and eggs, and everything that can be produced from the land. Now, gentlemen, in order to see whether we can here find a remedy for our difficulties, I prefer to speculation and mere abstract argument the method of reverting to experience. Experience will give us very distinct lessons upon this matter. We have the power, gentlemen, of going back to the time when protection was in full and unchecked force, and of examining the effect which it produced upon the wealth of the country. How, will you say, do I mean to test that wealth? I mean to test that wealth by the exports of the country and I will tell you why, because your prosperity depends upon the wealth of your customers—that is to say, upon their capacity to buy what you produce. And who are your customers? Your customers are the industrial population of the country who produce what we export and send all over the world. Consequently, when exports increase, your customers are doing a large business, are growing wealthy, are putting money in their pockets, and are able to take that money out of their pockets in order to fill their stomachs with what you produce. When, on the contrary, exports do not increase, your customers are poor, your prices go down, as you have felt within the last few years in the price of meat, for example, and in other things, and your condition is proportionally depressed. Now, gentlemen, down to the year 1842 no profane hand had been laid upon the august fabric of protection. For recollect that the farmers' friends always told us that it was a very august fabric, and that if you pulled it down it would involve the ruin of the country. That, you remember, was the commonplace of every Tory speech delivered from a country hustings to a farming constituency. But before 1842 another agency had come into force, which gave new life in a very considerable degree to the industry of the country, and that was the agency of railways, of improved communication, which shortened distance and cheapened transit, and effected in that way an enormous economical gain and addition to the wealth of the country. Therefore, in order to see what we owe to our friend protection, I won't allow that friend to take credit for what was done by railways in improving the wealth of the country. I will go to the time when I may say there were virtually no railways—that is the time before 1830. Now, gentlemen, here are the official facts which I shall lay before you in the simplest form, and remember, using round numbers. I do that because, although round numbers cannot be absolutely accurate, they are easy for the memory to take in, and they involve no material error, no falsification of the case. In the year 1800, gentlemen, the exports of British produce were £39,500,000 in value. The population at that

time,—no, I won't speak of the exact figure of the population, because I have not got it for the three kingdoms. In the years 1826 to 1830,—that is, after a medium period of eight and twenty years,—the average of our exports for those five years, which had been £39,500,000 in 1800, was £37,000,000. It is fair to admit that in 1800 the currency was somewhat less sound, and therefore I am quite willing to admit that the £37,000,000 probably meant as much in value as the £39,500,000, but substantially, gentlemen, the trade of the country was stationary, practically stationary, under protection. The condition of the people grew, if possible, rather worse than better. The wealth of the country was nearly stationary. But now I show you what protection produced; that it made no addition, it gave no onward movement to the profits of those who are your customers. But on these profits you depend; because, under all circumstances, gentlemen, this I think nobody will dispute,—a considerable portion of what the Englishman or the Scotchman produces will some way or other find its way down his throat.

What has been the case, gentlemen, since we cast off the superstition of protection, since we discarded the imposture of protection? I will tell you what happened between 1830, when there were no railways, and 1842, when no change, no important change, had been made as to protection, but when the railway system was in operation, hardly in Scotland, but in England to a very great extent, to a very considerable extent upon the main lines of communication. The exports which in 1830 had been somewhere about £37,000,000, between 1840 and 1842 showed an average amount of £50,000,000. That seems due, gentlemen, to the agency of railways; and I wish you to bear in mind the increasing benefit now derived from that agency, in order that I may not claim any undue credit for freedom of trade. From 1842, gentlemen, onward the successive stages of free trade began; in 1842, in 1845, in 1846, in 1853, and again in 1860, the large measures were carried which have completely reformed your customs tariff, and reduced it from a taxation of twelve hundred articles to a taxation of, I think, less than twelve.

Now, under the system of protection, the export trade of the country, the wealth and the power of the manufacturing and producing classes to purchase your agricultural products did not increase at all. In the time when railways began to be in operation, but before free trade, the exports of the country increased, as I have shown you, by £13,000,000 in somewhere about thirteen years—that is to say, taking it roughly, at the rate of £1,000,000 a year.

But since 1842 and down to the present time we have had, along with railways, always increasing their benefits,—we have had the successive adoption of free-trade measures; and what has been the state of the export business of the country? It has risen in this

degree, that that which from 1840 to 1842 averaged £50,000,000 from 1873 to 1878 averaged £218,000,000. Instead of increasing, as it has done between 1830 and 1842, when railways only were at work, at the rate of £1,000,000 a year—instead of remaining stagnant as it did when the country was under protection pure and simple, with no augmentation of the export trade to enlarge the means of those who buy your products, the total growth in a period of thirty-five years was no less than £168,000,000, or, taking it roughly, a growth in the export trade of the country to the extent of between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000 a year. But, gentlemen, you know the fact. You know very well that while restriction was in force you did not get the prices that you have been getting for the last twenty years. The price of wheat has been much the same as it had been before. The price of oats is a better price than was to be had on the average of protective times. But the price, with the exception of wheat, of almost every agricultural commodity, the price of wool, the price of meat, the price of cheese, the price of every thing that the soil produces, has been largely increased in a market free and open to the world; because, while the artificial advantage which you got through protection, as it was supposed to be an advantage, was removed, you were brought into that free and open market, and the energy of free trade so enlarged the buying capacity of your customers that they were willing and able to give you and did give you a great deal more for your meat, your wool, and your products in general, than you would ever have got under the system of protection. Gentlemen, if that be true—and it cannot, I believe, be impeached or impugned—if that be true, I don't think I need further discuss the matter, especially when so many other matters have to be discussed.

I will therefore ask you again to cross the seas with me. I see that the time is flying onward, and, gentlemen, it is very hard upon you to be so much vexed upon the subject of policy abroad. You think generally, and I think, that your domestic affairs are quite enough to call for all your attention. There was a saying of an ancient Greek orator, who unfortunately very much undervalued what we generally call the better portion of the community—namely, women; he made a very disrespectful observation which I am going to quote, not for the purpose of concurring with it, but for the purpose of an illustration.

Pericles, the great Athenian statesman, said with regard to women, their greatest merit was to be never heard of.

Now, what Pericles untruly said of women, I am very much disposed to say of foreign affairs—their great merit would be to be never heard of. Unfortunately, instead of being never heard of, they are always heard of, and you hear almost of nothing else; and I can't promise you, gentlemen, that you will be relieved from this everlasting

din, because the consequences of an unwise meddling with foreign affairs are consequences that will for some time necessarily continue to trouble you, and that will find their way to your pockets in the shape of increased taxation.

Gentlemen, with that apology I ask you again to go with me beyond the seas. And as I wish to do full justice I will tell you what I think to be the right principles of foreign policy; and then as far as your patience and my strength will permit, I will, at any rate for a short time, illustrate those right principles by some of the departures from them that have taken place of late years. I first give you, gentlemen, what I think the right principles of foreign policy.

The first thing is to foster the strength of the empire by just legislation and economy at home, thereby producing two of the great elements of national power—namely, wealth, which is a physical element, and union and contentment, which are the moral elements,—and to reserve the strength of the empire, to reserve the expenditure of that strength, for great and worthy occasion abroad. Here is my first principle of foreign policy: good government at home.

My second principle of foreign policy is this: that its aim ought to be to preserve to the nations of the world—and especially, were it but for shame, when we recollect that sacred name we bear as Christians, especially to the Christian nations of the world—the blessings of peace. That is my second principle.

My third principle is this: Even, gentlemen, when you do a good thing you may do it in so bad a way that you may entirely spoil the beneficial effect; and if we were to make ourselves the apostles of peace in the sense of conveying to the minds of other nations that we thought ourselves more entitled to an opinion on that subject than they are, or to deny their rights—well, very likely we should destroy the whole value of our doctrines. In my opinion the third sound principle is this: to strive to cultivate and maintain, aye, to the very uttermost, what is called the concert of Europe; to keep the powers of Europe in union together. And why? Because by keeping all in union together you neutralize and fetter and bind up the selfish aims of each. I am not here to flatter either England or any of them. They have selfish aims as unfortunately we in late years have too sadly shown that we too have had selfish aims; but their common action is fatal to selfish aims. Common action means common objects; and the only objects for which you can unite together the powers of Europe are objects connected with the common good of them all. That gentlemen is my third principle of foreign policy.

My fourth principle is: that you should avoid needless and entangling engagements. You may boast about them, you may brag about them, you may say you are procuring consideration for the country. You may say that an Englishman can now hold up his head among

the nations. You may say that he is now not in the hands of a Liberal ministry, who thought of nothing but pounds, shillings, and pence. But what does all this come to, gentlemen? It comes to this, that you are increasing your engagements without increasing your strength; and if you increase engagements without increasing strength you diminish strength, you abolish strength; you really reduce the empire and do not increase it. You render it less capable of performing its duties; you render it an inheritance less precious to hand on to future generations.

My fifth principle is this, gentlemen: to acknowledge the equal rights of all nations. You may sympathize with one nation more than another. Nay, you must sympathize in certain circumstances with one nation more than another. You sympathize most with those nations as a rule with which you have closest connection in language, in blood, and in religion, or whose circumstances at the time seem to give the strongest claim to sympathy. But in point of right all are equal, and you have no right to set up a system under which one of them is to be placed under moral suspicion or espionage, or to be made the constant subject of invective. If you do that, but especially if you claim for yourself a superiority, a pharisaical superiority over the whole of them, then I say you may talk about your patriotism if you please, but you are a misjudging friend of your country, and in undermining the basis of the esteem and respect of other people for your country you are in reality inflicting the severest injury upon it. I have now given you, gentlemen, five principles of foreign policy. Let me give you a sixth and then I have done.

And that sixth is: that in my opinion foreign policy, subject to all the limitations that I have described, the foreign policy of England should always be inspired by the love of freedom. There should be a sympathy with freedom, a desire to give it scope, founded not upon visionary ideas, but upon the long experience of many generations within the shores of this happy isle, that in freedom you lay the firmest foundations both of loyalty and order; the firmest foundations for the development of individual character and the best provision for the happiness of the nation at large. In the foreign policy of this country the name of Canning ever will be honored. The name of Russell ever will be honored. The name of Palmerston ever will be honored by those who recollect the erection of the kingdom of Belgium and the union of the disjoined provinces of Italy. It is that sympathy, not a sympathy with disorder, but on the contrary founded upon the deepest and most profund love of order,— it is that sympathy which in my opinion ought to be the very atmosphere in which a foreign secretary of England ought to live and to move.

Gentlemen, it is impossible for me to do more to-day than to attempt very slight illustrations of those principles. But in uttering

those principles I have put myself in a position in which no one is entitled to tell me—you will hear me out in what I say—that I simply object to the acts of others and lay down no rules of action myself. I am not only prepared to show what are the rules of action which in my judgment are the right rules, but I am prepared to apply them nor will I shrink from their application. I will take, gentlemen, the name which most of all others is associated with suspicion and with alarm and with hatred in the minds of many Englishmen. I will take the name of Russia, and at once I will tell you what I think about Russia, and how I am prepared as a member of Parliament to proceed in anything that respects Russia. You have heard me, gentlemen, denounced sometimes I believe as a Russian spy, sometimes as a Russian agent, sometimes as perhaps a Russian fool, which is not so bad, but still not very desirable. But, gentlemen, when you come to evidence the worst thing that I have even seen quoted out of any speech or writing of mine about Russia is that I did one day say, or I believe I wrote these terrible words: I recommend Englishmen to imitate Russia in her good deeds. Was not that a terrible proposition? I cannot recede from it. I think we ought to imitate Russia in her good deeds, and if the good deeds be few I am sorry for it, but I am not the less disposed on that account to imitate them when they come. I will now tell you what I think just about Russia.

I make it one of my charges against the foreign policy of her Majesty's government that, while they have completely estranged from this country—let us not conceal the fact—the feelings of a nation of eighty millions, for that is the number of the subjects of the Russian empire,—while they have contrived completely to estrange the feelings of that nation they have aggrandized the power of Russia. They have aggrandized the power of Russia in two ways which I will state with perfect distinctness. They have augmented her territory. Before the European powers met at Berlin Lord Salisbury met with Count Schouvaloff, and Lord Salisbury agreed that, unless he could convince Russia by his arguments in the open Congress of Berlin, he would support the restoration to the despotic power of Russia of that country north of the Danube which at the moment constituted a portion of the free state of Roumania. Why, gentlemen, what had been done by the Liberal government which forsooth attended to nothing but pounds, shillings, and pence? The Liberal government had driven Russia back from the Danube. Russia, which was a Danubian power before the Crimean war, lost this position on the Danube by the Crimean war; and the Tory government, which has been incensing and inflaming you against Russia, yet nevertheless by binding itself beforehand to support, when the judgment was taken, the restoration of that country to Russia, has aggrandized the power of Russia.

It further aggrandized the power of Russia in Armenia; but I would not dwell upon that matter if it were not for a very strange circumstance. You know that an Armenian province was given to Russia after the war, but about that I own to you I have very much less feeling of objection. I have objected from the first vehemently and in every form to the granting of territory on the Danube to Russia, and carrying back the population of a certain country from a free state to a despotic state; but with regard to the transfer of a certain portion of the Armenian people from the government of Turkey to the government of Russia I must own that I contemplate that transfer with much greater equanimity. I have no fear myself of the territorial extensions of Russia in Asia, no fear of them whatever. I think the fears are no better than old women's fears. And I don't wish to encourage her aggressive tendencies in Asia or anywhere else. But I admit it may be and probably is the case that there is some benefit attending upon the transfer of a portion of Armenia from Turkey to Russia.

But here is a very strange fact. You know that that portion of Armenia includes the port of Batoum. Lord Salisbury has lately stated to the country that, by the treaty of Berlin the port of Batoum is to be only a commercial port. If the treaty of Berlin stated that it was to be only a commercial port, which of course could not be made an arsenal, that fact would be very important. But happily, gentlemen, although treaties are concealed from us nowadays as long and as often as is possible, the treaty of Berlin is an open instrument. We can consult it for ourselves; and when we consult the treaty of Berlin we find it states that Batoum shall be essentially a commercial port, but not that it shall be only a commercial port. Why, gentlemen, Leith is essentially a commercial port, but there is nothing to prevent the people of this country if in their wisdom or their folly they should think fit from constituting Leith as a great naval arsenal or fortification; and there is nothing to prevent the Emperor of Russia, while leaving to Batoum a character that shall be essentially commercial, from joining with that another character that is not in the slightest degree excluded by the treaty, and making it as much as he pleases a port of military defense. Therefore I challenge the assertion of Lord Salisbury; and as Lord Salisbury is fond of writing letters to the "Times" to bring the Duke of Argyll to book, he perhaps will be kind enough to write another letter to the "Times" and tell in what clause of the treaty of Berlin he finds it written that the port of Batoum shall be only a commercial port. For the present I simply leave it on record that he has misrepresented the treaty of Berlin.

With respect to Russia I take two views of the position of Russia. The position of Russia in Central Asia I believe to be one that has

in the main been forced upon her against her will. She has been compelled—and this is the impartial opinion of the world,—she has been compelled to extend her frontier southward in Central Asia by causes in some degree analogous to, but certainly more stringent and imperative than, the causes which have commonly led us to extend in a far more important manner our frontier in India; and I think it, gentlemen, much to the credit of the late government, much to the honor of Lord Clarendon and Lord Granville that when we were in office we made a covenant with Russia in which Russia bound herself to exercise no influence or interference whatever in Afghanistan, we on the other hand making known our desire that Afghanistan should continue free and independent. Both the powers acted with uniform strictness and fidelity upon this engagement until the day when we were removed from office. But Russia, gentlemen, has another position—her position in respect to Turkey; and here it is that I have complained of the government for aggrandizing the power of Russia; it is on this point that I most complain.

The policy of her Majesty's government was a policy of repelling and repudiating the Slavonic populations of Turkey in Europe and of declining to make England the advocate for their interests. Nay, more; she became in their view the advocate of the interests opposed to theirs. Indeed she was rather the decided advocate of Turkey; and now Turkey is full of loud complaints—and complaints I must say not unjust—that we allured her on to her ruin; that we gave the Turks a right to believe that we should support them; that our ambassadors, Sir Henry Elliot and Sir Austin Layard, both of them said we had most vital interests in maintaining Turkey as it was, and consequently the Turks thought if we had vital interests we should certainly defend them; and they were thereby lured on into that ruinous, cruel, and destructive war with Russia. But by our conduct to the Slavonic populations we alienated those populations from us. We made our name odious among them. They had every disposition to sympathize with us, every disposition to confide in us. They are as a people desirous of freedom, desirous of self-government, with no aggressive views, but hating the idea of being absorbed in a huge despotic empire like Russia. But when they found that we and the other powers of Europe under our unfortunate guidance declined to become in any manner their champions in defense of the rights of life, of property, and of female honor,—when they found that there was no call which could find its way to the heart of England through its government or to the hearts of other powers, and that Russia alone was disposed to fight for them, why naturally they said Russia is our friend. We have done everything, gentlemen, in our power to drive these populations into the arms of Russia. If Russia has aggressive dispositions in the direction of Turkey—and I think it probable that

she may have them,—it is we who have laid the ground upon which Russia may make her march to the south,—we who have taught the Bulgarians, the Servians, the Roumanians, the Montenegrins, that there is one power in Europe and only one which is ready to support in act and by the sword her professions of sympathy with the oppressed populations of Turkey. That power is Russia, and how can you blame these people if in such circumstances they are disposed to say Russia is our friend? But why did we make them say it? Simply because of the policy of the government, not because of the wishes of the people of this country. Gentlemen, this is the most dangerous form of aggrandizing Russia. If Russia is aggressive anywhere, if Russia is formidable anywhere, it is by movements toward the south, it is by schemes for acquiring command of the straits or of Constantinople; and there is no way by which you can possibly so much assist her in giving reality to these designs as by inducing and disposing the populations of these provinces who are now in virtual possession of them, to look upon Russia as their champion and their friend, to look upon England as their disguised perhaps but yet real and effective enemy.

Why, now, gentlemen, I have said that I think it not unreasonable either to believe or at any rate to admit it to be possible that Russia has aggressive designs in the east of Europe. I do not mean immediate aggressive designs. I do not believe that the Emperor of Russia is a man of aggressive schemes or policy. It is that, looking to that question in the long run, looking at what has happened and what may happen in ten or twenty years, in one generation, in two generations, it is highly probable that in some circumstances Russia may develop aggressive tendencies toward the south.

Perhaps you will say I am here guilty of the same injustice to Russia that I have been deprecating because I say that we ought not to adopt the method of condemning anybody without cause and setting up exceptional principles in proscription of a particular nation. Gentlemen, I will explain to you in a moment the principle upon which I act and the grounds upon which I form my judgment. They are simply these grounds: I look at the position of Russia, the geographical position of Russia relatively to Turkey. I look at the comparative strength of the two empires; I look at the importance of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus as an exit and a channel for the military and commercial marine of Russia to the Mediterranean; and what I say to myself is this: If the United Kingdom were in the same position relatively to Turkey which Russia holds upon the map of the globe I feel quite sure that we should be very apt indeed both to entertain and to execute aggressive designs upon Turkey. Gentlemen, I will go further and will frankly own to you that I believe if we, instead of happily inhabiting this island, had been in the possession

of the Russian territory and in the circumstances of the Russian people we should most likely have eaten up Turkey long ago. And consequently in saying that Russia ought to be vigilantly watched in that quarter I am only applying to her the rule which in parallel circumstances I feel convinced ought to be applied and would be justly applied to judgments upon our own country.

Gentlemen, there is only one other point on which I must still say a few words to you, although there are a great many upon which I have a great many words yet to say somewhere or other.

Of all the principles, gentlemen, of foreign policy which I have enumerated that to which I attach the greatest value is the principle of the equality of nations; because without recognizing that principle there is no such thing as public right and without public international right there is no instrument available for settling the transactions of mankind except material force. Consequently the principle of equality among nations lies in my opinion at the very basis and root of a Christian civilization, and when that principle is compromised or abandoned with it must depart our hopes of tranquillity and of progress for mankind.

I am sorry to say, gentlemen, that I feel it my absolute duty to make this charge against the foreign policy under which we have lived for the last two years, since the resignation of Lord Derby. It has been a foreign policy in my opinion wholly, or to a perilous extent, unregardful of public right and it has been founded upon the basis of a false, I think an arrogant and a dangerous, assumption, although I do not question its being made conscientiously and for what was believed the advantage of the country,—an untrue, arrogant, and dangerous assumption that we are entitled to assume for ourselves some dignity which we should also be entitled to withhold from others and to claim on our own part authority to do things which we would not permit to be done by others. For example when Russia was going to the Congress at Berlin we said: "Your treaty of San Stefano is of no value. It is an act between you and Turkey; but the concerns of Turkey by the treaty of Paris are the concerns of Europe at large. We insist upon it that the whole of your treaty of San Stefano shall be submitted to the Congress at Berlin that they may judge how far to open it in each and every one of its points, because the concerns of Turkey are the common concerns of the powers of Europe acting in concert."

Having asserted that principle to the world what did we do? These two things, gentlemen: secretly, without the knowledge of Parliament, without even the forms of official procedure, Lord Salisbury met Count Schouvaloff in London and agreed with him upon the terms on which the two powers together should be bound in honor to one another to act upon all the most important points when they came

before the Congress at Berlin. Having alleged against Russia that she should not be allowed to settle Turkish affairs with Turkey because they were but two powers and these affairs were the common affairs of Europe and of European interest, we then got Count Schouvaloff into a private room, and on the part of England and Russia, they being but two powers, we settled a large number of the most important of these affairs in utter contempt and derogation of the very principle for which the government had been contending for months before, for which they had asked Parliament to grant a sum of £6,000,000, for which they had spent that £6,000,000 in needless and mischievous armaments. That which we would not allow Russia to do with Turkey, because we pleaded the rights of Europe, we ourselves did with Russia, in contempt of the rights of Europe. Nor was that all, gentlemen. That act was done, I think, on one of the last days of May, in the year 1878, and the document was published, made known to the world, made known to the Congress at Berlin, to its infinite astonishment unless I am very greatly misinformed.

But that was not all. Nearly at the same time we performed the same operation in another quarter. We objected to a treaty between Russia and Turkey as having no authority, though that treaty was made in the light of day—namely, to the treaty of San Stefano; and what did we do? We went not in the light of day but in the darkness of the night,—not in the knowledge and cognizance of other powers, all of whom would have had the faculty and means of watching all along and of preparing and taking their own objections and shaping their own policy,—not in the light of day, but in the darkness of the night, we sent the ambassador of England in Constantinople to the minister of Turkey and there he framed, even while the Congress of Berlin was sitting to determine these matters of common interest, he framed that which is too famous, shall I say, or rather too notorious, as the Anglo-Turkish convention.

Gentlemen, it is said and said truly that truth beats fiction; that what happens in fact from time to time is of a character so daring, so strange, that if the novelist were to imagine it and put it upon his pages the whole world would reject it from its improbability. And that is the case of the Anglo-Turkish convention. For who would have believed it possible that we should assert before the world the principle that Europe only could deal with the affairs of the Turkish empire and should ask Parliament for six millions to support us in asserting that principle, should send ministers to Berlin who declared that unless that principle was acted upon they would go to war with the material that Parliament had placed in their hands and should at the same time be concluded a separate agreement with Turkey, under which those matters of European jurisdiction were coolly transferred to English jurisdiction; and the whole matter was

sealed with the worthless bribe of the possession and administration of the island of Cyprus! I said, gentlemen, the worthless bribe of the island of Cyprus, and that is the truth. It is worthless for our purposes—not worthless in itself; an island of resources, an island of natural capabilities, provided they are allowed to develop themselves in the course of circumstances without violent and unprincipled methods of action. But Cyprus was not thought to be worthless by those who accepted it as a bribe. On the contrary you were told that it was to secure the road to India; you were told that it was to be the site of an arsenal very cheaply made and more valuable than Malta; you were told that it was to revive trade. And a multitude of companies were formed and sent agents and capital to Cyprus and some of them, I fear, grievously burned their fingers there. I am not going to dwell upon that now. What I have in view is not the particular merits of Cyprus, but the illustration that I have given you in the case of the agreement of Lord Salisbury with Count Schouvaloff and in the case of the Anglo-Turkish convention, of the manner in which we have asserted for ourselves a principle that we had denied to others—namely, the principle of overriding the European authority of the treaty of Paris and taking the matters which that treaty gave to Europe into our own separate jurisdiction.

Now, gentlemen, I am sorry to find that that which I call the pharisaical assertion of our own superiority has found its way alike into the practice and seemingly into the theories of the government. I am not going to assert anything which is not known, but the prime minister has said that there is one day in the year—namely, the 9th of November, Lord Mayor's day—on which the language of sense and truth is to be heard amidst the surrounding din of idle rumors generated and fledged in the brains of irresponsible scribes. I do not agree, gentlemen, in that panegyric upon the 9th of November. I am much more apt to compare the 9th of November—certainly a well-known day in the year—but as to some of the speeches that have lately been made upon it I am very much disposed to compare it with another day in the year well known to British tradition and that other day in the year is the 1st of April. But, gentlemen, on that day the prime minister, speaking out,—I do not question for a moment his own sincere opinion,—made what I think one of the most unhappy and ominous allusions ever made by a minister of this country. He quoted certain words easily rendered as "Empire and Liberty"—words (he said) of a Roman statesman, words descriptive of the state of Rome—and he quoted them as words which were capable of legitimate application to the position and circumstances of England. I join issue with the prime minister upon that subject and I affirm that nothing can be more fundamentally unsound, more practically ruinous, than the establishment of Roman analogies for

the guidance of British policy. What, gentlemen, was Rome? Rome was indeed an imperial state, you may tell me,—I know not, I cannot read the counsels of Providence,—a state having a mission to subdue the world, but a state whose very basis it was to deny the equal rights, to prescribe the independent existence of other nations. That, gentlemen, was the Roman idea. It has been partially and not ill described in three lines of a translation from Virgil by our great poet Dryden, which runs as follows:

> "O Rome! 'tis thine alone with awful sway
> To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
> Disposing peace and war thine own majestic way."

We are told to fall back upon this example. No doubt the word "empire" was qualified with the word "liberty." But what did the two words "liberty" and "empire" mean in a Roman mouth? They meant simply this: "Liberty for ourselves, empire over the rest of mankind."

I do not think, gentlemen, that this ministry or any other ministry is going to place us in the position of Rome. What I object to is the revival of the idea. I care not how feebly, I care not even how, from a philosophic or historical point of view, how ridiculous the attempt at this revivial may be. I say it indicates an intention—I say it indicates a frame of mind, and the frame of mind unfortunately I find has been consistent with the policy of which I have given you some illustrations—the policy of denying to others the rights that we claim ourselves. No doubt, gentlemen, Rome may have had its work to do and Rome did its work. But modern times have brought a different state of things. Modern times have established a sisterhood of nations, equal, independent, each of them built up under that legitimate defense which public law affords to every nation, living within its own borders and seeking to perform its own affairs; but if one thing more than another has been detestable to Europe it has been the appearance upon the stage from time to time of men who, even in the times of Christian civilization, have been thought to aim at universal dominion. It was this aggressive disposition on the part of Louis XIV, King of France, that led your forefathers, gentlemen, freely to spend their blood and treasure in a cause not immediately their own and to struggle against the method of policy which, having Paris for its center, seemed to aim at an universal monarchy.

It was the very same thing a century and a half later which was the charge launched and justly launched against Napoleon, that under his dominion France was not content even with her extended limits, but Germany, and Italy, and Spain, apparently without any limit to this pestilent and pernicious process, were to be brought under the dominion or influence of France and national equality was to be

trampled under foot and national rights denied. For that reason England in the struggle almost exhausted herself, greatly impoverished her people, brought upon herself and Scotland too the consequences of a debt that nearly crushed their energies, and poured forth their best blood without limit in order to resist and put down these intolerable pretensions.

Gentlemen, it is but in a pale and weak and almost despicable miniature that such ideas are now set up, but you will observe that the poison lies—that the poison and the mischief lie—in the principle and not the scale.

It is the opposite which I say has been compromised by the action of the ministry and which I call upon you and upon any who choose to hear my views to vindicate when the day of our election comes; I mean the sound and the sacred principle that Christendom is formed of a band of nations who are united to one another in the bonds of right; that they are without distinction of great and small; there is an absolute equality between them,—the same sacredness defends the narrow limits of Belgium as attaches to the extended frontiers of Russia or Germany or France. I hold that he who by act or word brings that principle into peril or disparagement, however honest his intentions may be, places himself in the position of one inflicting—I won't say intending to inflict—I ascribe nothing of the sort—but inflicting injury upon his own country and endangering the peace and all the most fundamental interests of Christian Society.

HENRY CLAY

DICTATORS IN AMERICAN POLITICS

DENOUNCING ANDREW JACKSON, DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, ON THE PIONDEXTER RESOLUTION, APRIL 30, 1834

NEVER, Mr. President, have I known or read of an administration which expires with so much agony, and so little composure and resignation, as that which now unfortunately has the control of public affairs in this country. It exhibits a state of mind, feverish, fretful, and fidgety, bounding recklessly from one desperate expedient to another, without any sober or settled purpose. Ever since the dog days of last summer, it has been making a succession of the most extravagant plunges, of which the extraordinary Cabinet paper, a sort of appeal from a dissenting Cabinet to the people, was the first; and protest, a direct appeal from the Senate to the people, is the last and the worst.

A new philosophy has sprung up within a few years past, called Phrenology. There is, I believe, something in it, but not quite as much as its ardent followers proclaim. According to its doctrines, the leading passions, propensity, and characteristics of every man are developed in his physical conformation, chiefly in the structure of his head. Gall and Spurzheim, its founders, or most eminent propagators, being dead, I regret that neither of them can examine the head of our illustrious Chief Magistrate. But if it could be surveyed by Dr. Caldwell, of Transylvania University, I am persuaded that he would find the organ of destructiveness prominently developed. Except an enormous fabric of executive power for himself, the President has built up nothing, constructed nothing, and will leave no enduring monument of his administration. He goes for destruction, universal destruction; and it seems to be his greatest ambition to efface and obliterate every trace of the wisdom of his predecessors. He has displayed this remarkable trait throughout his whole life, whether in private walks or in the public service. He signally and gloriously exhibited that peculiar organ when contending against the enemies of his country, in the battle of New Orleans. For that brilliant exploit, no one has ever been more ready than myself to award him all due honor. At the head of our armies was his appropriate position, and most unfortunate for his fame was the day

when he entered on the career of administration as the chief executive officer. He lives by excitement, perpetual, agitating excitement, and would die in a state of perfect repose and tranquillity. He has never been without some subject of attack, either in individuals, or in masses, or in institutions. I, myself, have been one of his favorites, and I do not know but that I have recently recommended myself to his special regard. During his administration this has been his constant course. The Indians and Indian policy, internal improvements, the colonial trade, the Supreme Court, Congress, the banks, have successively experienced the attacks of his haughty and imperious spirit. And if he tramples the bank in the dust, my word for it, we shall see him quickly in chase of some new subject of his vengeance. This is the genuine spirit of conquerors and of conquest. It is said by the biographer of Alexander the Great, that, after he had completed his Asiatic conquests, he seemed to sigh because there were no more worlds for him to subdue; and, finding himself without further employment for his valor or his arms, he turned within himself to search the means to gratify his insatiable thirst of glory. What sort of conquest he achieved of himself, the same biographer tragically records.

Already has the President singled out and designated, in the Senate of the United States, the new object of his hostile pursuit; and the protest, which I am now to consider, is his declaration of war. What has provoked it? The Senate, a component part of the Congress of the United States, at its last adjournment left the Treasury of the United States in the safe custody of the persons and places assigned by law to keep it. Upon reassembling, it found the treasury removed; some of its guardians displaced; all, remaining, brought under the immediate control of the President's sole will; and the President having free and unobstructed access to the public money. The Senate believes that the purse of the nation is, by the Constitution and laws, intrusted to the exclusive legislative care of Congress. It has dared to avow and express this opinion, in a resolution adopted on the twenty-eighth of March last. That resolution was preceded by a debate of three months' duration, in the progress of which the able and zealous supporters of the Executive in the Senate were attentively heard. Every argument which their ample resources, or those of the members of the Executive, could supply was listened to with respect, and duly weighed. After full deliberation, the Senate expressed its conviction that the Executive had violated the Constitution and laws. It cautiously refrained in the resolution from all examination into the motives or intention of the Executive; it ascribed no bad ones to him; it restricted itself to a simple declaration of its solemn belief that the Constitution and laws had been violated. This is the extent of the offense of the Senate. This is what it has done to

excite the Executive indignation and to bring upon it the infliction of a denunciatory protest.

The President comes down upon the Senate and demands that it record upon its journal this protest. He recommends no measure—no legislation whatever. He proposes no executive proceeding on the part of the Senate. He requests the recording of his protest, and he requests nothing more nor less. The Senate has abstained from putting on its own record any vindication of the resolution of which the President complains. It has not asked of him to place it, where he says he has put his protest, in the archives of the Executive. He desires, therefore, to be done for him, on the journal of the Senate, what has not been done for itself. The Senate keeps no recording office for protests, deeds, wills, or other instruments. The Constitution enjoins that "each House shall keep a journal of its proceedings." In conformity with this requirement, the Senate does keep a journal of its proceedings—not the proceedings of the Executive, or any other department of the government, except so far as they relate directly to the business of the Senate. The President sometimes professes to favor a strict construction of the Constitution, at least in regard to the powers of all the departments of the government other than that of which he is the chief. As to that, he is the greatest latitudinarian that has ever filled the office of President. Upon any fair construction of the Constitution, how can the Senate be called upon to record upon its journal any proceedings but its own? It is true that the ordinary messages of the President are usually inserted at large in the journal. Strictly speaking, it perhaps ought never to have been done; but they have been heretofore registered, because they relate to the general business of the Senate, either in its legislative or executive character, and have been the basis of subsequent proceedings. The protest stands upon totally distinct ground.

The President professes to consider himself as charged by the resolution with "the high crime of violating the laws and Constitution of my country." He declares that "one of the most important branches of the government, in its official capacity, in a public manner, and by its recorded sentence, but without precedent, competent authority, or just cause, declares him guilty of a breach of the laws and Constitution." The protest further alleges that such an act as the Constitution describes "constitutes a high crime—one of the highest, indeed, which the President can commit—a crime which justly exposes him to an impeachment by the House of Representatives; and, upon due conviction, to removal from office, and to the complete and immutable disfranchisement prescribed by the Constitution." It also asserts: "The resolution, then, was an impeachment of the President, and in its passage amounts to a declaration by a majority of the Senate, that he is guilty of an impeachable offense." The President

is also of opinion that to say that the resolution does not expressly allege that the assumption of power and authority which it condemns was intentional and corrupt, is no answer to the preceding view of its character and effect. "The act thus condemned necessarily implies volition and design in the individual to whom it is imputed; and, being unlawful in its character, the legal conclusion is, that it was prompted by improper motives and committed with an unlawful intent." . . . "The President of the United States, therefore, has been, by a majority of his constitutional triers, accused and found guilty of an impeachable offense."

Such are the deliberate views, entertained by the President, of the implications, effects, and consequences of the resolution. It is scarcely necessary to say that they are totally different from any which were entertained by the Senate, or by the mover of the resolution. The Senate carefully abstained from looking into the *quo animo*, from all examination into the motives or intention with which the violation of the Constitution and laws was made. No one knows those motives and intentions better than the President himself. If he chooses to supply the omission of the resolution, if he thinks proper to pronounce his own self-condemnation, his guilt does not flow from what the Senate has done, but from his own avowal. Having cautiously avoided passing upon his guilt by prejudgment, so neither ought his acquittal to be pronounced by anticipation.

But, I would ask, in what tone, temper, and spirit does the President come to the Senate? As a great State culprit who has been arraigned at the bar of justice, or sentenced as guilty? Does he manifest any of those compunctious visitings of conscience which a guilty violator of the Constitution and laws of the land ought to feel? Does he address himself to a high court with the respect, to say nothing of humility, which a person accused or convicted would naturally feel? No, no. He comes as if the Senate were guilty, as if he were in the judgment-seat, and the Senate stood accused before him. He arraigns the Senate; puts it upon trial; condemns it; he comes as if he felt himself elevated far above the Senate, and beyond all reach of the law, surrounded by unapproachable impunity. He who professes to be an innocent and injured man gravely accuses the Senate, and modestly asks it to put upon its own record his sentence of condemnation! When before did the arraigned or convicted party demand of the court which was to try, or had condemned him, to enter upon their records a severe denunciation of their own conduct? The President presents himself before the Senate, not in the garb of suffering innocence, but in imperial and royal costume—as a dictator, to rebuke a refractory Senate; to command it to record his solemn protest; to chastise it for disobedience.

"The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms."

We shall better comprehend the nature of the request which the President has made of the Senate, by referring to his own opinions expressed in the protest. He says that the resolution is a recorded sentence, "but without precedent, just cause, or competent authority." He "is perfectly convinced that the discussion and passage of the above-mentioned resolutions were not only unauthorized by the Constitution, but in many respects repugnant to its provisions, and subversive of the rights secured by it to other co-ordinate departments." We had no right, it seems, then, even to discuss, much less express any opinion on, the President's proceedings encroaching upon our constitutional powers. And what right had the President to look at all into our discussions? What becomes of the constitutional provision which, speaking of Congress, declares, "for any speech or debate in either House, they shall not be questioned in any other place?"

The President thinks "the resolution of the Senate is wholly unauthorized by the Constitution, and in derogation of its entire spirit." He proclaims that the passage, recording, and promulgation of the resolution affixes guilt and disgrace to the President, "in a manner unauthorized by the Constitution." But, says the President, if the Senate had just cause to entertain the belief that the House of Representatives would not impeach him, that cannot justify "the assumption by the Senate of powers not conferred by the Constitution." The protest continues: "It is only necessary to look at the condition in which the Senate and the President have been placed by this proceeding, to perceive its utter incompatibility with the provisions and the spirit of the Constitution, and with the plainest dictates of humanity and justice." A majority of the Senate assume the function which belongs to the House of Representatives, and "convert themselves into accusers, witnesses, counsel, and judges, and prejudge the whole case." If the House of Representatives shall consider that there is no cause of impeachment, and prefer none, "then will the violation of privilege as it respects that House, of justice as it regards the President, and of the Constitution as it relates to both, be more conspicuous and impressive." The Senate is charged with the "unconstitutional power of arraigning and censuring the official conduct of the Executive." The people, says the protest, will be compelled to adopt the conclusion, "either that the Chief Magistrate was unworthy of their respect, or that the Senate was chargeable with calumny and injustice." There can be no doubt which branch of this alternative was intended to be applied. The President throughout the protest labors to prove himself worthy of all respect from the

people. Finally, the President says: "It is due to the high trust with which I have been charged, to those who may be called to succeed me in it, to the representatives of the people whose constitutional prerogative has been unlawfully assumed, to the people and to the States, and to the Constitution they have established, that I should not permit its provisions to be broken down by such an attack on the Executive department, without at least some effort 'to preserve, protect, and defend them.'"

These are the opinions which the President expresses in the protest, of the conduct of the Senate. In every form, and every variety of expression, he accuses it of violating the express language and spirit of the Constitution; of encroaching not only on his prerogatives, but those of the House of Representatives; of forgetting the sacred character and impartiality which belong to the highest court of justice in the Union; of injustice, of inhumanity, and of calumny. And we are politely requested to spread upon our own journal these opinions entertained of us by the President, that they may be perpetually preserved and handed down to posterity! The President respectfully requests it! He might as well hace come to us and respectfully requested us to allow him to pull our noses, or kick us, or receive his stripes upon our backs. The degradation would not have been much more humiliating.

The President tells us, in the same protest, that any breach or violation of the Constitution and laws draws after it, and necessarily implies, volition and design, and that the legal conclusion is that it was prompted by improper motives and committed with an unlawful intent. He pronounces, therefore, that the Senate, in the violations of the Constitution which he deliberately imputes to it, is guilty; that volition and design, on the part of the Senate, are necessarily implied; and that the legal conclusion is that the Senate was prompted by improper motives, and committed the violation with an unlawful intent. And he most respectfully and kindly solicits the Senate to overleap the restraint of the Constitution, which limits its journal to the record of its own proceedings, and place alongside of them his sentence of condemnation of the Senate.

That the President did not intend to make the journal of the Senate a medium of conveying his sentiments to the people is manifest. He knows perfectly well how to address to them his appeals. And the remarkable fact is established, by his private secretary, that, simultaneously with the transmission to the Senate of his protest, a duplicate was transmitted to the "Globe," his official paper, for publication; and it was forthwith published accordingly. For what purpose, then, was it sent here? It is painful to avow the belief, but one is compelled to think it was only sent in a spirit of insult and defiance.

The President is not content with vindicating his own rights. He steps forward to maintain the privileges of the House of Representatives also. Why? Was it to make the House his ally, and to excite its indignation against the offending Senate? Is not the House perfectly competent to sustain its own privileges against every assault? I should like to see, sir, a resolution introduced into the House, alleging a breach of its privileges by a resolution of the Senate, which was intended to maintain unviolated the constitutional rights of both Houses in regard to the public purse, and to be present at its discussion.

The President exhibits great irritation and impatience at the presumptuousness of a resolution, which, without the imputation of any bad intention or design, ventures to allege that he has violated the Constitution and laws. His constitutional and official infallibility must not be questioned. To controvert it is an act of injustice, inhumanity, and calumny. He is treated as a criminal, and, without summons, he is prejudged, condemned, and sentenced. Is the President scrupulously careful of the memory of the dead, or the feelings of the living, in respect to violations of the Constitution? If a violation by him implies criminal guilt, a violation by them cannot be innocent and guiltless. And how has the President treated the memory of the immortal Father of his Country? that great man, who, for purity of purpose and character, wisdom and moderation, unsullied virtue and unsurpassed patriotism, is without competition in past history or among living men, and whose equal we scarcely dare hope will ever be again presented as a blessing to mankind. How has he been treated by the President? Has he not again and again pronounced that, by approving the bill chartering the first Bank of the United States, Washington violated the Constitution of his country? That violation, according to the President, included volition and design, was prompted by improper motives, and was committed with an unlawful intent. It was the more inexcusable in Washington, because he assisted and presided in the convention which formed the Constitution. If it be unjust to arraign, try unheard, and condemn as guilty, a living man filling an exalted office, with all the splendor, power, and influence which that office possesses, how much more cruel is it to disturb the sacred and venerated ashes of the illustrious dead, who can raise no voice and make no protest against the imputation of high crime!

What has been the treatment of the President toward that other illustrious man, yet spared to us, but who is lingering upon the very verge of eternity? Has he abstained from charging the Father of the Constitution with criminal intent in violating the Constitution? Mr. Madison, like Washington, assisted in the formation of the Constitution; was one of its ablest expounders and advocates; and

was opposed, on constitutional ground, to the first Bank of the United States. But yielding to the force of circumstances, and especially to the great principle, that the peace and stability of human society require that a controverted question, which has been finally settled by all the departments of government by long acquiescence, and by the people themselves, should not be open to perpetual dispute and disturbance, he approved the bill chartering the present Bank of the United States. Even the name of James Madison, which is but another for purity, patriotism, profound learning, and enlightened experience, cannot escape the imputations of his present successor.

And, lastly, how often has he charged Congress itself with open violations of the Constitution? Times almost without number. During the present session he has sent in a message, in regard to the land bill, in which he has charged it with an undisguised violation. A violation so palpable, that it is not even disguised, and must, therefore, necessarily imply a criminal intent. Sir, the advisers of the President, whoever they are, deceive him and themselves. They have vainly supposed that, by an appeal to the people, and an exhibition of the wounds of the President, they could enlist the sympathies and the commiseration of the people—that the name of Andrew Jackson would bear down the Senate and all opposition. They have yet to learn, what they will soon learn, that even a good and responsible name may be used so frequently, as an indorser, that its credit and the public confidence in its solidity have been seriously impaired. They mistake the intelligence of the people, who are not prepared to see and sanction the President putting forth indiscriminate charges of a violation of the Constitution against whomsoever he pleases, and exhibiting unmeasured rage and indignation when his own infallibility is dared to be questioned.

DANIEL WEBSTER

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT ORATION

DELIVERED ON THE SEVENTEENTH OF JUNE, 1825

THIS uncounted multitude before me, and around me, proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and, from the impulses of a common gratitude, turned reverently to heaven, in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchres of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the seventeenth of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand, a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations. But we are Americans. We live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to suffer and enjoy the allotments of humanity. We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth.

We do not read even of the discovery of this continent without feeling something of a personal interest in the event; without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence. It is more impossible for us, therefore, than for others, to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say, that most touching and pathetic scene, when the great discoverer of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark, the shades of night

falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping; tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts; extending forward his harassed frame, straining westward his anxious and eager eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy, in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.

Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fates, and therefore still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety; and we are justly proud of being descended from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without its interest. We shall not stand unmoved on the shore of Plymouth, while the sea continues to wash it; nor will our brethren, in another early and ancient colony, forget the place of its first establishment, till their river shall cease to flow by it. No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood, will lead the nation to forget the spots where its infancy was cradled and defended.

But the great event, in the history of the continent, which we are now met here to commemorate; that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, is the American Revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction, and power, we are brought together, in this place, by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion.

The society, whose organ I am, was formed for the purpose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American Independence. They have thought that for this object no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought. The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted, and that springing from a broad foundation rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur it may remain as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most

safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is by this edifice to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye to keep alive similar sentiments and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced by the same events on the general interests of mankind. We come as Americans to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips and that weary and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish that in those days of disaster which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let

it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earlier light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

We live in a most extraordinary age. Events so various and so important that they might crowd and distinguish centuries are in our times compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened that history has had so much to record in the same term of years as since the seventeenth of June, 1775? Our own Revolution, which under other circumstances might itself have been expected to occasion a war of half a century, has been achieved; twenty-four sovereign and independent States erected; and a general government established over them, so safe, so wise, so free, so practical, that we might well wonder its establishment should have been accomplished so soon were it not for the greater wonder that it should have been established at all. Two or three millions of people have been augmented to twelve; and the great forests of the West prostrated beneath the arm of successful industry; and the dwellers on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi become the fellow-citizens and neighbors of those who cultivate the hills of New England. We have a commerce that leaves no sea unexplored; navies which take no law from superior force; revenues adequate to all the exigencies of government, almost without taxation; and peace with all nations, founded on equal rights and mutual respect.

Europe, within the same period, has been agitated by a mighty revolution, which, while it has been felt in the individual condition and happiness of almost every man, has shaken to the center her political fabric, and dashed against one another thrones which had stood tranquil for ages. On this, our continent, our own example has been followed; and colonies have sprung up to be nations. Unaccustomed sounds of liberty and free government have reached us from beyond the track of the sun; and at this moment the dominion of European power in this continent, from the place where we stand to the South Pole, is annihilated forever.

In the meantime, both in Europe and America, such has been the general progress of knowledge; such the improvements in legislation, in commerce, in the arts, in letters, and, above all, in liberal ideas and the general spirit of the age, that the whole world seemed changed.

Yet, notwithstanding that this is but a faint abstract of the things which have happened since the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, we are but fifty years removed from it; and we now stand here to enjoy all the blessing of our own condition, and to look abroad on the brightened prospects of the world, while we hold still among us some of those who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here from every quarter of New England to visit once more, and under circumstances so affecting, I had almost said so overwhelming, this renowned theatre of their courage and patriotism.

Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are, indeed, over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

"Another morn,
Risen on mid-noon,"

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But—ah!—Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the

head of civil councils and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea, but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

But the scene amid which we stand does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole Revolutionary army.

Veterans, you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century, when in your youthful days you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive; at a moment of national prosperity, such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years and bless them! And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces; when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory; then look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

The occasion does not require of me any particular account of the battle of the seventeenth of June, nor any detailed narrative of

the events which immediately preceded it. These are familiarly known to all. In the progress of the great and interesting controversy, Massachusetts and the town of Boston had become early and had been manifested in the act for altering the government of the marked objects of the displeasure of the British Parliament. This Province, and in fact that for shutting up the port of Boston. Nothing sheds more honor on our early history, and nothing better shows how little the feelings and sentiments of the Colonies were known or regarded in England, than the impression which these measures everywhere produced in America. It had been anticipated that while the other Colonies would be terrified by the severity of the punishment inflicted on Massachusetts, the other seaports would be governed by a mere spirit of gain; and that, as Boston was now cut off from all commerce, the unexpected advantage which this blow on her was calculated to confer on other towns would be greedily enjoyed. How miserably such reasoners deceived themselves! How little they knew of the depth, and the strength, and the intenseness of that feeling of resistance to illegal acts of power which possessed the whole American people. Everywhere the unworthy boon was rejected with scorn. The fortunate occasion was seized everywhere to show to the whole world that the Colonies were swayed by no local interest, no partial interest, no selfish interest. The temptation to profit by the punishment of Boston was strongest to our neighbors of Salem. Yet Salem was precisely the place where this miserable proffer was spurned in a tone of the most lofty self-respect and the most indignant patriotism. "We are deeply affected," said its inhabitants, "with the sense of our public calamities; but the miseries that are now rapidly hastening on our brethren in the capital of the Province greatly excite our commiseration. By shutting up the port of Boston some imagine that the course of trade might be turned hither, and to our benefit; but we must be dead to every idea of justice, lost to all feelings of humanity, could we indulge a thought to seize on wealth and raise our fortunes on the ruin of our suffering neighbors." These noble sentiments were not confined to our immediate vicinity. In that day of general affection and brotherhood, the blow given to Boston smote on every patriotic heart, from one end of the country to the other. Virginia and the Carolinas, as well as Connecticut and New Hampshire, felt and proclaimed the cause to be their own. The Continental Congress, then holding its first session in Philadelphia, expressed its sympathy for the suffering inhabitants of Boston, and addresses were received from all quarters assuring them that the cause was a common one, and should be met by common efforts and common sacrifices. The Congress of Massachusetts responded to these assurances; and in an address to the Congress at Philadelphia, bearing the official signature, perhaps among the last of the immortal

Warren, notwithstanding the severity of its suffering and the magnitude of the dangers which threatened it, it was declared that the Colony "is ready, at all times, to spend and to be spent in the cause of America."

But the hour drew nigh which was to put professions to the proof and to determine whether the authors of these mutual pledges were ready to seal them in blood. The tidings of Lexington and Concord had no sooner spread than it was universally felt that the time was at last come for action. A spirit pervaded all ranks, not transient, not boisterous, but deep, solemn, determined—

"Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet."

War, on their own soil and at their own doors, was, indeed, a strange work to the yeomanry of New England; but their consciences were convinced of its necessity, their country called them to it and they did not withhold themselves from the perilous trial. The ordinary occupations of life were abandoned; the plow was stayed in the unfinished furrow; wives gave up their husbands, and mothers gave up their sons to the battles of a civil war. Death might come, in honor, on the field; it might come, in disgrace, on the scaffold. For either and for both they were prepared. The sentiment of Quincy was full in their hearts. "Blandishments," said that distinguished son of genius and patriotism, "will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a halter intimidate; for, under God, we are determined that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free men."

The seventeenth of June saw the four New England Colonies standing here, side by side, to triumph or to fall together; and there was with them from that moment to the end of the war, what I hope will remain with them forever—one cause, one country, one heart.

The battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects beyond its immediate result as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open, public war. There could now be no longer a question of proceeding against individuals as guilty of treason or rebellion. That fearful crisis was past. The appeal now lay to the sword, and the only question was whether the spirit and the resources of the people would hold out till the object should be accomplished. Nor were its general consequences confined to our own country. The previous proceedings of the Colonies, their appeals, resolutions, and addresses had made their cause known to Europe. Without boasting, we may say that in no age or country has the public cause been maintained with more force of argument, more power of illustration, or more of that persuasion which existed feeling and elevated principal can alone bestow, than the Revo-

lutionary State papers exhibit. These papers will forever deserve to be studied, not only for the spirit which they breathe, but for the ability with which they were written.

To this able vindication of their cause, the Colonies had now added a practical and severe proof of their own true devotion to it, and evidence also of the power which they could bring to its support. All now saw that if America fell, she would not fall without a struggle. Men felt sympathy and regard as well as surprise when they beheld these infant States, remote, unknown, unaided, encounter the power of England, and in the first considerable battle leave more of their enemies dead on the field, in proportion to the number of combatants, than they had recently known in the wars of Europe.

Information of these events circulating through Europe at length reached the ears of one who now hears me. He has not forgotten the emotion which the fame of Bunker Hill and the name of Warren excited in his youthful breast.

Sir, we are assembled to commemorate the establishment of great public principles of liberty, and to do honor to the distinguished dead. The occasion is too severe for eulogy to the living. But, sir, your interesting relation to this country, the peculiar circumstances which surround you and surround us, call on me to express the happiness which we derive from your presence and aid in this solemn commemoration.

Fortunate, fortunate man! with what measure of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted, through you, from the New World to the Old; and we, who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism, have all of us long ago received it in charge from our fathers to cherish your name and your virtues. You will account it an instance of your good fortune, sir, that you crossed the seas to visit us at a time which enables you to be present at this solemnity. You now behold the field, the renown of which reached you in the heart of France, and caused a thrill in your ardent bosom. You see the lines of the little redoubt thrown up by the incredible diligence of Prescott; defended to the last extremity, by his lion-hearted valor; and within which the cornerstone of our monument has now taken its position. You see where Warren fell, and where Parker, Gardner, McCleary, Moore, and other early patriots fell with him. Those who survived that day, and whose lives have been prolonged to the present hour, are now around you. Some of them you have known in the trying scenes of the war. Behold! they now stretch forth their feeble arms to embrace you. Behold! they raise their trembling voices to invoke the blessing of God on you and yours forever.

Sir, you have assisted us in laying the foundation of this edifice. You have heard us rehearse, with or feeble commendation, the names of departed patriots. Sir, monuments and eulogy belong to the dead. We give them this day to Warren and his associates. On other occasions they have been given to your more immediate companions in arms, to Washington, to Greene, to Gates, Sullivan, and Lincoln. Sir, we have become reluctant to grant these, our highest and last honors, further. We would gladly hold them yet back from the little remnant of that immortal band. *"Serus in cœlum redeas."* Illustrious as are your merits, yet far, oh, very far distant be the day when any inscription shall bear your name, or any tongue pronounce its eulogy!

The leading reflection to which this occasion seems to invite us respects the great changes which have happened in the fifty years since the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. And it peculiarly marks the character of the present age that, in looking at these changes and in estimating their effect on our condition, we are obliged to consider, not what has been done in our own country only, but in others also. In these interesting times, while nations are making separate and individual advances in improvement, they make, too, a common progress; like vessels on a common tide, propelled by the gales at different rates, according to their several structure and management, but all moved forward by one mighty current beneath, strong enough to bear onward whatever does not sink beneath it.

A chief distinction of the present day is a community of opinions and knowledge among men, in different nations, existing in a degree heretofore unknown. Knowledge has, in our time, triumphed, and is triumphing over distance, over difference of languages, over diversity of habits, over prejudice, and over bigotry. The civilized and Christian world is fast learning the great lesson, that difference of nation does not imply necessary hostility, and that all contact need not be war. The whole world is becoming a common field for intellect to act in. Energy of mind, genius, power, wheresoever it exists, may speak out in any tongue, and the world will hear it. A great chord of sentiment and feeling runs through two continents, and vibrates over both. Every breeze wafts intelligence from country to country; every wave rolls it; all give it forth, and all in turn receive it. There is a vast commerce of ideas; there are marts and exchanges for intellectual discoveries, and a wonderful fellowship of those individual intelligences which make up the mind and opinion of the age. Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered; and the diffusion of knowledge, so astonishing in the last half century, has rendered innumerable minds, variously gifted by nature, competent to

be competitors, or fellow workers, on the theatre of intellectual operation.

From these causes, important improvements have taken place in the personal condition of individuals. Generally speaking, mankind are not only better fed and better clothed, but they are able also to enjoy more leisure; they possess more refinement and more self-respect. A superior tone of education, manners, and habits prevails. This remark, most true in its application to our own country, is also partly true when applied elsewhere. It is proved by the vastly augmented consumption of those articles of manufacture and of commerce which contribute to the comforts and the decencies of life —an augmentation which has far outrun the progress of population. And while the unexampled and almost incredible use of machinery would seem to supply the place of labor, labor still finds its occupation and its reward; so wisely has Providence adjusted men's wants and desires to their condition and their capacity.

Any adequate survey, however, of the progress made in the last half century, in the polite and the mechanic arts, in machinery and manufactures, in commerce and agriculture, in letters and in science, would require volumes. I must abstain wholly from these subjects, and turn, for a moment, to the contemplation of what has been done on the great question of politics and government. This is the master topic of the age; and during the whole fifty years, it has intensely occupied the thoughts of men. The nature of civil government, its ends and uses, have been canvassed and investigated; ancient opinions attacked and defended; new ideas recommended and resisted by whatever power the mind of man could bring to the controversy. From the closet and the public halls the debate has been transferred to the field; and the world has been shaken by wars of unexampled magnitude, and the greatest variety of fortune. A day of peace has at length succeeded; and now that the strife has subsided, and the smoke cleared away, we may begin to see what has actually been done, permanently changing the state and condition of human society. And without dwelling on particular circumstances, it is most apparent that, from the before-mentioned causes of augmented knowledge and improved individual condition, a real, substantial, and important change has taken place, and is taking place, greatly beneficial, on the whole, to human liberty and human happiness.

The great wheel of political revolution began to move in America. Here its rotation was guarded, regular, and safe. Transferred to the other continent, from unfortunate but natural causes, it received an irregular and violent impulse; it whirled along with a fearful celerity, till at length, like the chariot wheels in the races of antiquity, it took fire from the rapidity of its own motion, and blazed onward, spreading conflagration and terror around.

We learn from the result of this experiment how fortunate was our own condition, and how admirably the character of our people was calculated for making the great example of popular governments. The possession of power did not turn the heads of the American people, for they had long been in the habit of exercising a great portion of self-control. Although the paramount authority of the parent State existed over them, yet a large field of legislation had always been open to our Colonial assemblies. They were accustomed to representative bodies and the forms of free government; they understood the doctrine of the division of power among different branches and the necessity of checks on each. The character of our countrymen, moreover, was sober, moral, and religious; and there was little in the change to shock their feelings of justice and humanity, or even to disturb an honest prejudice. We had no domestic throne to overturn, no privileged orders to cast down, no violent changes of property to encounter. In the American Revolution, no man sought or wished for more than to defend and enjoy his own. None hoped for plunder or for spoil. Rapacity was unknown to it; the axe was not among the instruments of its accomplishment; and we all know that it could not have lived a single day under any well-founded imputation of possessing a tendency adverse to the Christian religion.

It need not surprise us that, under circumstances less auspicious, political revolutions elsewhere, even when well intended, have terminated differently. It is, indeed, a great achievement, it is the masterwork of the world, to establish governments entirely popular, on lasting foundations; nor is it easy, indeed, to introduce the popular principle at all into governments to which it has been altogether a stranger. It cannot be doubted, however, that Europe has come out of the contest, in which she has been so long engaged, with greatly superior knowledge, and, in many respects, a highly improved condition. Whatever benefit has been acquired is likely to be retained, for it consists mainly in the acquisition of more enlightened ideas. And although kingdoms and provinces may be wrested from the hands that hold them, in the same manner they were obtained; although ordinary and vulgar power may, in human affairs, be lost as it has been won, yet it is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge, that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary, it increases by the multiple of its own power; all its ends become means; all its attainments help to new conquests. Its whole abundant harvest is but so much seed wheat, and nothing has ascertained, and nothing can ascertain, the amount of ultimate product.

Under the influence of this rapidly increasing knowledge, the people have begun, in all forms of government, to think and to reason on affairs of state. Regarding government as an institution for the

public good, they demand a knowledge of its operations and a participation in its exercise. A call for the representative system, wherever it is not enjoyed, and where there is already intelligence enough to estimate its value, is perseveringly made. Where men may speak out, they demand it; where the bayonet is at their throats, they pray for it.

When Louis XIV. said: "I am the State," he expressed the essence of the doctrine of unlimited power. By the rules of that system, the people are disconnected from the State; they are its subjects; it is their lord. These ideas, founded in the love of power, and long supported by the excess and the abuse of it, are yielding in our age to other opinions; and the civilized world seems at last to be proceeding to the conviction of that fundamental and manifest truth, that the powers of government are but a trust, and that they cannot be lawfully exercised but for the good of the community. As knowledge is more and more extended, this conviction becomes more and more general. Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams. The prayer of the Grecian combatant, when enveloped in unnatural clouds and darkness, is the appropriate political supplication for the people of every country not yet blessed with free instituions:

> "Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore;
> Give me to see—and Ajax asks no more."

We may hope that the growing influence of enlightened sentiments will promote the permanent peace of the world. Wars, to maintain family alliances, to uphold or to cast down dynasties, to regulate successions to thrones, which have occupied so much room in the history of modern times, if not less likely to happen at all, will be less likely to become general and involve many nations, as the great principle shall be more and more established, that the interest of the world is peace, and its first great statute, that every nation possesses the power of establishing a government for itself. But public opinion has attained also an influence over governments which do not admit the popular principle into their organization. A necessary respect for the judgment of the world operates, in some measure, as a control over the most unlimited forms of authority. It is owing, perhaps, to this truth, that the interesting struggle of the Greeks has been suffered to go on so long, without a direct interference, either to wrest that country from its present masters, and add it to other powers, or to execute the system of pacification by force, and, with united strength, lay the neck of Christian and civilized Greece at the foot of the barbarian Turk. Let us thank God that we live in an age when something has influence besides the bayonet, and when the sternest authority does not venture to encounter the

scorching power of public reproach. Any attempt of the kind I have mentioned should be met by one universal burst of indignation; the air of the civilized world ought to be made too warm to be comfortably breathed by any who would hazard it.

It is, indeed, a touching reflection, that while, in the fulness of our country's happiness, we rear this monument to her honor, we look for instruction in our undertaking, to a country which is now in fearful contest, not for works of art or memorials of glory, but for her own existence. Let her be assured that she is not forgotten in the world; that her efforts are applauded, and that constant prayers ascend for her success. And let us cherish a confident hope for her final triumph. If the true spark of religious and civil liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for a time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or another, in some place or another, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven.

Among the great events of the half-century, we must reckon, certainly, the revolution of South America; and we are not likely to overrate the importance of that revolution, either to the people of the country itself or to the rest of the world. The late Spanish Colonies, now independent States, under circumstances less favorable, doubtless, than attended our own Revolution, have yet successfully commenced their national existence. They have accomplished the great object of establishing their independence; they are known and acknowledged in the world; and, although in regard to their systems of government, their sentiments on religious toleration, and their provisions for public instruction, they may have yet much to learn, it must be admitted that they have risen to the condition of settled and established States more rapidly than could have been reasonably anticipated. They already furnish an exhilarating example of the difference between free governments and despotic misrule. Their commerce at this moment creates a new activity in all the great marts of the world. They show themselves able by an exchange of commodities to bear a useful part in the intercourse of nations. A new spirit of enterprise and industry begins to prevail; all the great interests of society receive a salutary impulse; and the progress of information not only testifies to an improved condition, but constitutes itself the highest and most essential improvement.

When the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the existence of South America was scarcely felt in the civilized world. The thirteen little Colonies of North America habitually called themselves the "Continent." Borne down by Colonial subjugation, monopoly, and

bigotry, these vast regions of the South were hardly visible above the horizon. But in our day there hath been, as it were, a new creation. The Southern Hemisphere emerges from the sea. Its lofty mountains begin to lift themselves into the light of heaven; its broad and fertile plains stretch out in beauty to the eye of civilized man and at the mighty being of the voice of political liberty, the waters of darkness retire.

And now let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit which the example of our country has produced and is likely to produce on human freedom and human happiness. And let us endeavor to comprehend in all its magnitude and to feel in all its importance the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws and a just administration.

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves or as better suited to existing conditions, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable and that, with wisdom and knowledge, men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is to preserve the consistency of this cheering example and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world. If in our case the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are incitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, perhaps not always for the better in form, may yet in their general character be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country any other is impossible. The principle of free governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it—immovable as its mountains.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation and on us sink into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us as our appropriate object. We can

win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of States. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us also a noble pursuit to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and a habitual feeling that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And by the blessing of God may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration, forever.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

SPEECH ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION

DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, MARCH 4, 1850

I HAVE, Senators, believed from the first that the agitation of the subject of slavery would, if not prevented by some timely and effective measure, end in disunion. Entertaining this opinion, I have, on all proper occasions, endeavored to call the attention of both the two great parties which divide the country to adopt some measure to prevent so great a disaster, but without success. The agitation has been permitted to proceed with almost no attempt to resist it, until it has reached a point when it can no longer be disguised or denied that the Union is in danger. You have thus had forced upon you the greatest and the gravest question that can ever come under your consideration—How can the Union be preserved?

To give a satisfactory answer to this mighty question, it is indispensable to have an accurate and thorough knowledge of the nature and the character of the cause by which the Union is endangered. Without such knowledge it is impossible to pronounce with any certainty by what measure it can be saved; just as it would be impossible for a physician to pronounce in the case of some dangerous disease, with any certainty, by what remedy the patient could be saved, without similar knowledge of the nature and character of the cause which produced it. The first question, then, presented for consideration in the investigation I propose to make in order to obtain such knowledge is—What is it that has endangered the Union?

To this question there can be but one answer,—that the immediate cause is the almost universal discontent which pervades all the States composing the southern section of the Union. This widely extended discontent is not of recent origin. It commenced with the agitation of the slavery question and has been increasing ever since. The next question, going one step further back, is—What has caused this widely diffused and almost universal discontent?

It is a great mistake to suppose, as is by some, that it originated with demagogues who excited the discontent with the intention of aiding their personal advancement, or with the disappointed ambition of certain politicians who resorted to it as the means of retrieving their fortunes. On the contrary, all the great political in-

fluences of the section were arrayed against excitement, and exerted to the utmost to keep the people quiet. The great mass of the people of the South were divided, as in the other section, into Whigs and Democrats. The leaders and the presses of both parties in the South were very solicitous to prevent excitement and to preserve quiet; because it was seen that the effects of the former would necessarily tend to weaken, if not destroy, the political ties which united them with their respective parties in the other section.

Those who know the strength of party ties will readily appreciate the immense force which this cause exerted against agitation and in favor of preserving quiet. But, great as it was, it was not sufficient to prevent the widespread discontent which now pervades the section.

No; some cause far deeper and more powerful than the one supposed must exist, to account for discontent so wide and deep. The question then recurs—What is the cause of this discontent? It will be found in the belief of the people of the southern States, as prevalent as the discontent itself, that they cannot remain, as things now are, consistently with honor and safety, in the Union. The next question to be considered is—What has caused this belief?

One of the causes is, undoubtedly, to be traced to the long-continued agitation of the slave question on the part of the North, and the many aggressions which they have made on the rights of the South during the time. I will not enumerate them at present, as it will be done hereafter in its proper place.

There is another lying back of it—with which this is intimately connected—that may be regarded as the great and primary cause. This is to be found in the fact that the equilibrium between the two sections in the government as it stood when the constitution was ratified and the government put in action has been destroyed. At this time there was nearly a perfect equilibrium between the two, which afforded ample means to each to protect itself against the aggression of the other; but, as it now stands, one section has the exclusive power of controlling the government, which leaves the other without any adequate means of protecting itself against its encroachment and oppression. To place this subject distinctly before you, I have, Senators, prepared a brief statistical statement showing the relative weight of the two sections in the government under the first census of 1790 and the last census of 1840.

According to the former, the population of the United States—including Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee, which then were in their incipient condition of becoming States, but were not actually admitted—amounted to 3,929,827. Of this number the northern States had 1,997,899, and the southern 1,952,072, making a difference of only 45,827 in favor of the former States. The number of States,

including Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee, was sixteen; of which eight, including Vermont, belonging to the northern section, and eight, including Kentucky and Tennessee, to the southern,—making an equal division of the States between the two sections under the first census. There was a small preponderance in the House of Representatives and in the Electoral College in favor of the northern, owing to the fact that, according to the provisions of the constitution, in estimating federal numbers five slaves count but three; but it was too small to affect sensibly the perfect equilibrium which, with that exception, existed at the time. Such was the equality of the two sections when the States composing them agreed to enter into a federal union. Since then the equilibrium between them has been greatly disturbed.

According to the last census the aggregate population of the United States amounted to 17,063,357, of which the northern section contained 9,728,920, and the southern 7,334,437, making a difference in round numbers of 2,400,000. The number of States had increased from sixteen to twenty-six, making an addition of ten States. In the meantime the position of Delaware had become doubtful as to the section to which she properly belonged. Considering her as neutral, the northern States will have thirteen and the southern States twelve, making a difference in the Senate of two senators in favor of the former. According to the apportionment under the census of 1840, there were two hundred and twenty-three members of the House of Representatives, of which the northern States had one hundred and thirty-five, and the southern States (considering Delaware as neutral) eighty-seven, making a difference in favor of the former in the House of Representatives of forty-eight. The difference in the Senate of two members, added to this, gives to the North in the Electoral College a majority of fifty. Since the census of 1840, four States have been added to the Union,—Iowa, Wisconsin, Florida, and Texas. They leave the difference in the Senate as it was when the census was taken; but add two to the side of the North in the House, making the present majority in the House in its favor fifty, and in the Electoral College fifty-two.

The result of the whole is to give the northern section a predominance in every department of the government, and thereby concentrate in it the two elements which constitute the federal government: a majority of States, and a majority of their population, estimated in federal numbers. Whatever section concentrates the two in itself possesses the control of the entire government.

But we are just at the close of the sixth decade and the commencement of the seventh. The census is to be taken this year, which must add greatly to the decided preponderance of the North in the House of Representatives and in the Electoral College. The prospect is,

also, that a great increase will be added to its present preponderance in the Senate, during the period of the decade, by the addition of new States. Two territories, Oregon and Minnesota, are already in progress, and strenuous efforts are making to bring in three additional States from the territory recently conquered from Mexico; which, if successful, will add three other States in a short time to the northern section, making five States, and increasing the present number of its States from fifteen to twenty, and of its senators from thirty to forty.

On the contrary, there is not a single territory in progress in the southern section, and no certainty that any additional State will be added to it during the decade. The prospect then is, that the two sections in the Senate, should the efforts now made to exclude the South from the newly acquired territories succeed, will stand, before the end of the decade, twenty northern States to fourteen southern (considering Delaware as neutral), and forty northern senators to twenty-eight southern. This great increase of senators, added to the great increase of members of the House of Representatives and the Electoral College on the part of the North, which must take place under the next decade, will effectually and irretrievably destroy the equilibrium which existed when the government commenced.

Had this destruction been the operation of time without the interference of government, the South would have had no reason to complain; but such was not the fact. It was caused by the legislation of this government, which was appointed as the common agent of all and charged with the protection of the interests and security of all.

The legislation by which it has been effected may be classed under three heads.

The first is that series of acts by which the South has been excluded from the common territory belonging to all the States as members of the federal Union—which have had the effect of extending vastly the portion allotted to the northern section, and restricting within narrow limits the portion left the South.

The next consists in adopting a system of revenue and disbursements by which an undue proportion of the burden of taxation has been imposed upon the South, and an undue proportion of its proceeds appropriated to the North; and the last is a system of political measures by which the original character of the government has been radically changed. I propose to bestow upon each of these, in the order they stand, a few remarks, with the view of showing that it is owing to the action of this government that the equilibrium between the two sections has been destroyed, and the whole powers of the system centered in a sectional majority.

The first of the series of acts by which the South was deprived

of its due share of the Territories originated with the confederacy which preceded the existence of this government. It is to be found in the provision of the Ordinance of 1787. Its effect was to exclude the South entirely from that vast and fertile region which lies between the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, now embracing five States and one Territory. The next of the series is the Missouri Compromise, which excluded the South from that large portion of Louisiana which lies north of 36° 30′, excepting what is included in the State of Missouri. The last of the series excluded the South from the whole of the Oregon Territory. All these, in the slang of the day, were what are called slave Territories, and not free soil; that is, Territories belonging to slaveholding powers and open to the immigration of masters with their slaves.

By these several acts the South was excluded from 1,238,025 square miles—an extent of country considerably exceeding the entire valley of the Mississippi. To the South was left the portion of the Territory of Louisiana lying south of 36° 30′, and the portion north of it included in the State of Missouri, with the portion lying south of 36° 30′, including the States of Louisiana and Arkansas, and the territory lying west of the latter and south of 36° 30′, called the Indian country. These, with the Territory of Florida, now the State, make, in the whole, 283,503 square miles. To this must be added the territory acquired with Texas. If the whole should be added to the southen section it would make an increase of 325,520, which would make the whole left to the South 609,023. But a large part of Texas is still in contest between the two sections, which leaves it uncertain what will be the real extent of the portion of territory that may be left to the South.

I have not included the territory recently acquired by the treaty with Mexico. The North is making the most strenuous efforts to appropriate the whole to herself, by excluding the South from every foot of it. If she should succeed, it will add to that from which the South has already been excluded 526,078 square miles, and would increase the whole which the North has appropriated to herself to 1,764,023, not including the portion that she may succeed in excluding us from in Texas. To sum up the whole, the United States, since they declared their independence, have acquired 2,373,046 square miles of territory, from which the North will have excluded the South, if she should succeed in monopolizing the newly acquired territories, about three-fourths of the whole, leaving to the South but about one-fourth.

Such is the first and great cause that has destroyed the equilibrium between the two sections in the government.

The next is the system of revenue and disbursements which has been adopted by the government. It is well known that the govern-

ment has derived its revenue mainly from duties on imports. I shall not undertake to show that such duties must necessarily fall mainly on the exporting States, and that the South, as the great exporting portion of the Union, has in reality paid vastly more than her due proportion of the revenue; because I deem it unnecessary, as the subject has on so many occasions been fully discussed. Nor shall I, for the same reason, undertake to show that a far greater portion of the revenue has been disbursed at the North, than its due share; and that the joint effect of these causes has been to transfer a vast amount from South to North, which, under an equal system of revenue and disbursements, would not have been lost to her. If to this be added that many of the duties were imposed, not for revenue, but for protection,—that is, intended to put money, not in the treasury, but directly into the pocket of the manufacturers,—some conception may be formed of the immense amount which in the long course of sixty years has been transferred from South to North. There are no data by which it can be estimated with any certainty; but it is safe to say that it amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars. Under the most moderate estimate it would be sufficient to add greatly to the wealth of the North, and thus greatly increase her population by attracting immigration from all quarters to that section.

This, combined with the great primary cause, amply explains why the North has acquired a preponderance in every department of the government by its disproportionate increase of population and States. The former, as has been shown, has increased, in fifty years, 2,400,000 over that of the South. This increase of population during so long a period is satisfactorily accounted for by the number of immigrants, and the increase of their descendants, which have been attracted to the northern section from Europe and the South, in consequence of the advantages derived from the causes assigned. If they had not existed—if the South had retained all the capital which has been extracted from her by the fiscal action of the government; and if it had not been excluded by the Ordinance of 1787 and the Missouri Compromise, from the region lying between the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, and between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains north of 36° 30′—it scarcely admits of a doubt that it would have divided the immigration with the North, and by retaining her own people would have at least equalled the North in population under the census of 1840, and probably under that about to be taken. She would also, if she had retained her equal rights in those territories, have maintained an equality in the number of States with the North, and have preserved the equilibrium between the two sections that existed at the commencement of the govern-

ment. The loss, then, of the equilibrium is to be attributed to the action of this government.

But while these measures were destroying the equilibrium between the two sections, the action of the government was leading to a radical change in its character, by concentrating all the power of the system in itself. The occasion will not permit me to trace the measures by which this great change has been consummated. If it did, it would not be difficult to show that the process commenced at an early period of the government; and that it proceeded almost without interruption, step by step, until it absorbed virtually its entire powers; but without going through the whole process to establish the fact it may be done satisfactorily by a very short statement.

That the government claims, and practically maintains, the right to decide in the last resort as to the extent of its powers, will scarcely be denied by any one conversant with the political history of the country. That it also claims the right to resort to force to maintain whatever power it claims, against all opposition, is equally certain. Indeed it is apparent, from what we daily hear, that this has become the prevailing and fixed opinion of a great majority of the community. Now, I ask, what limitation can possibly be placed upon the powers of a government claiming and exercising such rights? And, if none can be, how can the separate governments of the States maintain and protect the powers reserved to them by the constitution—or the people of the several States maintain those which are reserved to them, and among others, the sovereign powers by which they ordained and established, not only their separate State constitutions and governments, but also the constitution and government of the United States? But, if they have no constitutional means of maintaining them against the right claimed by this government, it necessarily follows that they hold them at its pleasure and discretion, and that all the powers of the system are in reality concentrated in it. It also follows that the character of the government has been changed in consequence, from a federal republic, as it originally came from the hands of its framers, into a great national consolidated democracy. It has indeed, at present, all the characteristics of the latter, and not one of the former, although it still retains its outward form.

The result of the whole of those causes combined is that the North has acquired a decided ascendancy over every department of this government, and through it a control over all the powers of the system. A single section governed by the will of the numerical majority has now, in fact, the control of the government and the entire powers of the system. What was once a constitutional federal republic is now converted, in reality, into one as absolute

as that of the autocrat of Russia, and as despotic in its tendency as any absolute government that ever existed.

As, then, the North has the absolute control over the government, it is manifest that on all questions between it and the South, where there is a diversity of interests, the interest of the latter will be sacrificed to the former, however oppressive the effects may be; as the South possesses no means by which it can resist, through the action of the government. But if there was no question of vital importance to the South, in reference to which there was a diversity of views between the two sections, this state of things might be endured without the hazard of destruction to the South. But such is not the fact. There is a question of vital importance to the southern section, in reference to which the views and feelings of the two sections are as opposite and hostile as they can possibly be.

I refer to the relation between the two races in the southern section, which constitutes a vital portion of her social organization. Every portion of the North entertains views and feelings more or less hostile to it. Those most opposed and hostile regard it as a sin, and consider themselves under the most sacred obligation to use every effort to destroy it.

Indeed, to the extent that they conceive that they have power, they regard themselves as implicated in the sin, and responsible for not suppressing it by the use of all and every means. Those less opposed and hostile regard it as a crime—an offense against humanity, as they call it; and, although not so fanatical, feel themselves bound to use all efforts to effect the same object; while those who are least opposed and hostile regard it as a blot and a stain on the character of what they call the "nation," and feel themselves accordingly bound to give it no countenance or support. On the contrary, the southern section regards the relation as one which cannot be destroyed without subjecting the two races to the greatest calamity, and the section to poverty, desolation, and wretchedness; and accordingly they feel bound by every consideration of interest and safety to defend it.

This hostile feeling on the part of the North towards the social organization of the South long lay dormant, but it only required some cause to act on those who felt most intensely that they were responsible for its continuance, to call it into action. The increasing power of this government, and of the control of the Northern section over all its departments, furnished the cause. It was this which made an impression on the minds of many that there was little or no restraint to prevent the government from doing whatever it might choose to do. This was sufficient of itself to put the most fanatical portion of the North in action, for the purpose of

destroying the existing relation between the two races in the South.

The first organized movement towards it commenced in 1835. Then, for the first time, societies were organized, presses established, lecturers sent forth to excite the people of the North, and incendiary publications scattered over the whole South, through the mail. The South was thoroughly aroused. Meetings were held everywhere, and resolutions adopted, calling upon the North to apply a remedy to arrest the threatened evil, and pledging themselves to adopt measures for their own protection if it was not arrested. At the meeting of Congress, petitions poured in from the North, calling upon Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and to prohibit what they called the internal slave-trade between the States—announcing at the same time that their ultimate object was to abolish slavery, not only in the District, but in the States and throughout the Union. At this period the number engaged in the agitation was small, and possessed little or no personal influence.

Neither party in Congress had at that time any sympathy with them or their cause. The members of each party presented their petitions with great reluctance. Nevertheless, small and contemptible as the party then was, both of the great parties of the North dreaded them. They felt that, though small, they were organized in reference to a subject which had a great and a commanding influence over the Northern mind. Each party, on that account, feared to oppose their petitions, lest the opposite party should take advantage of the one that might do so, by favoring them. The effect was that both united in insisting that the petition should be received, and that Congress should take jurisdiction over the subject.

To justify their course, they took the extraordinary ground that Congress was bound to receive petitions on every subject, however objectionable they might be, and whether they had, or had not, jurisdiction over the subject. These views prevailed in the House of Representatives and partially in the Senate; and thus the party succeeded in their first movements, in gaining what they proposed—a position in Congress from which agitation could be extended over the whole Union. This was the commencement of the agitation which has ever since continued, and which, as is now acknowledged, has endangered the Union itself.

As for myself, I believed at that early period, if the party that got up the petitions should succeed in getting Congress to take jurisdiction, that agitation would follow, and that it would in the end, if not arrested, destroy the Union. I then so expressed myself in debate, and called upon both parties to take grounds against assuming jurisdiction; but in vain. Had my voice been heeded, and had Congress refused to take jurisdiction, by the united votes of all parties, the agitation which followed would have been prevented,

and the fanatical zeal that gives impulse to the agitation, and which has brought us to our present perilous condition, would have become extinguished from the want of fuel to feed the flame.

That was the time for the North to have shown her devotion to the Union; but, unfortunately, both of the great parties of that section were so intent on obtaining or retaining party ascendancy that all other considerations were overlooked or forgotten.

What has since followed are but natural consequences. With the success of their first movement this small fanatical party began to acquire strength, and with that to become an object of courtship to both the great parties. The necessary consequence was a further increase of power, and a gradual tainting of the opinions of both of the other parties with their doctrines until the infection has extended over both; and the great mass of the population of the North, who, whatever may be their opinion of the original abolition party, which still preserves its distinctive organization, hardly ever fail, when it comes to acting, to co-operate in carrying out their measures.

With the increase of their influence they extended the sphere of their action. In a short time after the commencement of their first movement they had acquired sufficient influence to induce the legislatures of most of the northern States to pass acts which in effect abrogated the clause of the constitution that provides for the delivery up of fugitive slaves. Not long after, petitions followed to abolish slavery in forts, magazines, and dockyards, and all other places where Congress had exclusive power of legislation. This was followed by petitions and resolutions of legislatures of the northern States, and popular meetings, to exclude the southern States from all territories acquired, or to be acquired, and to prevent the admission of any State hereafter into the Union, which, by its constitution, does not prohibit slavery. And Congress is invoked to do all this expressly with the view to the final abolition of slavery in the States. That has been avowed to be the ultimate object from the beginning of the agitation until the present time; and yet the great body of both parties of the North, with the full knowledge of the fact, although disavowing the abolitionists, have co-operated with them in almost all their measures.

Such is a brief history of the agitation as far as it has yet advanced. Now I ask, Senators, what is there to prevent its further progress until it fulfills the ultimate end proposed, unless some decisive measure should be adopted to prevent it?

Has any one of the causes, which has added to its increase from its original small and contemptible beginning until it has attained its present magnitude, diminished in force?

Is the original cause of the movement—that slavery is a sin, and

ought to be suppressed—weaker now than at the commencement? Or is the abolition party less numerous or influential, or have they less influence with, or control over, the two great parties of the North in elections? Or has the South greater means of influencing or controlling the movements of this government now than it had when the agitation commenced.

To all these questions but one answer can be given: No—no—no. The very reverse is true. Instead of being weaker, all the elements in favor of agitation are stronger now than they were in 1835, when it first commenced, while all the elements of influence on the part of the South are weaker.

Unless something decisive is done, I again ask, what is to stop this agitation before the great and final object at which it aims—the abolition of slavery in the States—is consummated? Is it, then, not certain that if something is not done to arrest it, the South will be forced to choose between abolition and secession? Indeed, as events are now moving, it will not require the South to secede in order to dissolve the Union. Agitation will of itself effect it, of which its past history furnishes abundant proof—as I shall next proceed to show.

It is a great mistake to suppose that disunion can be effected by a single blow. The cords which bind these States together in one common Union are far too numerous and powerful for that. Disunion must be the work of time. It is only through a long process, and successively, that the cords can be snapped until the whole fabric falls asunder. Already the agitation of the slavery question has snapped some of the most important, and has greatly weakened all the others, as I shall proceed to show.

The cords that bind the States together are not only many, but various in character. Some are spiritual or ecclesiastical; some political; others social. Some appertain to the benefit conferred by the Union, and others to the feeling of duty and obligation.

The strongest of those of a spiritual and ecclesiastical nature consisted in the unity of the great religious denominations, all of which originally embraced the whole Union. All these denominations, with the exception, perhaps, of the Catholics, were organized very much upon the principle of our political institutions. Beginning with smaller meetings corresponding with the political divisions of the country, their organization terminated in one great central assemblage corresponding very much with the character of Congress.

At these meetings the principal clergymen and lay members of the respective denominations from all parts of the Union met to transact business relating to their common concerns. It was not confined to what appertained to the doctrines and discipline of the respective denominations, but extended to plans for disseminating the

Bible, establishing missions, distributing tracts—and of establishing presses for the publication of tracts, newspapers, and periodicals, with a view of diffusing religious information—and for the support of their respective doctrines and creeds. All this combined contributed greatly to strengthen the bonds of the Union. The ties which held each denomination together formed a strong cord to hold the whole Union together, but, powerful as they were, they have not been able to resist the explosive effect of slavery agitation.

The first of these cords which snapped under its explosive force was that of the powerful Methodist Episcopal Church. The numerous and strong ties which held it together are all broken, and its unity is gone. They now form separate churches; and, instead of that feeling of attachment and devotion to the interests of the whole church which was formerly felt, they are now arrayed into two hostile bodies, engaged in litigation about what was formerly their common property.

The next cord that snapped was that of the Baptists—one of the largest and most respectable of the denominations. That of the Presbyterians is not entirely snapped, but some of its strands have given way. That of the Episcopal Church is the only one of the four great Protestant denominations which remains unbroken and entire.

The strongest cord of a political character consists of the many and powerful ties that have held together the two great parties which have, with some modifications, existed from the beginning of the government. They both extended to every portion of the Union, and strongly contributed to hold all its parts together. But this powerful cord has fared no better than the spiritual. It resisted for a long time the explosive tendency of the agitation, but has finally snapped under its force—if not entirely, in a great measure. Nor is there one of the remaining cords which has not been greatly weakened. To this extent the Union has already been destroyed by agitation, in the only way it can be, by sundering and weakening the cords which bind it together.

If the agitation goes on, the same force, acting with increased intensity, as has been shown, will finally snap every cord, when nothing will be left to hold the States together except force. But surely that can with no propriety of language be called a Union when the only means by which the weaker is held connected with the stronger portion is force. It may, indeed, keep them connected; but the connection will partake much more of the character of subjugation on the part of the weaker to the stronger than the union of free, independent, and sovereign States in one confederation, as they stood in the early stages of the government, and which only is worthy of the sacred name of Union.

Having now, Senators, explained what it is that endangers the Union, and traced it to its cause, and explained its nature and character, the question again recurs—How can the Union be saved? To this I answer, there is but one way by which it can be, and that is by adopting such measures as will satisfy the States belonging to the Southern section that they can remain in the Union consistently with their honor and their safety. There is, again, only one way by which this can be effected, and that is by removing the causes by which this belief has been produced. Do this, and discontent will cease, harmony and kind feelings between the sections be restored, and every apprehension of danger to the Union removed. The question, then, is—How can this be done? But, before I undertake to answer this question, I propose to show by what the Union cannot be saved.

It cannot, then, be saved by eulogies on the Union, however splendid or numerous. The cry of "Union, Union, the glorious Union!" can no more prevent disunion than the cry of "Health, health, glorious health!" on the part of the physician, can save a patient lying dangerously ill. So long as the Union, instead of being regarded as a protector, is regarded in the opposite character by not much less than a majority of the States, it will be in vain to attempt to conciliate them by pronouncing eulogies on it.

Besides, this cry of Union comes commonly from those whom we cannot believe to be sincere. It usually comes from our assailants. But we cannot believe them to be sincere; for, if they loved the Union, they would necessarily be devoted to the constitution. It made the Union,—and to destroy the constitution would be to destroy the Union. But the only reliable and certain evidence of devotion to the constitution is to abstain, on the one hand, from violating it, and to repel, on the other, all attempts to violate it. It is only by faithfully performing these high duties that the constitution can be preserved, and with it the Union.

But how stands the profession of devotion to the Union by our assailants, when brought to this test? Have they abstained from violating the constitution? Let the many acts passed by the northern States to set aside and annul the clause of the constitution providing for the delivery up of fugitives slaves answer. I cite this, not that it is the only instance (for there are many others), but because the violation in this particular is too notorious and palpable to be denied?

Again: Have they stood forth faithfully to repel violations of the constitution? Let their course in reference to the agitation of the slavery question, which was commenced and has been carried on for fifteen years, avowedly for the purpose of abolishing slavery in the States—an object all acknowledged to be unconstitutional—answer. Let them show a single instance, during this long period,

in which they have denounced the agitators or their attempts to effect what is admitted to be unconstitutional, or a single measure which they have brought forward for that purpose. How can we, with all these facts before us, believe that they are sincere in their profession of devotion to the Union, or avoid believing their profession is but intended to increase the vigor of their assaults and to weaken the force of our resistance?

Nor can we regard the profession of devotion to the Union, on the part of those who are not our assailants, as sincere, when they pronounce eulogies upon the Union, evidently with the intent of charging us with disunion, without uttering one word of denunciation against our assailants. If friends of the Union, their course should be to unite with us in repelling these assaults and denouncing the authors as enemies of the Union. Why they avoid this and pursue the course they do, it is for them to explain.

Nor can the Union be saved by invoking the name of the illustrious Southerner whose mortal remains repose on the western bank of the Potomac. He was one of us—a slaveholder and a planter. We have studied his history and find nothing in it to justify submission to wrong. On the contrary, his great fame rests on the solid foundation that, while he was careful to avoid doing wrong to others, he was prompt and decided in repelling wrong. I trust that in this respect we profited by his example.

Nor can we find anything in his history to deter us from seceding from the Union should it fail to fulfil the objects for which it was instituted, by being permanently and hopelessly converted into the means of oppressing instead of protecting us. On the contrary, we find much in his example to encourage us should we be forced to the extremity of deciding between submission and disunion.

There existed then, as well as now, a union—that between the parent country and her then colonies. It was a union that had much to endear it to the people of the colonies. Under its protecting and superintending care the colonies were planted and grew up and prospered through a long course of years, until they became populous and wealthy. Its benefits were not limited to them. Their extensive agricultural and other productions gave birth to a flourishing commerce which richly rewarded the parent country for the trouble and expense of establishing and protecting them. Washington was born and grew up to manhood under that union. He acquired his early distinction in its service, and there is every reason to believe that he was devotedly attached to it. But his devotion was a rational one. He was attached to it, not as an end, but as a means to an end. When it failed to fulfil its end, and, instead of affording protection, was converted into the means of

oppressing the colonies, he did not hesitate to draw his sword and head the great movement by which that union was forever severed and the independence of these States established. This was the great and crowning glory of his life, which has spread his fame over the whole globe and will transmit it to the latest posterity.

Nor can the plan proposed by the distinguished senator from Kentucky, nor that of the administration, save the Union. I shall pass by, without remark, the plan proposed by the senator, and proceed directly to the consideration of that of the administration. I, however, assure the distinguished and able senator that in taking this course no disrespect whatever is intended to him or his plan. I have adopted it because so many senators of distinguished abilities, who were present when he delivered his speech and explained his plan, and who were fully capable to do justice to the side they support, have replied to him.

The plan of the administration cannot save the Union, because it can have no effect whatever towards satisfying the States composing the southern section of the Union that they can, consistently with safety and honor, remain in the Union. It is, in fact, but a modification of the Wilmot Proviso. It proposes to effect the same object,—to exclude the South from all the territory acquired by the Mexican treaty. It is well known that the South is united against the Wilmot Proviso, and has committed itself by solemn resolutions to resist should it be adopted. Its opposition is not to the name, but that which it proposes to effect. That, the southern States hold to be unconstitutional, unjust, inconsistent with their equality as members of the common Union, and calculated to destroy irretrievably the equilibrium between the two sections.

These objections equally apply to what, for brevity, I will call the Executive Proviso. There is no difference between it and the Wilmot except in the mode of effecting the object; and in that respect I must say that the latter is much the least objectionable. It goes to its object openly, boldly, and distinctly. It claims for Congress unlimited power over the Territories, and proposes to assert it over Territories acquired from Mexico, by a positive prohibition of slavery.

Not so the Executive Proviso. It takes an indirect course, and in order to elude the Wilmot Proviso, and thereby avoid encountering the united and determined resistance of the South, it denies, by implication, the authority of Congress to legislate for the Territories, and claims the right as belonging exclusively to the inhabitants of the Territories. But to effect the object of excluding the South, it takes care, in the meantime, to let in immigrants freely from the northern States and all other quarters except from the South, which it takes special care to exclude by holding up to them the danger

of having their slaves liberated under the Mexican laws. The necessary consequence is to exclude the South from the Territory just as effectually as would the Wilmot Proviso. The only difference in this respect is, that what one proposes to effect directly and openly, the other proposes to effect indirectly and covertly. . .

Having now shown what cannot save the Union, I return to the question with which I commenced,—How can the Union be saved? There is but one way by which it can with any certainty; and that is by a full and final settlement, on the principle of justice, of all the questions at issue between the two sections. The South asks for justice, simple justice, and less she ought not to take. She has no compromise to offer but the constitution, and no concession or surrender to make. She has already surrendered so much that she has little left to surrender. Such a settlement would go to the root of the evil, and remove all cause of discontent, by satisfying the South that she could remain honorably and safely in the Union, and thereby restore the harmony and fraternal feelings between the sections which existed anterior to the Missouri agitation. Nothing else can, with any certainty, finally and forever settle the question at issue, terminate agitation, and save the Union.

But can this be done? Yes, easily; not by the weaker party, for it can of itself do nothing—not even protect itself—but by the stronger. The North has only to will it to accomplish it—to do justice by conceding to the South an equal right in the acquired territory, and to do her duty by causing the stipulations relative to fugitive slaves to be faithfully fulfilled—to cease the agitation of the slave question, and to provide for the insertion of a provision in the constitution, by an amendment, which will restore to the South, in substance, the power she possessed of protecting herself before the equilibrium between the sections was destroyed by the action of this government. There will be no difficulty in devising such a provision—one that will protect the South, and which at the same time will improve and strengthen the government instead of impairing and weakening it.

But will the North agree to this? It is for her to answer the question. But, I will say, she cannot refuse if she has half the love of the Union which she professes to have, or without justly exposing herself to the charge that her love of power and aggrandizement is far greater than her love of the Union. At all events, the responsibility of saving the Union rests on the North, and not on the South. The South cannot save it by any act of hers, and the North may save it without any sacrifice whatever, unless to do justice and to perform her duties under the constitution should be regarded by her as a sacrifice.

It is time, Senators, that there should be an open and manly

avowal on all sides as to what is intended to be done. If the question is not now settled, it is uncertain whether it ever can hereafter be; and we, as the representatives of the States of this Union regarded as governments, should come to a distinct understanding as to our respective views, in order to ascertain whether the great questions at issue can be settled or not. If you, who represent the stronger portion, cannot agree to settle them on the broad principle of justice and duty, say so; and let the States we both represent agree to separate and part in peace.

If you are unwilling we should part in peace, tell us so: and we shall know what to do when you reduce the question to submission or resistance. If you remain silent, you will compel us to infer by your acts what you intend. In that case California will become the test question. If you admit her under all the difficulties that oppose her admission, you compel us to infer that you intend to exclude us from the whole of the acquired Territories, with the intention of destroying irretrievably the equilibrium between the two sections. We should be blind not to perceive in that case that your real objects are power and aggrandizements, and infatuated, not to act accordingly.

I have now, Senators, done my duty in expressing my opinions fully, freely, and candidly on this solemn occasion. In doing so I have been governed by the motives which have governed me in all the stages of the agitation of the slavery question since its commencement. I have exerted myself during the whole period to arrest it, with the intention of saving the Union if it could be done; and if it could not, to save the section where it has pleased Providence to cast my lot, and which I sincerely believe has justice and the constitution on its side. Having faithfully done my duty to the best of my ability, both to the Union and my section, throughout this agitation, I shall have the consolation, let what will come, that I am free from all responsibility.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FAREWELL ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 11, 1861

My friends,—No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of this people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

AT GETTYSBURG

NOVEMBER 19, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we

take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

MARCH 4, 1861

FELLOW CITIZENS of the United States: In Compliance with a custom as old as the government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take in your presence the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President "before he enters on the execution of his office."

I do not consider it necessary at present for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement.

Apprehension seems to exist, among the people of the Southern States, that by the accession of a Republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There never has been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its judgment exclusively, is essential to the balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments; and, in doing so, I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no sec-

tion are to be in any wise endangered by the now incoming administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the States, when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as much as any other. To the proposition, then that slaves whose cases come within the terms of this clause, "shall be delivered up," their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not, with nearly equal unanimity, frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or State authority, but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him, or to others, by what authority it is done. And should any one, in any case, be content that his oath should go unkept, on a mere unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept?

Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well, at the same time, to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause of the Constitution which guarantees that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?"

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservation, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules. And while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President

under our National Constitution. During that period, fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have, in succession, administered the Executive branch of the government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet, with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that in contemplation of universal law, and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national government, and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy it, except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that, in legal contemplation, the Union is perpetual, confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was "to form a more perfect union."

But if destruction of the Union, by one, or by a part only, of the States, be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before, the Constitution having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

It follows, from these views, that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it. so far as practicable, unless my righful masters, the American

people, shall withhold the requisite means, or, in some authoritative manner, direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself. In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none, unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. Where hostility to the United States, in any interior locality, shall be so great and universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it better to forego, for the time, the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union. So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection. The course here indicated will be followed, unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper, and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised, according to circumstances actually existing, and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles, and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need address no word to them. To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak?

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the certain ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from —will you risk the omission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union, if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied.

If, by the mere force of numbers, a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution—certainly would if such right were a vital one. But such is not our case. All the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly assured to them by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by National or State authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. May Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say.

From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities. If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the government must cease. There is no other alternative; for continuing the government is acquiescence on one side or the other. If a minority in such case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which, in turn, will divide and ruin them; for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such a minority. For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this.

Is there such perfect identity of interests among the States to compose a new Union, as to produce harmony only, and prevent renewed secession?

Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it, does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity, is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism, in some form, is all that is left. . . .

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts

of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. It is impossible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before. Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always, and when after much loss on both sides and no gain on either you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the National Constitution amended. . . . I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution—which amendment, however, I have not seen—has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments, so far as to say that, holding such a provision now to be implied constitutional law, I have no objections to its being made express and irrevocable.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose, but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor. Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail, by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people. By the frame of the government under which we live, the same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief, and have with equal wisdom provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be

an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in this dispute there is still no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty. In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, are the momentous issues of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend" it.

I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

PRINCE BISMARCK

A PLEA FOR IMPERIAL ARMAMENT

If I rise to speak to-day it is not to urge on your acceptance the measure the President has mentioned (the army appropriation). I do not feel anxious about its adoption, and I do not believe that I can do anything to increase the majority by which it will be adopted —by which it is all-important at home and abroad that it should be adopted. Gentlemen of all parties have made up their minds how they will vote, and I have the fullest confidence in the German Reichstag that it will restore our armament to the height from which we reduced it in the period between 1867 and 1882; and this not with respect to the conditions of the moment, not with regard to the apprehensions which may excite the stock exchanges and the mind of the public; but with a considerate regard for the general condition of Europe. In speaking, I will have more to say of this than of the immediate question.

I do not speak willingly, for under existing conditions a word unfortunately spoken may be ruinous, and the multiplication of words can do little to explain the situation, either to our own people or to foreigners. I speak unwillingly, but I fear that if I kept silent there would be an increase rather than a diminution of the expectations which have attached themselves to this debate, of unrest in the public mind, of the disposition to nervousness at home and abroad. The public must believe the question to be so difficult and critical that a minister for foreign affairs would not dare to touch upon it. I speak, therefore, but I can say truly that I speak with reluctance. I might limit myself to recalling expressions to which I gave utterance from this same place a year and a day ago. Little change has taken place in the situation since then. I chanced to-day on a clipping from the "Liberal Gazette," a paper which I believe stands nearer to my friend, Representative Richter, than it does to me. It pictures one difficult situation to elucidate another, but I can take only general notice of the main points there touched on, with the explanation that if the situation has since altered, it is for the better rather than for the worse.

We had then our chief apprehension because of a war which might come to us from France. Since then, one peace-loving President has retired from administration in France, and another peace-

loving President has succeeded him. It is certainly a favorable symptom that in choosing its new chief executive France has not put its hand into Pandora's box, but that we have assurance of a continuation under President Carnot of the peaceful policy represented by President Grévy. We have, moreover, other changes in the French administration whose peaceful significance is even stronger than those of the change in the presidency—an event which involved other causes. Such members of the ministry as were disposed to subordinate the peace of France and of Europe to their personal interests have been shoved out, and others, of whom we have not this to fear, have taken their places. I think I can state, also—and I do it with pleasure, because I do not wish to excite but to calm the public mind—that our relations with France are more peaceful, much less explosive than a year ago.

The fears which have been excited during the year have been occasioned more by Russia than by France, or I may say that the occasion was rather the exchange of mutual threats, excitement, reproaches, and provocations which have taken place during the summer between the Russian and the French press. But I do not believe that the situation in Russia is materially different now from what it was a year ago. The "Liberal Gazette" has printed in display type what I said then—"Our friendship with Russia sustained no interruption during our war, and it is elevated above all doubt to-day. We expect neither assault nor attack nor unfriendliness from Russia." Perhaps this was printed in large letters to make it easier to attack it. Perhaps also with the hope that I had reached a different conclusion in the meantime and had become convinced that my confidence in the Russian policy of last year was erroneous. This is not the case. The grounds which gave occasion for it lie partly in the Russian press and partly in the mobilization of Russian troops. I cannot attach decided importance to the attitude of the press. They say that it means more in Russia than in does in France. I am of the contrary opinion. In France the press is a power which influences the conclusions of the administration. It is not such a power in Russia, nor can it be; but in both cases the press is only spots of printer's ink on paper against which we have no war to wage. There can be no ground of provocation for us in it. Behind each article is only one man—the man who has guided the pen to send the article into the world. Even in a Russian paper, we may say in an independent Russian paper, secretly supported by French subsidies, the case is not altered. The pen which has written in such a paper an article hostile to Germany has no one behind it but the man whose hand held the pen, the man who in his cabinet produced the lucubration and the protector which every Russian newspaper is wont to have—that is to say the official more or less important in Russian

party politics who gives such a paper his protection. But both of them do not weigh a feather against the authority of his Majesty, the Czar of Russia. . . .

Since the great war of 1870 was concluded, has there been any year, I ask you, without its alarm of war? Just as we were returning, at the beginning of the seventies, they said: When will we have the next war? When will the Revanche be fought? In five years at the latest. They said to us then: "The question of whether we will have war and of the success with which we shall have it (it was a representative of the Centre who upbraided me with it in the Reichstag) depends to-day only on Russia. Russia alone has the decision in her hands."

Perhaps I will return to this question later. In the meantime, I will continue the pictures of these forty years and recall that in 1876 a war-cloud gathered in the South; that in 1877, the Balkan War was only prevented by the Berlin Congress from putting the whole of Europe in a blaze, and that quite suddenly after the Congress a new vision of danger was disclosed to us in the East because Russia was offended by our action at the conference. Perhaps, later on, I will recur to this also if my strength will permit.

Then followed a certain reaction in the intimate relations of the three emperors which allowed us to look for some time into the future with more assurance; yet on the first signs of uncertainty in their relations, or because of the lapsing of the agreements they had made with each other, our public opinion showed the same nervous and, I think, exaggerated excitement with which we had to contend last year—which, at the present time, I hold to be specially uncalled for. But because I think this nervousness uncalled for now, I am far from concluding that we do not need an increase of our war-footing. On the contrary! Therefore, I have unrolled before you this tableau of forty years—perhaps not to your amusement! If not, I beg your pardon, but had I omitted a year from that which you yourselves had experienced with shuddering, the impression might have been lost that the state of anxiety before wars, before continually extending complications, the entanglements of which no one can anticipate—that this condition is permanent with us; that we must reckon upon it as a permanency; and that independently of the circumstances of the moment, with the self-confidence of a great nation which is strong enough under any circumstances to take its fate into its own hands against any coalition; with the confidence in itself and in God which its own power and the righteousness of its cause, a righteousness which the care of the government will always keep with Germany—that we shall be able to foresee every possibility and, doing so, to look forward to peace.

The long and the short of it is that in these days we must be as

strong as we can; and if we will, we can be stronger than any other country of equal resources in the world. I will return to that. And it would be a crime not to use our resources. If we do not need an army prepared for war, we do not need to call for it. It depends merely on the not very important question of the cost—and it is not very important, though I mention it incidentally. I have no mind to go into figures, financial or military, but France during the last few years has spent in improving her forces three thousand millions, while we have spent hardly fifteen hundred millions including that we are now asking for. But I leave the ministers of war and of finance to deal with that. When I say that we must strive continually to be ready for all emergencies, I advance the proposition that, on account of our geographical position, we must make greater efforts than other powers would be obliged to make in view of the same ends. We lie in the middle of Europe. We have at least three fronts on which we can be attacked. France has only an eastern boundary; Russia only its western, exposed to assault. We are, moreover, more exposed than any other people to the danger of hostile coalition because of our geographical position, and because, perhaps, of the feeble power of cohesion which, until now, the German people has exhibited when compared with others. At any rate, God has placed us in a position where our neighbors will prevent us from falling into a condition of sloth—of wallowing in the mire of mere existence. On one side of us he had set the French, a most warlike and restless nation; and he has allowed to become exaggerated in the Russians fighting tendencies which had not become apparent in them during the earlier part of the century. So we are spurred forward on both sides to endeavors which perhaps we would not make otherwise. The pikes in the European carp-pond will not allow us to become carp, because they make us feel their stings in both our sides. They force us to an effort which, perhaps, we would not make otherwise, and they force us also to a cohesion among ourselves as Germans which is opposed to our innermost nature; otherwise we would prefer to struggle with each other. But when we are enfiladed by the press of France and Russia, it compels us to stand together, and through such compression it will so increase our fitness for cohesion that we may finally come into the same condition of indivisibilty which is natural to other people—which thus far we have lacked. We must respond to this dispensation of Providence, however, by making ourselves so strong that the pike can do nothing more than encourage us to exert ourselves. We had, years ago, in the times of the Holy Alliance (I recall an old American song which I learned from my dead friend, Motley):

In good old colonial times
When we lived under a king.

We had then patriarchal times and with them a multitude of balustrades on which we could support ourselves, and a multitude of dikes to protect us from the wild European floods. That was the German confederation, and the true beginning, and continuance, and conclusion of the German confederation was the Holy Alliance, for whose service it was made. We depended on Russia and Austria, and, above everything, we relied on our own modesty, which did not allow us to speak before the rest of the company had spoken. We have lost all that, and we must help ourselves. The Holy Alliance was shipwrecked in the Crimean War—through no fault of ours! The German confederation has been destroyed by us because our existence under it was neither tolerable for us nor for the German people. Both have ceased to exist. After the dissolution of the German confederation, after the war of 1866, we would have been obliged to reckon on isolation for Prussia or North Germany, had we been obliged to stop at reckoning with the fact that, on no side would they forgive us the new and great successes which we had obtained. Never do other powers look with pleasure on the triumphs of a neighbor.

Our connection with Russia was not disturbed, however, by the events of 1866. In 1866 the memory of the politics of Count von Buol and of Austrian politics during the Crimean War was too fresh in Russia to allow them to think of supporting the Austrian against the Prussian monarchy, or of renewing the campaign which Czar Nicholas had conducted for Austria in 1849. For us, therefore, there remained a natural inclination toward Russia, which, foreseen in the last century, had in this its recognized origin in the politics of Czar Alexander I. To him Prussia owes thanks indeed. In 1813 he could easily have turned on the Polish frontiers and concluded peace. Later he could have brought about the fall of Prussia. We have then, as a fact, to thank, for the restoration of the old footing, the goodwill of Czar Alexander I.; or, if you are inclined to be skeptical, say to the need felt in Russian politics for Prussia. This feeling of gratitude has controlled the administration of Frederick William the Third.

The balance which Russia had on its account with Prussia was used up through the friendship, I may say through the serviceability of Prussia during the entire reign of Czar Nicholas, and, I may add, settled at Olmutz. At Olmutz, Czar Nicholas did not take the part of Prussia, did not shield us from adverse experience, did not guard us against humiliation; for, on the whole, he leaned toward Austria more than toward Prussia. The idea that during his administration we owed thanks to Russia results from a historical legend. But while Czar Nicholas lived, we, on our side, did not violate the tradition with Russia. During the Crimean War, as I have already told you, we stood by Russia in spite of threats and of some hazard. His

Majesty, the late king, had no desire to play a decided part in the war with a strong army, as I think he could easily have done. We had concluded treaties by which we were bound to put a hundred thousand men in the field by a set time. I advised his Majesty that we should put not a hundred thousand but two hundred thousand in the field, and to put them there *à cheval* so that we could use them right and left; so that his Majesty would have been the final arbiter of the fortunes of the Crimean War. But his late Majesty was not inclined to warlike undertakings, and the people ought to be grateful to him for it. I was younger and less experienced then than I am now. We bore no malice for Olmutz, however, during the Crimean War. We came out of the Crimean War as a friend of Russia, and while I was ambassador to Russia I enjoyed the fruit of this friendship in a very favorable reception at court and in Russian society. Our attitude toward Austria in the Italian War was not to the taste of the Russian cabinet, but it had no unfavorable consequences. Our Austrian War of 1866 was looked upon with a certain satisfaction. No one in Russia then grudged Austria what she got. In the year 1870 we had, in taking our stand and making our defense, the satisfaction of coincidently rendering a service to our Russian friends in the Black Sea. The opening of the Black Sea by the contracting powers would never have been probable if the Germans had not been victorious in the neighborhood of Paris. Had we been defeated, for example, I think the conclusion of the London agreement would not have been so easily in Russia's favor. So the war of 1870 left no ill humor between us and Russia. . . .

The bill will bring us an increase of troops capable of bearing arms—a possible increase, which, if we do not need it, we need not call out, but can leave the men at home. But we will have it ready for service if we have arms for it. And that is a matter of primary importance. I remember the carbine which was furnished by England to our Landwehr in 1813, and with which I had practice as a huntsman —that was no weapon for a soldier! We can get arms suddenly for an emergency, but if we have them ready for it, then this bill will count for a strengthening of our peace forces and a reinforcement of the peace league as great as if a fourth great power had joined the alliance with an army of seven hundred thousand men—the greatest yet put in the field.

I think, too, that this powerful reinforcement of the army will have a quieting effect on our own people, and will in some measure relieve the nervousness of our exchanges, of our press, and of our public opinion. I hope they all will be comforted if they make it clear to themselves that after this reinforcement and from the moment of the signature and publication of the bill the soldiers are there! But arms are necessary, and we must provide better ones if we wish

to have an army of triarians—of the best manhood that we have among our people; of fathers of family over thirty years old! And we must give them the best arms that can be had! We must not send them into battle with what we have not thought good enough for our young troops of the line. But our steadfast men, our fathers of family, our Samsons, such as we remember seeing hold the bridge at Versailles, must have the best arms on their shoulders, and the best clothing to protect them against the weather which can be had from anywhere. We must not be niggardly in this. And I hope it will reassure our countrymen if they think now it will be the case—as I do not believe—that we are likely to be attacked on both sides at once. There is a possibility of it, for, as I have explained to you in the history of the Forty Years' War, all manner of coalitions may occur. But if it should occur we could hold the defensive on our borders with a million good soldiers. At the same time, we could hold in reserve a half million or more, almost a million, indeed; and send them forward as they were needed. Some one has said to me: "The only result of that will be that the others will increase their forces also." But they cannot. They have long ago reached the maximum. We lowered it in 1867 because we thought that, having the North-German confederation, we could make ourselves easier and exempt men over thirty-two. In consequence our neighbors have adopted a longer term of service—many of them a twenty year term. They have a maximum as high as ours, but they cannot touch us in quality. Courage is equal in all civilized nations. The Russians or the French acquit themselves as bravely as the Germans. But our people, our seven hundred thousand men, are veterans trained in service, tried soldiers who have not yet forgotten their training. And no people in the world can touch us in this, that we have the material for officers and under-officers to command this army. That is what they cannot imitate. The whole tendency of popular education leads to that in Germany as it does in no other country. The measure of education necessary to fit an officer or under-officer to meet the demands which the soldier makes on him, exists with us to a much greater extent than with any other people. We have more material for officers and under-officers than any other country, and we have a corps of officers that no other country can approach. In this and in the excellence of our corps of under-officers, who are really the pupils of our officers' corps, lies our superiority. The course of education which fits an officer to meet the strong demands made on his position for self-denial, for the duty of comradeship, and for fulfilling the extraordinarily difficult social duties whose fulfillment is made necessary among us by the comradeship which, thank God! exists in the highest degree among officers and men without the least detriment to discipline—they cannot imitate us in that—that relationship between officers and

men which, with a few unfortunate exceptions, exists in the German army. But the exceptions confirm the rule, and so we can say that no German officer leaves his soldiers under fire, but brings them out even at the risk of his own life; while, on the other hand, no German soldier, as we know by experience, forsakes his officer.

If other armies intend to supply with officers and sub-officers as many troops as we intend to have at once, then they must educate the officers, for no untaught fool is fit to command a company, and much less is he fit to fulfill the difficult duties which an officer owes to his men, if he is to keep their love and respect. The measure of education which is demanded for that, and the qualities which, among us especially, are expressed in comradeship and sympathy by the officer—that no rule and no regulation in the world can impress on the officers of other countries. In that we are superior to all, and in that they cannot imitate us! On that point I have no fear.

But there is still another advantage to be derived from the adoption of this bill: The very strength for which we strive shows our peaceful disposition. That sounds paradoxical, but still it is true.

No man would attack us when we have such a powerful war-machine as we wish to make the German army. If I were to come before you to-day and say to you—supposing me to be convinced that the conditions are different from what they are—if I were to say to you: "We are strongly threatened by France and Russia; it is evident that we will be attacked; my conviction as a diplomat, considering the military necessities of the case, is that it is expedient for us to take the defensive by striking the first blow, as we are now in a position to do; an aggressive war is to our advantage, and I beg the Reichstag for a milliard or half a milliard to begin it at once against both our neighbors"—indeed, gentlemen, I do not know that you would have sufficient confidence in me to consent! I hope you would not.

But if you were to do it, it would not satisfy me. If we, in Germany, should wish to wage war with the full exertion of our national strength, it must be a war with which all who engage in it, all who offer themselves as sacrifices in it—in short, the whole nation takes part as one man; it must be a people's war; it must be a war carried on with the enthusiasm of 1870, when we were ruthlessly attacked. I well remember the ear-splitting, joyful shouts at the Cologne railway station; it was the same from Berlin to Cologne; and it was the same here in Berlin. The waves of public feeling in favor of war swept us into it whether we wished or not. It must always be so if the power of a people such as ours is to be exerted to the full. It will be very difficult, however, to make it clear to the provinces and states of the confederation and to their peoples that war is now unavoidably necessary. They would ask: "Are you sure

of that? Who knows?" In short, when we came to actual hostilities, the weight of such imponderable considerations would be much heavier against us than the material opposition we would meet from our enemies. "Holy Russia" would be irritated; France would bristle with bayonets as far as the Pyrenees. It would be the same everywhere. A war which was not decreed by the popular will could be carried on if once the constituted authorities had finally decided on it as a necessity; it would be carried on vigorously, and perhaps successfully, after the first fire and the sight of blood. But it would not be a finish fight in its spirit with such fire and *élan* behind it as we would have in a war in which we were attacked. Then all Germany from Memel to Lake Constance would flame out like a powder mine; the country would bristle with arms, and no enemy would be rash enough to join issues with the *furor Teutonicus* (Berserker madness) thus roused by attack.

We must not lose sight of such considerations, even if we are now superior to our future opponents, as many military critics besides our own consider us to be. All our own critics are convinced of our superiority. Naturally every soldier believes it. He would come very near to being a failure as a soldier if he did not wish for war and feel full assurance of victory. If our rivals sometimes suspect that it is fear of the result which makes us peaceful, they are grievously in error. We believe as thoroughly in the certainty of our victory in a righteous cause as any lieutenant in a foreign garrison can believe in his third glass of champagne—and perhaps we have more ground for our assurance! It is not fear which makes us peaceable, but the consciousness of our strength—the consciousness that if we were attacked at the most unfavorable time, we are strong enough for defense and for keeping in view the possibility of leaving it to the providence of God to remove in the meantime the necessity for war.

I am never for an offensive war, and if war can come only through our initiative, it will not begin. Fire must be kindled by some one before it can burn, and we will not kindle it. Neither the consciousness of our strength, as I have just represented it, nor the trust in our alliances will prevent us from continuing with our accustomed zeal our accustomed efforts to keep the peace. We will not allow ourselves to be led by bad temper; we will not yield to prejudice. It is undoubtedly true that the threats, the insults, the provocations which have been directed against us, have aroused great and natural animosities on our side. And it is hard to rouse such feelings in the Germans, for they are less sensitive to the dislike of others toward them than any other nation. We are taking pains, however, to soften these animosities, and in the future as in the past we will strive to keep the peace with our neighbors—especially with Russia. When I say "especially with Russia," I mean that France offers us no se-

curity for the success of our efforts, though I will not say that it does not help. We will never seek occasion to quarrel. We will never attack France. In the many small occasions for trouble which the disposition of our neighbors to spy and to bribe has given us, we have made pleasant and amicable settlements. I would hold it grossly criminal to allow such trifles either to occasion a great national war or to make it probable. There are occasions when it is true that the "more reasonable gives way." I name Russia especially, and I have the same confidence in the result I had a year ago when my expression gave this "Liberal" paper here occasion for black type. But I have it without running after—or, as a German paper expressed it, "groveling before Russia." That time has gone by. We no longer sue for favor, either in France or in Russia. The Russian press and Russian public opinion have shown the door to an old, powerful, and attached friend as we were. We will not force ourselves upon them. We have sought to regain the old confidential relationship, but we will not run after no one. But that does not prevent us from observing—it rather spurs us on to observe with redoubled care—the treaty rights of Russia. Among these treaty rights are some which are not conceded by all our friends: I mean the rights which at the Berlin Congress Russia won in the matter of Bulgaria. . . .

In consequence of the resolution of the Congress, Russia, up to 1885, chose as prince a near relative of the Czar, concerning whom no one asserted or could assert that he was anything else than a Russian dependant. It appointed the minister of war and a greater part of the officials. In short, it governed Bulgaria. There is no possible doubt of it. The Bulgarians, or a part of them, or their prince—I do not know which—were not satisfied. There was a *coup d'état,* and there has been a defection from Russia. This has created a situation which we have no call to change by force of arms —though its existence does not change theoretically the rights which Russia gained from the conference. But if Russia should seek to establish its rights forcibly I do not know what difficulties might arise, and it does not concern us to know. We will not support forcible measures and will not advise them. I do not believe there is any disposition toward them. I am sure no such inclination exists. But if through diplomatic means, through the intervention of the Sultan as the suzerain of Bulgaria, Russia seeks its rights, then I assume that it is the province of loyal German statesmanship to give an unmistakable support to the provisions of the Berlin Treaty, and to stand by the interpretation which without exception we gave it—an interpretation on which the voice of the Bulgarians cannot make me err. Bulgaria, the Statelet between the Danube and the Balkans, is certainly not of sufficient importance to justify plunging Europe into war from Moscow to the Pyrenees, from the North Sea to Palermo

—a war the issue of which no one could foresee, at the end of which no one could tell what the fighting had been about.

So I can say openly that the position of the Russian press, the unfriendliness we have experienced from Russian public opinion, will not prevent us from supporting Russia in a diplomatic attempt to establish its rights as soon as it makes up its mind to assert them in Bulgaria. I say deliberately—"As soon as Russia expresses the wish." We have put ourselves to some trouble heretofore to meet the views of Russia on the strength of reliable hints, but we have lived to see the Russian press attacking, as hostile to Russia, the very things in German politics which were prompted by a desire to anticipate Russia's wishes. We did that at the Congress, but it will not happen again. If Russia officially asks us to support measures for the restoration in Bulgaria of the situation approved by the Congress with the Sultan as suzerain, I would not hesitate to advise his Majesty, the Emperor, that it should be done. This is the demand which the treaties make on our loyalty to a neighbor, with whom, be the mood what it will, we have to maintain neighborly relations and defend great common interests of monarchy, such as the interests of order against its antagonists in all Europe, with a neighbor, I say, whose sovereign has a perfect understanding in this regard with the allied sovereigns. I do not doubt that when the Czar of Russia finds that the interests of his great empire of a hundred million people require war, he will make war. But his interests cannot possibly prompt him to make war against us. I do not think it at all probable that such a question of interest is likely to present itself. I do not believe that a disturbance of the peace is imminent—if I may recapitulate—and I beg that you will consider the pending measure without regard to that thought or that apprehension, looking on it rather as a full restoration of the mighty power which God has created in the German people—a power to be used if we need it! If we do not need it, we will not use it and we will seek to avoid the necessity for its use. This attempt is made somewhat more difficult by threatening articles in foreign newspapers, and I may give special admonition to the outside world against the continuance of such articles. They lead to nothing. The threats made against us, not by the government but in the newspapers, are incredibly stupid, when it is remembered that they assume that a great and proud power such as the German Empire is capable of being intimidated by an array of black spots made by a printer on paper, a mere marshalling of words. If they would give up that idea, we could reach a better understanding with both our neighbors. Every country is finally answerable for the wanton mischief done by its newspapers, and the reckoning is liable to be presented some day in the shape of a final decision from some

other country. We can be bribed very easily—perhaps too easily—with love and goodwill. But with threats, never!

We Germans fear God, and nothing else in the world!

It is the fear of God which makes us love peace and keep it. He who breaks it against us ruthlessly will learn the meaning of the warlike love of the Fatherland which in 1813 rallied to the standard the entire population of the then small and weak kingdom of Prussia; he will learn, too, that this patriotism is now the common property of the entire German nation, so that whoever attacks Germany will find it unified in arms, every warrior having in his heart the steadfast faith that God will be with us.

AGAINST LIBERALISM: A PRUSSIAN ROYALIST CONFESSION OF FAITH

DELIVERED JUNE 1, 1847

I WILL not take the trouble to examine the solidity of the various grounds of right, on which each of us presumes himself to stand; but, I believe, it has become certain, from the debate and from everything which I have gathered from the discussion of the question, that a different construction and interpretation of the older estates legislation was possible and practically existent—not among laymen only, but also among weighty jurists—and that it would be very doubtful what a court of justice, if such a question were before it, would decree concerning it. Under such circumstances, the declaration would, according to general principles of law, afford a solution.

This declaration has become implicit upon us, implicit by the patent of the third of February of this year; by this the King has declared that the general promises of former laws has been no other than those fulfilled by the present law. It appears that this declaration has been regarded by a portion of this assembly as inaccurate, but such is a fate to which every declaration is equally subject. Every declaration is considered by those whose opinions it does not confirm, to be wrong, or the previous conviction could not have been sincere. The question really is, in whom the right resides to issue an authentic and legally binding declaration. In my opinion, the King alone; and this conviction, I believe, lies in the conscience of the people. For when yesterday an honorable deputy from Königsberg asserted that there was a dull dissatisfaction among the people on the proclamation of the patent of the third of February, I must reply, on the contrary, that I do not find the majority of the Prussian nation represented in the meeting which takes place in the Böttchershöfchen. (Murmurs.)

In inarticulate sounds I really cannot discover any refutation of what I have said, nor do I find it in the goose-quills of the newspaper

correspondents; no! not even in a fraction of the population of some of the large provincial towns. It is difficult to ascertain public opinion; I think I find it in some of the middle provinces, and it is the old Prussian conviction that a royal word is worth more than all the constructions and quirks applied to the letter of the law.

Yesterday a parallel was drawn between the method employed by the English people in 1688, after the abdication of James II, for the preservation of its rights, and that by which the Prussian nation should now attain a similar end. There is always something suspicious in parallels with foreign countries. Russia had been held up to us as a model of religious toleration; the French and Danish exchequers have been recommended as examples of proper finances.

"To return to the year 1688 in England, I must really beg this august assembly, and especially an honorable deputy from Silesia, to pardon me if I again speak of a circumstance which I did not personally perceive. The English people was then in a different position to that of the Prussian people now; a century of revolution and civil war had invested it with the right to dispose of a crown, and bind up with it conditions accepted by William of Orange.

On the other hand, the Prussian sovereigns were in possession of a crown, not by grace of the people, but by God's grace; an actually unconditional crown, some of the rights of which they voluntarily conceded to the people—an example rare in history. I will leave the question of right, and proceed to that concerning the utility and desirability of asking or suggesting any change in the legislation as it actually now exists. I adhere to the conviction, which I assume to be that of the majority of the assembly, that periodicity is necessary to a real vitality of this assembly; but it is another matter whether we should seek this by way of petition. Since the emanation of the patent of the third of February, I do not believe that it would be consonant with the royal pleasure, or that it is inherent with the position of ourselves as estates, to approach his Majesty already with a petition for an amendment of it.

At any rate let us allow the grass of this summer to grow over it. The King has repeatedly said, that he did not wish to be coerced and driven; but I ask the assembly what should we be doing otherwise than coercing and driving him, if we already approached the throne with requests for changes in the legislation?

To the gravity of this view I ask permission of the assembly to add another reason. It is certainly well known how many sad predictions have been made by the opponents of our policy connected with the fact that the government would find itself forced by the estates into a position which it would not have willingly taken us. But although I do not assume the government would allow itself to be coerced, I still think that it is in the interests of the government to

avoid the slightest trace of unwillingness as to concessions, and that it is in all our interests not to concede to the enemies of Prussia the delight of witnessing the fact that, by a petition—a vote—presented by us as the representatives of sixteen millions of subjects, we should throw a shade of unwillingness upon such a concession.

It has been said that his Majesty, the King, and the commissioner of the diet have themselves pointed out this path. For myself, I could not otherwise understand this than that, as the King has done, so also the commissioner of the diet indicated this as the legal way we should pursue in case we found ourselves aggrieved; but that it would be acceptable to his Majesty, the King, and the government that we should make use of this right, I have not been able to perceive. If, however, we did so, it would be believed that urgent grounds existed for it—that there was immediate danger in the future; but of this I cannot convince myself. The next session of the assembly is assured; the Crown, also, is thereby in the advantageous position, that within four years, or even a shorter period, it can with perfect voluntariness, and without asking, take the initiative as to that which is now desired.

Now, I ask, is not the edifice of our State firmer toward foreign countries?—will not the feeling of satisfaction be greater at home, if the continuation of our national polity be inaugurated by the initiative of the Crown, than by petition from ourselves? Should the Crown not find it good to take the initiative, no time is lost. The third diet will not follow so rapidly upon the second, that the King would have no time to reply to a petition presented under such circumstances by the second. Yesterday a deputy from Prussia—I think from the circle of Neustadt—uttered a speech which I could only comprehend as meaning that it was our interest to pull up the flower of confidence as a weed preventing us from seeing the bare ground, and cast it out.

I say with pride that I cannot agree with such an opinion. If I look back for ten years, and compare that which was written and said in the year 1837 with that which is proclaimed from the steps of the throne to the whole nation, I believe we have great reason to have confidence in the intentions of his Majesty. In this confidence I beg to recommend this august assembly to adopt the amendment of the honorable deputy from Westphalia—not that of the honorable deputy from the county of Mark—but that of Herr von Lilien.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE

CHANT AT THE CORNER-STONE

We have all seen the ceremony at the laying of the corner-stone of church, asylum or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents, to be suggestive if, one or two hundred years after, the building should be destroyed by fire or torn down. We remember the silver trowel or iron hammer that smote the square piece of granite into sanctity. We remember some venerable man who presided, wielding the trowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the choir stood on the scattered stones and timber of the building about to be constructed. The leaves of the notebooks fluttered in the wind and were turned over with a great rustling, and we remember how the bass, baritone, tenor, contralto, and soprano voices commingled. They had for many days been rehearsing the special program that it might be worthy of the corner-stone laying. The music at the laying of corner-stones is always impressive.

In my text God, addressing the poet of Uz calls us to a grander ceremony—the laying of the foundation of this great temple of a world. The corner-stone was a block of light and the trowel was of celestial crystal. All about and on the embankments of cloud stood the angelic choristers unrolling their librettos of overture, and other worlds clapped shining cymbals while the ceremony went on, and God, the architect, by stroke of light after stroke of light, dedicated this great cathedral of a world, with mountains, for pillars, and sky for frescoed ceiling, and flowering fields for floor, and sunrise and midnight aurora for upholstery. "Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken dithyramb, a musical portfolio. The great sheet of immensity had been spread out and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them minims, the larger of them sustained notes. The meteors marked the staccato passages, the whole heavens a gamut with all sounds, intonations and modulations; the space between the worlds, a musical interval, trembling of stellar light a quaver, the thunder a base clef, the wind among trees a treble clef. That is the way God made all things a perfect harmony.

But one day a harp-string snapped in the great orchestra. One

day a voice sounded out of tune. One day a discord, harsh and terrific, grated upon the glorious antiphone. It was sin that made the dissonance, and that harsh discord has been sounding through the centuries. All the work of Christians and philanthropists and reformers of all ages is to stop that discord and get all things back into perfect harmony which was heard at the laying of the corner-stone when the morning stars sang together.

Before I get through, if I am divinely helped, I will make it plain that sin is discord and righteousness is harmony. That things in general are out of tune is as plain as to a musician's ear is the unhappy clash of clarionet and bassoon in an orchestral rendering. The world's health out of tune; weak lung and the atmosphere in collision, disordered eye and noonday light in quarrel, rheumatic limb and damp weather in struggle, neuralgias and pneumonias and consumptions and epilepsies in flocks swoop upon neighborhoods and cities. Where you find one person with sound throat and keen eyesight and alert ear and easy respiration and regular pulsation and supple limb and prime digestion and steady nerves, you find a hundred who have to be very careful because this or that or the other physical function is disordered.

The human intellect out of tune; the judgment wrongly swerved, or the memory leaky, or the will weak, or the temper inflammable, and the well-balanced mind exceptional.

Domestic life out of tune; only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompatibility of temper through the divorce courts, or a filial outbreak about a father's will through the surrogate's court, or a case of wife-beating or husband-poisoning through the criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within.

Society out of tune; labor and capital, their hands on each other's throats. Spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale in a struggle to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety lest they have to come down. No wonder the old pianoforte of society is all out of tune when hypocrisy and lying and subterfuge and double-dealing and sycophancy and charlatanism and revenge have all through the ages been banging away at the keys and stamping the pedals.

On all sides there is a perpetual shipwreck of harmonies. Nations in discord without realizing it, so antipathetic is the feeling of nation for nation, that symbols chosen are fierce and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins and doves and morning larks, we have our national symbol and fierce and filthy eagle, as immoral a bird as can be found in all the ornithological catalogues. In Great Britain, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their symbol is the merciless loin. In Russia, where from between her

frozen north and blooming south all kindly beasts dwell, they chose the growling bear; and in the world's heraldry a favorite figure is the dragon which is a winged serpent, ferocious and dreadful.

And so fond is the world of contention that we climb out through the heavens and baptize one of the other planets with the spirit of battle and call it Mars, after the god of war, and we give to the eighth sign of the zodiac the name of the scorpion, a creature which is chiefly celebrated for its deadly sting. But, after all, these symbols are expressive of the way nation feels toward nation. Discord wide as the continent and bridging the seas.

I suppose you have noticed how warmly in love drygoods stores are with other drygoods stores, and how highly grocerymen think of the sugars of the grocerymen on the same block. And in what a eulogistic way allopathic and homeopathic doctors speak of each other, and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument which the English call a spit, an iron roller with spikes on it, and turned by a crank before a hot fire, and then if the minister who is being roasted cries out against it, the men who are turning him say: "Hush, brother, we are turning this spit for the glory of God and the good of your soul, and you must be quiet, while we close the service with:

'Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.'"

The earth is diametred and circumferenced with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's corner-stone when the morning stars sang together is not heard now; and though here and there, from this and that part of society, and from this and that part of the earth, there comes up a thrilling solo of love, or a warble of worship, or a sweet duet of patience, they are drowned out by a discord that shakes the earth.

Paul says, "The whole creation groaneth," and while the nightingale and the woodlark and the canary and the plover sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it is found that the cuckoo sings in the key of D, and that the cormorant is a basso in the winged choir, yet sportsmen's gun and the autumnal blast often leave them ruffled and bleeding or dead in meadow or forest. Paul was right, for the groan in nature drowns out the primadonnas of the sky.

Tartini, the great musical composer, dreamed one night that he made a contract with Satan, the latter to be ever in the composer's service. He thought in his dream that he handed to Satan a violin, on which Diabolus played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion and tried to reproduce the sounds, and therefrom was written Tartini's most famous piece, "The Devil's

Sonata;" a dream, ingenious but faulty, for all melody descends from heaven and only discords ascend from hell. All hatreds, feuds, controversies, backbitings, and revenges are the devil's sonata, are diabolic fugue, are demoniac phantasy, are grand march of doom, are allegro of perdition.

But if in this world things in general are out of tune to our frail ear, how much more so to ears angelic and deific. It takes a skilled artist fully to appreciate disagreement of sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical execution and, though there were in one bar as many offences against harmony as could crowd in between the low F of the bass and the high G of the soprano, it would give them no discomfort; while on the forehead of the educated artist beads of perspiration would stand out as a result of the harrowing dissonance.

While an amateur was performing on a piano and had just struck the wrong chord, John Sebastian Bach, the immortal composer, entered the room, and the amateur rose in embarrassment, and Bach rushed past the host who stepped forward to greet him, and before the strings had stopped vibrating put his adroit hands upon the keys and changed the painful inharmony into glorious cadence. Then Bach turned and gave salutation to the host who had invited him.

But worst of all is moral discord. If society and the world are painfully discordant to imperfect man, what must they be to a perfect God. People try to define what sin is. It seems to me that sin is getting out of harmony with God, a disagreement with his holiness, with his purity, with his love, with his command; our will clashing with his will, the finite dashing against the infinite, the frail against the puissant, the created against the Creator.

If a thousand musicians, with flute and cornet-a-piston and trumpet and violincello and hautboy and trombone and all the wind and stringed instruments that ever gathered in a Düsseldorf jubilee should resolve that they would play out of tune, and put concord on the rack, and make the place wild with shrieking and grating and rasping sounds, they could not make such a pandemonium as that which a sinful soul produces in the ears of God when he listens to the play of its thoughts, passions and emotions—discord, lifelong discord, maddening discord!

The world pays more for discord than it does for consonance. High prices have been paid for music. One man gave two hundred and twenty-five dollars to hear the Swedish songstress in New York, and another six hundred and twenty-five dollars to hear her in Boston, and another six hundred and fifty dollars to hear her in Providence. Fabulous prices have been paid for sweet sounds, but far more has been paid for discord.

The Crimean war cost one billion seven hundred million dollars,

and our American civil war over nine and a half billion dollars, and our war with Spain cost us about three hundred million dollars, and the war debts of professed Christian nations are about fifteen billion dollars. The world pays for this red ticket, which admits it to the saturnalia of broken bones and death agonies and destroyed cities and ploughed graves and crushed hearts, any amount of money Satan asks. Discord! Discord!

But I have to tell you that the song that the morning stars sang together at the laying of the world's corner-stone is to be resumed. Mozart's greatest overture was composed one night when he was several times overpowered with sleep, and artists say they can tell the places in the music where he was falling asleep and the places where he awakened. So the overture of the morning stars, spoken of in my text, has been asleep, but it will awaken and be more grandly rendered by the evening stars of the world's existence than by the morning stars, and the vespers will be sweeter than the matins. The work of all good men and women and of all good churches and all reform associations is to bring the race back to the original harmony. The rebellious heart to be attuned, social life to be attuned, commercial ethics to be attuned, internationality to be attuned, hemispheres to be attuned.

In olden times the choristers had a tuning fork with two prongs and they would strike it on the back of pew or music rack and put it to the ear and then start the tune, and all the other voices would join. In modern orchestra the leader has a perfect instrument, rightly attuned, and he sounds that, and all the other performers tune the keys of their instruments to make them correspond, and sound the bow over the string and listen, and sound it out over again, until all the keys are screwed to concert pitch, and the discord melts into one great symphony, and the curtain hoists, and the baton taps, and audiences are raptured with Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," or Rossini's "Stabat Mater," or Bach's "Magnificat" in D or Gounod's "Redemption."

Now our world can never be attuned by an imperfect instrument. Even a Cremona would not do. Heaven has ordained the only instrument, and it is made out of the wood of the cross and the voices that accompany it are imported voices, contatrices of the first Christmas night, when heaven serenaded the earth with "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men."

Lest we start too far off and get lost in generalities, we had better begin with ourselves, get our own hearts and lives in harmony with the eternal Christ. Oh, for his almighty Spirit to attune us, to chord our will and his will, to modulate our life with his life, and bring us into unison with all that is pure and self-sacrificing and heavenly. The strings of our nature are all broken and twisted

and the bow is so slack it cannot evoke anything mellifluous. The instrument made for heaven to play on has been roughly twanged and struck by influences worldly and domoniac. Oh, master-hand of Christ, restore this split and fractured and despoiled and unstrung nature until first it shall wail out for our sin and then trill with divine pardon.

The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. A few days ago I was in the Fairbanks weighing scale manufactory of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they have never made a strike. Complete harmony between labor and capital, the operatives of scores of years in their beautiful homes near by the mansions of the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So, all the world over, labor and capital will be brought into euphony.

You may have heard what is called the "Anvil Chorus," composed by Verdi, a tune played by hammers, great and small, now with mighty stroke and now with heavy stroke, beating a great iron anvil. That is what the world must come to—anvil chorus, yard-stick chorus, shuttle chorus, trowel chorus, crowbar chorus, pick-axe chorus, gold-mine chorus, rail-track chorus, locomotive chorus. It can be done and it will be done. So all social life will be attuned by the gospel harp.

There will be as many classes in society as now, but the classes will not be regulated by birth or wealth or accident, but by the scale of virtue and benevolence, and people will be assigned to their place as good or very good or most excellent. So also commercial life will be attuned and there will be twelve in every dozen and sixteen ounces in every pound and apples at the bottom of the barrel will be as sound as those on the top and silk goods will not be cotton, and sellers will not have to charge honest people more than the right price because others will not pay, and goods will come to you corresponding with the sample by which you purchased them, and coffee will not be chickoried, and sugar will not be sanded, and milk will not be chalked, and adulteration of food will be a State-prison offense.

Aye, all things shall be attuned. Elections in England and the United States will no more be a grand carnival of defamation and scurrility, but the elevation of righteous men in a righteous way.

In the sixteenth century the singers called the Fischer Brothers reached the lowest bass ever recorded, and the highest note ever trilled was by La Bastardella, and Catalini's voice had a compass of three and a half octaves; but Christianity is more wonderful; for it runs all up and down the greatest heights and the deepest depths of the world's necessity, and it will compass everything and bring it in accord with the song which the morning stars sang

at the laying of the world's corner-stone. All the sacred music in homes, concert halls, and churches tends toward this consummation. Make it more and more hearty. Sing in your families. Sing in your places of business. If we with proper spirit use these faculties we are rehearsing for the skies.

Heaven is to have a new song, an entirely new song, but I should not wonder if as sometimes on earth a tune is fashioned out of many tunes, or it is one tune with the variations, so some of the songs of the glorified of heaven may have playing through them the songs of earth; and how thrilling, as coming through the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by the harpers with their harps and trumpeters with their trumpets, if we should hear some of the strains of Antioch and Mount Pisgah and Coronation and Lenox and St. Martin's and Fountain and Ariel and Old Hundred. How they would bring to mind the praying circles and communion days and the Christmas festivals and the church worship in which on earth we mingled! I have no idea that when we bid farewell to earth we are to bid farewell to all these grand old gospel hymns, which melted and raptured our souls for so many years.

Now, my friends, if sin is discord and righteousness is harmony, let us get out of the one and enter the other. After our dreadful Civil War was over and in the summer of 1869 a great National Peace Jubilee was held in Boston, and as an elder of this church had been honored by the selection of some of his music, to be rendered on that occasion, I accompanied him to the jubilee. Forty thousand people sat and stood in the great coliseum erected for that purpose. Thousands of wind and stringed instruments. Twelve thousand trained voices. The masterpieces of all ages rendered, hour after hour, and day after day—Handel's "Judas Maccabæus," Sphor's "Last Judgment," "Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Meyerbeer's "Coronation March," rolling on and up in surges that billowed against the heavens.

The mighty cadences within were accompanied on the outside by the ringing of the bells of the city, and cannon on the commons, discharged by electricity, in exact time with the music, thundering their awful bars of a harmony that astounded all nations. Sometimes I bowed my head and wept. At other times I stood up in the enchantment, and there were moments when the effect was so overpowering I felt I could not endure it.

When all the voices were in full chorus and all the batons in full wave and all the orchestra in full triumph, and a hundred anvils under mighty hammers were in full clang, and all the towers of the city rolling in their majestic sweetness, and the whole building quaked with the boom of thirty cannon, Parepa Rosa, with a voice that will never again be equalled on earth until the archangelic voice

proclaims that time shall be no longer, rose above all other sounds in her rendering of our national air, the "Star Spangled Banner." It was too much for a mortal and quite enough for an immortal to hear, and while some fainted, one womanly spirit, released under its power, sped away to be with God.

O Lord, our God, quickly usher in the whole world's peace jubilee, and all islands of the sea join the five continents, and all the voices and musical instruments of all nations combine, and all the organs that ever sounded requiem of sorrow sound only a grand march of joy, and all the bells that tolled for burial ring for resurrection, and all the cannon that ever hurled death across the nations sound to eternal victory, and over all the acclaim of earth and minstrelsy of heaven there will be heard one voice sweeter and mightier than any human or angelic voice, a voice once full of tears, but then full of triumph, the voice of Christ saying, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end the first and the last." Then, at the laying of the top-stone of the world's history, the same voices shall be heard as when at the laying of the world's corner-stone "the morning stars sang together."

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

ORATION AT THE UNVEILING OF THE BARTHOLDI STATUE

DELIVERED IN NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1886

We dedicate this statue to the friendship of nations and the peace of the world.

The spirit of liberty embraces all races in common brotherhood; it voices in all languages the same needs and aspirations. The full power of its expansive and progressive influence cannot be reached until wars cease, armies are disbanded, and international disputes are settled by lawful tribunals and the principles of justice. Then the people of every nation, secure from invasion and free from the burden and menace of great armaments, can calmly and dispassionately promote their own happiness and prosperity.

The marvelous development and progress of this republic is due to the fact that in rigidly adhering to the advice of Washington for absolute neutrality and non-interference in the politics and policies of other governments we have avoided the necessity of depleting our industries to feed our armies, of taxing and impoverishing our resources to carry on war, and of limiting our liberties to concentrate power in our government.

Our great civil strife, with all its expenditure of blood and treasure, was a terrible sacrifice for freedom. The results are so immeasurably great that by comparison the cost is insignificant. The development of liberty was impossible while she was shackled to the slave. The devine thought which entrusted to the conquered the full measure of home rule, and accorded to them an equal share of imperial power, was the inspiration of God. With sublime trust it left to liberty the elevation of the freedman to political rights and the conversion of the rebel to patriotic citizenship.

The rays from this torch illuminate a century of unbroken friendship between France and the United States. Peace and its opportunities for material progress and the expansion of popular liberties send from here a fruitful and noble lesson to all the world. It will teach the people of all countries that in curbing the ambitions and dynastic purposes of princes and privileged classes, and in cultivating the brotherhood of man, lies the true road to their

enfranchisement. The friendship of individuals, their unselfish devotion to each other, their willingness to die in each other's stead, are the most tender and touching of human records; they are the inspiration of youth and the solace of age; but nothing human is so beautiful and sublime as two great peoples of alien race and language transmitting down the ages a love begotten in gratitude, and strengthening as they increase in power and assimilate in their institutions and liberties.

The French alliance which enabled us to win our independence is the romance of history. It overcame improbabilities impossible in fiction, and its results surpass the dreams of imagination. The most despotic of kings, surrounded by the most exclusive of feudal aristocracies, sending fleets and armies officered by the scions of the proudest of nobilities to fight for subjects in revolt and the liberties of the common people, is a paradox beyond the power of mere human energy to have wrought or solved.

The march of this mediæval chivalry across our States—respecting persons and property as soldiers never had before; never taking an apple or touching a fence rail without permission and payment; treating the ragged Continentals as if they were knights in armor and of noble ancestry; captivating our grandmothers by their courtesy and our grandfathers by their courage—remains unequaled in the poetry of war.

It is the most magnificent tribute in history to the volcanic force of ideas and the dynamitic power of truth, though the crust of the globe imprison them. In the same ignorance and fearlessness with which a savage plays about a powder magazine with a torch, the Bourbon king and his court, buttressed by the consent of centuries and the unquestioned possession of every power of the State, sought relief from cloying pleasures, and vigor for enervated minds in permitting and encouraging the loftiest genius and the most impassioned eloquence of the time to discuss the rights and liberties of man. With the orator the themes were theories which fired only his imagination, and with a courtier they were pastimes or jests.

Neither speakers nor listeners saw any application of these ennobling sentiments to the common mass and groveling herd, whose industries they squandered in riot and debauch, and whose bodies they hurled against battlement and battery to gratify ambition or caprice. But these revelations illuminated many an ingenious soul among the young aristocracy, and with distorted rays penetrated the Cimmerian darkness which enveloped the people. They bore fruit in the heart and mind of one youth to whom America owes much and France everything—the Marquis de Lafayette.

As the centuries roll by, and in the fullness of time the rays of Liberty's torch are the beacon-lights of the world, the central

niches in the earth's Pantheon of Freedom will be filled by the figures of Washington and Lafayette. The story of this young French noble's life is the history of the time which made possible this statue, and his spirit is the very soul of this celebration.

He was the heir of one of the most ancient and noble families of France; he had inherited a fortune which made him one of the richest men in his country; and he had enlarged and strengthened his aristocratic position by marriage, at the early age of sixteen, with a daughter of the ducal house of Noailles. Before him were pleasure and promotion at court, and the most brilliant opportunities in the army, the state, and the diplomatic service.

He was a young officer of nineteen, stationed at Metz, when he met at the table of his commander, the Duke of Gloucester, the brother of George the Third. The Duke brought news of an insurrection which had broken out in the American colonies, and read, to the amazement of his hearers, the strange dogmas and fantastic theories which these "insurgents," as he called them, had put forth in what they styled their Declaration of Independence.

That document put in practice the theories which Jefferson had studied with the French philosophers. It fired at once the train which they had laid in the mind of this young nobleman of France. Henceforth his life was dedicated to "Liberty Enlightening the World." The American Commissioners at Paris tried to dissuade this volunteer by telling him that their credit was gone, that they could not furnish him transportation, and by handing him the dispatches announcing the reverses which had befallen Washington, the retreat of his disheartened and broken army across New Jersey, the almost hopeless condition of their cause. But he replied in these memorable words: "Thus far you have seen my zeal only; now it shall be something more. I will purchase and equip a vessel myself. It is while danger presses that I wish to join your fortunes."

The king prohibits his sailing; he eludes the guards sent for his arrest; his family interpose every obstacle; and only his heroic young wife shares his enthusiasm and seconds his resolution to give his life and fortune to liberty. When on the ocean, battling with the captain, who fears to take him to America, and pursued by British cruisers specially instructed for his capture, he writes to her this loving and pathetic letter:

> "I hope for my sake you will become a good American. This is a sentiment proper for virtuous hearts. Intimately allied to the happiness of the whole human family is that of America, destined to become the respectable and sure asylum of virtue, honesty, toleration, equality and of tranquil liberty."

Except the "Mayflower," no ship ever sailed across the ocean from the Old World to the New carrying passengers of such moment to the future of mankind.

It is idle now to speculate whether our fathers could have succeeded without the French alliance. The struggle would undoubtedly have been indefinitely prolonged and probably compromised. But the alliance assured our triumph, and Lafayette secured the alliance. The fabled argosies of ancient and the armadas and fleets of modern times were commonplace voyages compared with the mission enshrined in this inspired boy. He stood before the Continental Congress and said: "I wish to serve you as a volunteer and without pay," and at twenty took his place with Gates and Green and Lincoln as a major-general in the Continental army. As a member of Washington's military family, sharing with that incomparable man his board and bed and blanket, Lafayette won his first and greatest distinction in receiving from the American chief a friendship which was closer than that bestowed upon any other of his compatriots, and which ended only in death.

The great commander saw in the reckless daring with which he carried his wound to rally the flying troops at Brandywine, the steady nerve with which he held the column wavering under a faithless general at Monmouth, the wisdom and caution with which he maneuvered inferior forces in the face of the enemy, his willingness to share every privation of the ill-clad and starving soldiery, and to pledge his fortune and credit to relieve their privations, a commander upon whom he could rely, a patriot whom he could trust, a man whom he could love.

The surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga was the first decisive event of the war. It defeated the British plan to divide the country by a chain of forts up the Hudson and conquer it in detail; it inspired hope at home and confidence abroad; it seconded the passionate appeals of Lafayette and the marvelous diplomacy of Benjamin Franklin; it overcame the prudent counsels of Necker, warning the king against this experiment, and won the treaty of alliance between the old monarchy and the young republic.

Lafayette now saw that his mission was in France. He said, "I can help the cause more at home than here," and asked for leave of absence. Congress voted him a sword, and presented it with a resolution of gratitude, and he returned bearing this letter from that convention of patriots to his king:

> "We recommend this young nobleman to your Majesty's notice as one whom we know to be wise in council, gallant in the field, and patient under the hardships of war."

It was a certificate which Marlborough might have coveted and

Gustavus might have worn as the proudest of his decorations. But though king and court vied with each other in doing him honor; though he was welcomed as no Frenchman had ever been by triumphal processions in cities and fêtes in villages, by addresses and popular applause, he reckoned them of value only in the power they gave him to procure aid for Liberty's fight in America.

"France is now committed to war," he argued, "and her enemy's weak point for attack is in America. Send there your money and men." And he returned with the army of Rochambeau and the fleet of De Grasse.

"It is fortunate," said De Maurepas, the prime minister, "that Lafayette did not want to strip Versailles of its furniture for his dear Americans, for nobody could withstand his ardor."

None too soon did this assistance arrive, for Washington's letter to the American Commissioners in Paris passed it on the way, in which he made this urgent appeal:

> "If France delays a timely and powerful aid in the critical posture of our affairs, it will avail us nothing should she attempt it hereafter. We are at this hour suspended in the balance. In a word, we are at the end of our tether, and now or never deliverance must come."

General Washington saw in the allied forces now at his disposal that the triumph of independence was assured. The long dark night of doubt and despair was illuminated by the dawn of hope. The material was at hand to carry out the comprehensive plans so long matured, so long deferred, so patiently kept. The majestic dignity which had never bent to adversity, that lofty and awe-inspiring reserve which presented an impenetrable barrier to familiarity, either in council or at the festive board, so dissolved in the welcome of these decisive visitors that the delighted French and the astounded American soldiers saw Washington for the first and only time in his life express his happiness with all the joyous effervescence of hilarious youth.

The flower of the young aristocracy of France, in their brilliant uniforms, and the farmers and frontiersmen of America, in their faded continentals, bound by a common baptism of blood, became brothers in the knighthood of Liberty. With emulous eagerness to be first in at the death, while they shared the glory, they stormed the redoubts at Yorktown and compelled the surrender of Cornwallis and his army. While this practically ended the war, it strengthened the alliance and cemented the friendship between the two great peoples.

The mutual confidence and chivalric courtesy which characterized their relations has no like example in international comity. When

an officer from General Carleton, the British commander-in-chief, came to headquarters with an offer of peace and independence if the Americans would renounce the French alliance, Washington refused to receive him; Congress spurned Carleton's secretary bearing a like message; and the States, led by Maryland, denounced all who entertained propositions of peace which were not approved by France, as public enemies. And peace with independence meant prosperity and happiness to a people in the very depths of poverty and despair. France, on the other hand, though sorely pressed for money, said in the romantic spirit which permeated this wonderful union, "Of the twenty-seven millions of livres we have loaned you, we forgive you nine millions as a gift of friendship, and when with years there comes prosperity you can pay the balance without interest."

With the fall of Yorktown Lafayette felt that he could do more for peace and independence in the diplomacy of Europe than in the war in America. His arrival in France shook the Continent. Though one of the most practical and self-poised of men, his romantic career in the New World had captivated courts and peoples. In the formidable league which he had quickly formed with Spain and France, England saw humiliation and defeat, and made a treaty of peace by which she recognized the independence of the Republic of the United States.

In this treaty were laid the deep, broad, and indestructible foundations for the great statue we this day dedicate. It left to the American people the working out of a problem of self-government. Without king to rule, or class to follow, they were to try the experiment of building a nation upon the sovereignty of the individual and the equality of all men before the law. Their only guide, and trust and hope were God and Liberty. In the fraternal greetings of this hour sixty millions of witnesses bear testimony to their wisdom, and the foremost and freest government in the world is their monument.

The fight for liberty in America was won. Its future here was threatened with but one danger—the slavery of the negro. The soul of Lafayette, purified by battle and suffering, saw the inconsistency and the peril, and he returned to this country to plead with State legislatures and with Congress for the liberation of what he termed "my brethren, the blacks." But now the hundred years' war for liberty in France was to begin.

America was its inspiration, Lafayette its apostle, and the returning French army its emissaries. Beneath the trees by day, and in the halls at night, at Mount Vernon, Lafayette gathered from Washington the gospel of freedom. It was to sustain and guide him in after-years against the temptations of power and the despair of

the dungeon. He carried the lessons and the grand example through all the trials and tribulations of his desperate struggle and partial victory for the enfranchisement of his country. From the ship, on departing, he wrote to his great chief, whom he was never to see again, this touching good-by:

> "You are the most beloved of all the friends I ever had or shall have anywhere. I regret that I cannot have the inexpressible pleasure of embracing you in my own house and welcoming you in a family where your name is adored. Everything that admiration, respect, gratitude, friendship, and filial love can inspire is combined in my affectionate heart to devote me most tenderly to you. In your friendship I find a delight which no words can express."

His farewell to Congress was a trumpet-blast which resounded round a world then bound in the chains of despotism and caste. Every government on the Continent was an absolute monarchy, and no language can describe the poverty and wretchedness of the people. Taxes levied without law exhausted their property; they were arrested without warrant and rotted in the Bastile without trial; and they were shot at as game, and tortured without redress, at the caprice or pleasure of their feudal lords. Into court and camp this message came like the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. Hear his words:

> "May this immense temple of freedom ever stand a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, a sanctuary for the rights of mankind; and may these happy United States attain that complete splendor and prosperity which will illustrate the blessings of their government, and for ages to come rejoice the departed souls of its founders."

Well might Louis XVI, more far-sighted than his ministers, exclaim: "After fourteen hundred years of power the old monarchy is doomed."

While the principles of the American Revolution were fermenting in France, Lafayette, the hero and favorite of the hour, was an honored guest at royal tables and royal camps. The proud Spaniard and the Great Frederick of Germany alike welcomed him, and everywhere he announced his faith in government founded on the American idea.

The financial crisis in the affairs of King Louis on the one hand, and the rising tide of popular passion on the other, compelled the summons of the assembly of Notables at Versailles. All the great officers of state, the aristocracy, the titled clergy, the royal princes were there, but no representative of the people. Lafayette spoke

for them, and, fearless of the effect of the brother of the king to put him down, he demanded religious toleration, equal taxes, just and equal administration of the laws, and the reduction of royal expenditures to fixed and reasonable limits. This overturned the whole feudal fabric which had been in course of construction for a thousand years. To make effectual and permanent this tremendous stride toward the American experiment, he paralyzed the court and cabinet by the call for a National Assembly of the people.

Through that Assembly he carried a Declaration of Rights founded upon the natural liberties of man—a concession of popular privilege never before secured in the modern history of Europe; and, going as far as he believed the times would admit toward his idea of an American republic, he builded upon the ruins of absolutism a constitutional monarchy.

But French democracy had not been trained and educated in the schools of the Puritan or the Colonist. Ages of tyranny, of suppression, repression, and torture had developed the tiger and dwarfed the man. Democracy had not learned the first rudiments of liberty—self-restraint, and self-government. It beheaded king and queen, it drenched the land with the blood of the noblest and best; in its indiscriminate frenzy and madness it spared neither age nor sex, virtue or merit, and drove its benefactor, because he denounced its excesses and tried to stem them, into exile and the dungeon of Olmütz. Thus ended in the horrors of French revolution Lafayette's first fight for liberty at home.

After five years of untold sufferings, spurning release at the price of his allegiance to monarchy, holding with sublime faith, amid the most disheartening and discouraging surroundings, to the principles of freedom for all, he was released by the sword of Napoleon Bonaparte, to find that the untamed ferocity of the Revolution had been trained to the service of the most brilliant, captivating, and resistless of military despotisms by the mighty genius of the great Dictator. He alone was neither dazzled nor dismayed, and when he had rejected every offer of recognition and honor Napoleon said, "Lafayette alone in France holds fast to his original ideas of liberty. Though tranquil now, he will reappear if occasion offers."

Against the First Consulate of Bonaparte he voted, "No, unless with guarantees of freedom." When Europe lay helpless at the feet of the conqueror, and in the frenzy of military glory France neither saw nor felt the chains he was forging upon her, Lafayette from his retirement of Lagrange pleaded with the emperor for republican principles, holding up to him the retributions always meted out to tyrants, and the pure undying fame of the immortal few who patriotically decide when upon them alone rests the awful

verdict whether they shall be the enslavers or the saviors of their country.

The sun of Austerlitz set in blood at Waterloo; the swords of the allied kings placed the Bourbon once more on the throne of France. In the popular tempest of July the nation rose against the intolerable tyranny of the king, and, calling upon this unfaltering friend of liberty, said with one voice, "You alone can save France from despotism on the one hand, and the orgies of the Jacobin mob on the other; take absolute power; be marshal, general, dictator, if you will."

But in assuming command of the National Guard the old soldier and patriot answered, amid the hail of shot and shell, "Liberty shall triumph, or we all perish together."

He dethroned and drove out Charles X, and France, contented with any destiny he might accord to her, with unquestioning faith left her future in his hands. He knew that the French people were not yet ready to take and faithfully keep American liberty. He believed that in the school of constitutional government they would rapidly learn, and in the fulness of time adopt its principles; and he gave them a king who was the popular choice and surrounded him with the restraints of charter and an Assembly of the people. And now this friend of mankind, expressing with his last breath a fervent prayer that his beloved France might speedily enjoy the liberty and equality and the republican institutions of his adored America, entered peacefully into rest. United in a common sorrow and a common sentiment, the people of France and the people of the United States watered his grave with their tears and wafted his soul to God with their gratitude.

To-day, in the gift by the one, and the acceptance by the other, of this colossal statue, the people of the two countries celebrate their unity in republican institutions, in governments founded upon the American idea, and in their devotion to liberty. Together they rejoice that its spirit has penetrated all lands and is the hopeful future of all peoples. American liberty has been for a century a beacon-light for the nations. Under its teachings and by the force of its example the Italians have expelled their petty and arbitrary princelings and united under a parliamentary government; the gloomy despotism of Spain has been dispelled by the representatives of the people and a free press; the great German race have demonstrated their power for empire and their ability to govern themselves. The Austrian monarch, who, when a hundred years ago Washington pleaded with him across the seas for the release of Lafayette from the dungeon of Olmütz, replied that "he had not the power," because the safety of his throne and his pledges to his royal brethren of Europe compelled him to keep confined the one man who repre-

sented the enfranchisement of the people of every race and country, is to-day, in the person of his successor, rejoicing with his subjects in the limitations of a constitution which guarantees liberties, and a Congress which protects and enlarges them.

Magna Charta, won at Runnymede for Englishmen, and developing into the principles of the Declaration of Independence with their descendants, has returned to the mother country to bear fruit in an open Parliament, a free press, the loss of royal prerogative, and the passage of power from the classes to the masses.

The sentiment is sublime which moves the people of France and America, the blood of whose fathers, commingling upon the battle-fields of the Revolution, made possible this magnificent march of liberty and their own republics, to commemorate the results of the past and typify the hopes of the future in this noble work of art.

The descendants of Lafayette, Rochambeau, and De Grasse, who fought for us in our first struggle, and Laboulaye, Henri Martin, De Lesseps, and other grand and brilliant men, whose eloquent voices and powerful sympathies were with us in our last, conceived the idea, and it has received majestic form and expression through the genius of Bartholdi.

In all ages the achievements of man and his aspirations have been represented in symbols. Races have disappeared and no record remains of their rise or fall, but by their monuments we know their history. The huge monoliths of the Assyrians and the obelisks of the Egyptians tell their stories of forgotten civilizations, but the sole purpose of their erection was to glorify rulers and preserve the boasts of conquerors. They teach sad lessons of the vanity of ambition, the cruelty of arbitrary power, and the miseries of mankind.

The Olypian Jupiter enthroned in the Parthenon expressed in ivory and gold the awful majesty of the Greek idea of the King of the Gods; the bronze statue of Minerva on the Acropolis offered the protection of the patron Goddess of Athens to the mariners who steered their ships by her helmet and spear; and in the Colossus of Rhodes, famed as one of the wonders of the world, the Lord of the Sun welcomed the commerce of the East to the city of his worship. But they were all dwarfs in size and pigmies in spirit besides this mighty structure and its inspiring thought.

Higher than the monument in Trafalgar Square, which commemorates the victories of Nelson on the sea; higher than the Column Vendôme, which perpetuates the triumphs of Napoleon on the land; higher than the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, which exhibits the latest and grandest results of science, invention, and industrial progress, this Statue of Liberty rises toward the heavens to illustrate an idea which nerved the Three Hundred at Thermopylæ and

armed the Ten Thousand at Marathon; which drove Tarquin from Rome and aimed the arrow of Tell; which charged with Cromwell and his Ironsides and accompanied Sidney to the block; which fired the farmer's gun at Lexington and razed the Bastile in Paris; which inspired the charter in the cabin of the "Mayflower" and the Declaration of Independence from the Continental Congress.

It means that with the abolition of privileges to the few, and the enfranchisement of the individual; the equality of all men before the law, and universal suffrage; the ballot secure from fraud, and the voter from intimidation; the press free, and education furnished by the State for all; liberty of worship, and free speech; the right to rise, and equal opportunity for honor and fortune,—the problems of labor and capital, of social regeneration and moral growth, of property and poverty, will work themselves out under the benign infinances of enlightened law-making and law-abiding liberty, without the aid of kings and armies or of anarchists and bombs.

Through the Obelisk, so strangely recalling to us of yesterday the past of twenty centuries, a forgotten monarch says: "I am the great King, the Conqueror, the Chastiser of Nations," and except as a monument of antiquity it conveys no meaning and touches no chord of human sympathy. But for unnumbered centuries to come, as Liberty levels up the people to higher standards and a broader life, this statue will grow in the admiration and affections of mankind. When Franklin drew the lightning from the clouds he little dreamed that in the evolution of science his discovery would illuminate the torch of Liberty for France and America.

The rays from this beacon, lighting this gateway to the continent, will welcome the poor and persecuted with the hope and promise of homes and citizenship. It will teach them that there is room and brotherhood for all who will support our institutions and aid in our development; but that those who come to disturb our peace and dethrone our laws are aliens and enemies forever.

I devoutly believe that from the Unseen and the Unknown two great souls have come to participate in this celebration. The faith in which they died fulfilled, the cause for which they battled triumphant, the people they loved in the full enjoyment of the rights for which they labored and fought and suffered, the spirit voices of Washington and Lafayette join in the glad acclaim of France and the United States to Liberty Enlightening the World.

SPEECH AT THE DINNER TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF GENERAL GRANT

DELIVERED AT DELMONICO'S, APRIL 27, 1888

I DO not propose, as has been announced, to deliver a formal oration upon General Grant, but, as one of the many gentlemen who are to speak here to-night, to express the judgment of a busy man of affairs upon his character and career. We are not yet far enough from this striking personality to read accurately the verdict of posterity, and we are so near that we still feel the force of the mighty passions in the midst of which he moved and lived.

The hundred years of our national existence are crowded with an unusual number of men eminent in arms and in statesmanship; but of all the illustrious list one only has his birthday a legal holiday—George Washington.

Of the heroes and patriots who filled the niches in our temple of fame for the first century, the birthdays of only two of them are of such significance that they receive wide celebrations—Lincoln and Grant.

When the historian of the future calmly and impartially writes the story of this momentous period, these two names will be inseparably linked together. The President supplemented the General, and the General the President, and without them the great battle of human rights and American unity might have been lost.

Reticent as to his plans, secretive as to his movements, repelling inquiry, and disdaining criticism, General Grant invited the deepest hostility from the country at large. Three years of war, which had carried grief to every household, and in which the failures had been greater than the successes, had made the people dispirited, impatient, and irritable. The conditions were such that the demand for the removal of Grant many times would have been irresistible, and the call for recruits to fill his depleted ranks unanswered, except for the peculiar hold the President had upon the country.

Lincoln was not an accidental or experimental President. As a member of Congress he became familiar with the details of government, and in the debate with Douglas had demonstrated a familiarity with the questions before the people, and a genius for their solution, unequaled among his contemporaries.

No one of the statesmen of the time who might possibly have been President could have held the country up to the high-water mark of the continuous struggle of hope against defeat, of fighting not only against a solid enemy, but an almost equal division in his own camps. His humble origin, his homely ways, his quaint humor, his constant touch and sympathy with the people, inspired the con-

fidence which enabled him to command and wield all the forces of the Republic. He alone could stand between the demand for Grant's removal, the criticism upon his plans, the fierce outcries against his losses, and satisfy the country of the infallibility of his own trust in the ultimate success of the command.

On the other hand, the aspiration of Lincoln for the defeat of the rebellion and the reunion of the States could not have been realized except for Grant. Until he appeared upon the scene the war had been a bloody and magnificent failure. The cumulative and concentrated passions of the Confederacy had fused the whole people into an army of aggression and defense. The North, without passion or vindictiveness, fought with gloved hands, at the expense of thousands of lives and fatal blows to prestige and credit. The lesson was learned that a good brigadier, an able general of division, a successful corps commander, might be paralyzed under the burden of supreme responsibility. Victories were fruitless, defeats disastrous, delays demoralizing, until the spirit of war entered the camp in the person of Ulysses S. Grant. Without sentiment or passion, he believed that every reverse could be retrieved and victory should be followed with the annihilation of the enemy's forces. "My terms are unconditional surrender; I move immediately upon your works," was the legend of Donelson which proclaimed the new method of warfare. He hurled his legions against the ramparts of Vicksburg, sacrificing thousands of lives which might have been saved by delay, but saved the loss of tens of thousands by malarial fever and camp diseases, and possibly at the expense of defeat. He believed that the river of blood shed to-day, and followed by immediate results, was infinitely more merciful to friend and foe than the slower disasters of war which make the hecatombs of the dead.

From the surrender of Vicksburg rose the sun of national unity to ascend to the zenith at Appomattox, and never to set. Where all others had failed in the capture of Richmond, he succeeded by processes which aroused the protest and horror of the country and the criticism of posterity—but it triumphed. For thirty nights in succession he gave to the battle-torn and decimated army the famous order, "By the left flank, forward:" and for thirty days hurled them upon the ever-succeeeding breastworks and ramparts of the enemy. But it was the same inexorable and indomitable idea that, with practically inexhaustible resources behind him, the rebellion could be hammered to death.

As Grant fought without vindictiveness or feeling of revenge, in the supreme moment of victory the soldier disappeared and the patriot and statesman took his place. He knew that the exultation of the hour would turn to ashes in the future unless the surrendered rebel soldier became a loyal citizen. He knew that the Republic

could not hold vassal provinces by the power of the bayonet and live. He returned arms, gave food, transportation, horses, stock, and said, "Cultivate your farms and patriotism." And they did. Whatever others may have done, the Confederate soldier has never violated the letter or the spirit of that parole.

All other conquerers have felt that the triumphal entry into the enemy's capital should be the crowning event of the war. The Army of the Potomac had been seeking to capture Richmond for four years, and when the hour arrived for the victorious procession Grant halted it, that no memory of humiliation should stand in the way of the rebel capital becoming once more the capital of a loyal State.

The curse of power is flattery; the almost inevitable concomitant of greatness, jealousy; and yet no man ever lived who so rejoiced in the triumph of others as General Grant.

This imperturbable man hailed the victories of his generals with wild delight. Sheridan, riding down the Valley, reversing the tide of battle, falling with resistless blows upon the enemy until they surrendered, drew from his admiring commander the exulting remark to the country: "Behold one of the greatest generals of this or any other age." His companion and steadfast friend through all his campaigns, the only man who rivaled him in genius and the affections of his countrymen, the most accomplished soldier and superb tactician, who broke the source of supply and struck the deadliest blow in the march from Atlanta to the sea, received at every step of his career the most generous recognition of his services and abilities. He knew and was glad that the march of Xenophon and the Ten Thousand Greeks, which had been the inspiration of armies for over two thousand years, would be replaced, for the next two thousand, by the resistless tramp of Sherman and his army.

Grant was always famous among his soldiers for the rare quality of courage in the presence of danger. But the country is indebted to him for a higher faculty, which met and averted a peril of the gravest character.

One of the most extraordinary and singular men who ever filled a great place was Andrew Johnson. He was a human paradox of conflicting qualities, great and small, generous and mean, bigoted and broad, patriotic and partisan. He loved his country with a passionate devotion, but would have destroyed it to rebuild it upon his own model. Born a "poor white," hating with the intensity of wounded pride the better and dominant class, in a delirium of revenge and vindictiveness he shouted, "Treason is odious and must be punished," and by drumhead court-martial or summary process at law would have executed every one of the Confederate generals and left behind a vendetta to disturb the peace of uncounted generations.

Between their execution and this madman appears the calm and conquering force of General Grant, with the declaration: "My parole is the honor of the nation." When, swinging to the other extreme, and in the exercise of doubtful power, the President would have reversed the results of the war by reorganizing a goverment upon the lines which he thought best, he was again met by this same determined purpose, exclaiming: "My bayonets will again be the salvation of the nation."

General Grant will live in history as the greatest soldier of his time, but it will never be claimed for him that he was the best of Presidents. No man, however remarkable his endowments, could fill that position with supreme ability unless trained and educated for the task. He said to a well-known publicist in the last days of his second term: "You have criticized severely my administration in your newspaper; in some cases you were right, in others wrong. I ask this of you, in fairness and justice, that in summing up the results of my presidency you will only say that General Grant, having had no preparation for civil office, performed its duties conscientiously and according to the best of his ability."

The times of Reconstruction presented problems which required the highest qualities of statesmanship and business. In the unfamiliarity with the business of a great commercial nation General Grant did not, however, differ much from most of the men who have been successful or defeated candidates for the presidency of the United States. It is a notable fact that though we are the only purely industrial nation in the world, we have never selected our rulers from among the great business men of the country. And the conditions and prejudices of success present insuperable obstacles to such a choice.

Yet Grant's administration will live in history for two acts of supreme importance. When the delirium of fiat money would have involved the nation in bankruptcy, his great name and fame alone served to win the victory for honest money and to save the credit and prosperity of the Repblic. He, the first soldier of his time, gave the seal of his great authority to the settlement of international disputes by arbitration.

The quality of his greatness was never so conspicuous as in the election of General Garfield. He carried with him around the world the power and majesty of the American nation—he had been the companion of kings and counsellor of cabinets. His triumphal march had belted the globe, and through the Golden Gate of the Pacific he entered once more his own land, expecting to receive the nomination of his party for a third term for the presidency. In the disappointment of defeat and the passions it involved, the election of the nominee of that Convention depended entirely upon

him. Had he remained in his tent, Garfield would never have been President of the United States; but, gathering all the chieftains, and commanding them, when they would sulk or retire, to accompany him to the front, his appearance in the canvass won the victory.

He was at West Point only to be a poor scholar and to graduate with little promise and less expectancy from his instructors. In the barter and trade of his Western home he was invariably cheated. As a subaltern officer in the Mexican War, which he detested, he simply did his duty and made no impress upon his companions or superiors. As a wood-seller he was beaten by all the wood-choppers of Missouri. As a merchant he could not compete with his rivals. As a clerk he was a listless dreamer, and yet the moment supreme command devolved upon him the dross disappeared, dullness and indifference gave way to a clarified intellect which grasped the situation with the power of inspiration. The larger the field, the greater the peril, the more mighty the results dependent upon the issue, the more superbly he rose to all the requirements of the emergency. From serene heights unclouded by passion, jealousy, or fear, he surveyed the whole boundless field of operations, and with unerring skill forced each part to work in harmony with the general plan. The only commander who never lost a battle, his victories were not luck, but came from genius and pluck.

Cæsar surpassed him because he was both a great soldier and a great statesman; but he was immeasurably inferior to Grant because his ambition was superior to his patriotism. Frederick the Great and Napoleon I revelled in war for its triumphs and its glory, but General Grant, reviewing that most superb of armies beside the Emperor and Von Moltke and Bismarck, electrified the military nations of Europe by proclaiming his utter detestation of war. The motto which appeared in the sky at the consummation of his victories, and was as distinct as the Cross of Constantine, was, "Let us have peace." Under its inspiration he returned to Lee his sword. He stood between the Confederate leaders and the passions of the hour, and with his last breath repeated it as a solemn injunction and legacy to his countrymen. As his spirit hovers over us tonight let the sentiment be the active principle of our faith. He meant that political divisions of our country, inevitable and necessary for its freedom and prosperity, should not be upon sectional lines. A Solid North has been broken. The Solid South must disappear. On these broad lines, supplemented from time to time with the immediate questions of the hour, partisanship is always within patriotic limits, and the successful party is the best judgment of the people.

We leave this hall to carry into the Presidential canvass our best efforts for the success of the principles in which we severally believe, the parties which we severally love, and the candidates we honor; but let us labor to bring about such conditions all over this country that we may fight our political battles under the common banner of patriotism and peace.

COLONEL R. G. INGERSOLL

BLAIN, THE PLUMED KNIGHT

NOMINATING SPEECH IN THE REPUPLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI, JUNE 15, 1876

Massachusetts may be satisfied with the loyalty of Benjamin H. Bristow; so am I; but if any man nominated by this convention cannot carry the State of Massachusetts I am not satisfied with the loyalty of that State. If the nominee of this convention cannot carry the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts by seventy-five thousand majority, I would advise them to sell out Faneuil Hall as a Democratic headquarters. I would advise them to take from Bunker Hill that old monument of glory.

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intellect, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinion. They demand a statesman. They demand a reformer after, as well as before, the election. They demand a politician in the highest and broadest and best sense of that word. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs—with the wants of the people—with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demands of the future.

They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relations of this government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties, and prerogatives of each and every department of this government.

They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United States—one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people. One who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world cannot redeem a single dollar. One who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, but by labor. One who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money and the honor to pay it over just as fast as they make it.

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together. When they come they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindle

and the turning wheel; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the flaming forges; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire by the hands of the countless sons of toil.

This money has got to be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political meeting.

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this government should protect every citizen at home and abroad; who knows that any government that will defend its defenders and will not protect its protectors is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidate shall have a certificate of moral character signed by a Confederate Congress. The man who has in full-heaped and rounded measure all of these splendid qualifications is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party—James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned with the vast and marvelous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of her past—prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience, and brains beneath the flag. That man is James G. Blaine.

For the Republican host led by that intrepid man there can be no such thing as defeat.

This is a grand year: a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution; filled with proud and tender memories of the sacred past; filled with the legends of liberty; a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountain of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field; a year in which we call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander —a man that has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of Rebellion—a man who, like an intellectual athlete, stood in the arena of debate, challenged all comers, and who, up to the present moment, is a total stranger to defeat.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lances full and fair against the brazen foreheads of every defamer of his country and maligner of its honor.

For the Republican party to desert a gallant man now is worse than if an army should desert their general upon the field of battle.

James G. Blaine is now, and has been for years, the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republic. I call it sacred because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming, and remaining, free.

Gentlemen of the Convention, in the name of the great Republic, the only republic that ever existed upon this earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers who died upon the field of battle; and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so eloquently remembers, Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders, James G. Blaine.

ORATION AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF EBON C. INGERSOLL, IN WASHINGTON, JUNE 3, 1879

My friends,—I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but, being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For, whether in mid-sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms; with loyal heart and with purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshiper of liberty a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "For justice

all place a temple, and all seasons, a summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath: "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

And now to you who have been chosen, from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no greater, stronger, manlier man.

ORATION ON HUMBOLDT

DELIVERED AT HOUSE'S HALL, PEORIA, ILL., AT THE UNVEILING OF A STATUE OF HUMBOLDT, SEPTEMBER 14, 1869

GREAT men seem to be a part of the infinite—brothers of the mountains, and the seas.

Humboldt was one of these. He was one of those serene men, in some respects like our own Franklin, whose names have all the luster of a star. He was one of the few, great enough to rise above the superstition and prejudice of his time, and to know that experience, observation, and reason are the only basis of knowledge.

He became one of the greatest of men in spite of having been born rich and noble—in spite of position. I say in spite of these things, because wealth and position are generally the enemies of genius, and the destroyers of talent.

It is often said of this or that man, that he is a self-made man—that he was born of the poorest and humblest parents, and that with every obstacle to overcome he became great. This is a mistake. Poverty is generally an advantage. Most of the intellectual giants of the world have been nursed at the sad and loving breast of poverty. Most of those who have climbed highest on the shining ladder of fame commenced at the lowest round. They were reared in the straw thatched cottages of Europe; in the log-houses of America; in the factories of the great cities; in the midst of toil; in the smoke,

and din of labor, and on the verge of want. They were rocked by the feet of mothers, whose hands, at the same time, were busy with the needle or the wheel.

It is hard for the rich to resist the thousand allurements of pleasure, and so I say, that Humboldt, in spite of having been born to wealth and high social position, became truly and grandly great.

In the antiquated and romantic castle of Tegel, by the side of the pine forest, on the shore of the charming lake, near the beautiful city of Berlin, the great Humboldt, one hundred years ago to-day, was born, and there he was educated after the method suggested by Rousseau,—Campe the philologist and critic, and the intellectual Kanth being his tutors. There he received the impressions that determined his career; there the great idea that the universe is governed by law, took possession of his mind, and there he dedicated his life to the demonstration of this sublime truth.

He came to the conclusion that the source of man's unhappiness is his ignorance of nature.

After having received the most thorough education at that time possible, and having determined to what end he would devote the labors of his life, he turned his attention to the sciences of geology, mining, mineralogy, botany, the distribution of plants, the distribution of animals, and the effect of climate upon man. All grand physical phenomena were investigated and explained. From his youth he had felt a great desire for travel. He felt as he says, a violent passion for the sea, and longed to look upon nature in her wildest and most rugged forms. He longed to give a physical description of the universe; a grand picture of nature; to account for all phenomena; to discover the laws governing the world; to do away with that splendid delusion called special providence, and to establish the fact, that the universe is governed by law.

To establish this truth was, and is, of infinite importance to mankind. That fact is the death-knell of superstition; it gives liberty to every soul, annihilates fear, and ushers in the Age of Reason.

The object of this illustrious man was to comprehend the phenomena of physical objects in their general connection, and to represent nature as one great whole, moved and animated by internal forces.

For this purpose he turned his attention to descriptive botany, traversing distant lands and mountain ranges to ascertain with certainty the geographical distribution of plants. He investigated the laws regulating the differences of temperature and climate, and the changes of the atmosphere. He studied the formation of the earth's crust, explored the deepest mines, ascended the highest mountains, and wandered through the craters of extinct volcanoes.

He became thoroughly acquainted with chemistry, with astronomy, with terrestrial magnetism; and as the investigation of one

subject leads to all others, for the reason that there is a mutual dependence and a necessary connection between all facts, so Humboldt became acquainted with all the known sciences.

His fame does not depend so much upon his discoveries (although he discovered enough to make hundreds of reputations) as upon his vast and splendid generalizations.

He was to science what Shakespeare was to the drama.

He found, so to speak, the world full of unconnected facts—all portions of a vast system—parts of a great machine; he discovered the connection that each bears to all; put them together, and demonstrated beyond all contradiction that the universe is governed by law.

He knew that to discover the connection of phenomena is the primary aim of all natural investigation. He was infinitely practical.

Origin and destiny were questions with which he had nothing to do.

His surroundings made him what he was.

In accordance with a law not fully comprehended, he was a production of his time.

Great men do not live alone; they are surrounded by the great; they are the instruments used to accomplish the tendencies of their generation; they fulfill the prophecies of their age.

Nearly all of the scientific men of the eighteenth century had the same idea entertained by Humboldt, but most of them in a dim and confused way. There was, however, a general belief among the intelligent that the world is governed by law, and that there really exists a connection between all facts or that all facts are simply the different aspects of a general fact, and that the task of science was to discover this connection; to comprehend this general fact, or to announce the laws of things.

Germany was full of thought, and her universities swarmed with philosophers and grand thinkers in every department of knowledge.

Humboldt was the friend and companion of the greatest poets, historians, philologists, artists, statesmen, critics, and logicians of his time.

He was the companion of Schiller, who believed that man would be regenerated through the influence of the beautiful; of Goethe, the grand patriarch of German literature; of Weiland, who has been called the Voltaire of Germany; or Herder who wrote the outlines of a philosophical history of man; of Kotzebue who lived in the world of romance; of Schleiermacher, the pantheist; of Schlegel who gave to his countrymen the enchanted realm of Shakespeare; of the sublime Kant, author of the first work published in Germany on Pure Reason; of Fitche, the infinite Idealist; of Schopenhauer, the European Buddhist who followed the great Guatama to the pain-

less and dreamless Nirwana, and of hundreds of others, whose names are familiar to, and honored by, the scientific world.

The German mind had been grandly roused from the long lethargy of the dark ages of ignorance, fear, and faith. Guided by the holy light of reason, every department of knowledge was investigated, enriched and illustrated.

Humboldt breathed the atmosphere of investigation; old ideas were abandoned; old creeds, hallowed by centuries, were thrown aside; thought became courageous; the athlete reason challenged to mortal combat the monsters of superstition.

No wonder that under these influences Humboldt formed the great purpose of presenting to the world a picture of nature, in order that men might for the first time, behold the face of their Mother.

Europe becoming too small for his genius, he visited the tropics of the new world, where in the most circumscribed limits he could find the greatest number of plants, of animals, and the greatest diversity of climate, that he might ascertain the laws governing the production, and distribution of plants, animals and men, and the effects of climate upon them all. He sailed along the gigantic Amazon—the mysterious Orinoco—traversed the Pampas—climbed the Andes until he stood upon the crags of Chimborazo, more than 18,000 feet above the level of the sea, and climbed on until blood flowed from his eyes and lips. For nearly five years he pursued his investigations in the new world, accompanied by the intrepid Bonpland. Nothing escaped his attention. He was the best intellectual organ of these new revelations of science. He was calm, reflective and eloquent; filled with a sense of the beautiful and the love of truth. His collections were immense, and valuable, beyond calculation, to every science. He endured innumerable hardships, braved countless dangers in unknown and savage lands, and exhausted his fortune for the advancement of true learning.

Upon his return to Europe he was hailed as the second Columbus; as the scientific discoverer of America; as the revealer of a new world; as the great demonstrator of the sublime truth, that the universe is governed by law.

I have seen a picture of the old man, sitting upon a mountain side—above him the eternal snow—below the smiling valley of the tropics, filled with the vine and palm; his chin upon his breast, his eyes deep, thoughtful and calm; his forehead majestic—grander than the mountain upon which he sat—crowned with the snow of his whitened hair, he looked the intellectual autocrat of a world.

Not satisfied with his discoveries in America, he crossed the steppes of Asia, the wastes of Siberia, the great Ural range adding to the knowledge of mankind at every step. His energy acknowledged

no obstacle, his life knew no leisure; every day was filled with labor and with thought.

He was one of the apostles of science, and he served his divine master with a self-sacrificing zeal that knew no abatement; with an ardor that constantly increased, and with a devotion unwavering and constant as the polar star.

In order that the people at large might have the benefit of his numerous discoveries, and his vast knowledge, he delivered at Berlin a course of lectures, consisting of sixty-one free addresses, upon the following subjects:

Five, upon the nature and limits of physical geography.

Three, were devoted to a history of science.

Two, to inducements to a study of natural science.

Sixteen, on the heavens.

Five, on the form, density, latent heat, and magnetic power of the earth, and to the polar light.

Four, were on the nature of the crust of the earth, on hot springs, earthquakes and volcanoes.

Two, on mountains and the type of their formation.

Two, on the form of the earth's surface, on the connection of continents, and the elevation of soil over ravines.

Three, on the sea as a globular fluid surrounding the earth.

Ten, on the atmosphere as an elastic fluid surrounding the earth, and on the distribution of heat.

One, on the geographic distribution of organized matter in general.

Three, on the geography of plants.

Three, on the geography of animals, and

Two, on the races of men.

These lectures are what is known as the Cosmos, and present a scientific picture of the world—of infinite diversity in unity—of ceaseless motion in the eternal repose of law.

These lectures contain the result of his investigation, observation, and experience; they furnish the connection between phenomena; they disclose some of the changes through which the earth has passed in the countless ages; the history of vegetation, animals and men, the effects of climate upon individuals and nations, the relation which we sustain to other worlds, and demonstrate that all phenomena, whether insignificant or grand, exist in accordance with inexorable law.

There is one truth, however, that we should never forget; superstition has always been the relentless enemy of science.

Faith has been a hater of demonstration.

Hypocrisy has always been sincere only in its dread of truth.

Since the murder of Hypatia in the fifth century, when the polished blade of Greek philosophy was broken by the clug of ignorant Ca-

tholicism, until to-day, superstition has detested every effort of reason.

It is almost impossible to conceive of the completeness of the victory that the church achieved over philosophy. For ages science was utterly ignored; thought was a poor slave; an ignorant priest was master of the world. Faith put out the eyes of the soul. The reason was a trembling coward; the imagination was set on fire of hell; every human feeling was sought to be suppressed; love was considered infinitely sinful; pleasure was the road to eternal fire, and God was supposed to be happy, only when his children were miserable. The world was governed by an Almighty's whim; prayers could change the order of things; halt the grand procession of nature; could produce rain, avert pestilence, famine and death in all its forms. There was no idea of the certain; all depended upon divine pleasure—or displeasure rather; heaven was full of inconsistent malevolence, and earth of ignorance. Everything was done to appease the divine wrath; every public calamity was caused by the sins of the people; by a failure to pay tithes, or for having even in secret, felt a disrespect for a priest. To the poor multitude, the earth was a kind of enchanted forest, full of demons ready to devour, and theological serpents lurking with infinite power to fascinate and torture the unhappy and impotent soul. Life to them was a dim and mysterious labyrinth, in which they wandered weary, and lost, guided by priests as bewildered as themselves, without knowing that at every step the Ariadne of reason, offered them the long lost clue.

The very heavens were full of death; the lightning was regarded as the glittering vengeance of God, and the earth was thick with snares for the unwary feet of man. The soul was crowded with the wild beasts of desire; the heart was totally corrupt, and prompted only to crime; even seeming virtues were regarded as deadly sins in disguise; there was a continual warfare being waged between the Deity and the Devil, for the possession of every soul; the latter generally being considered victorious. The earthquake, the tornado, the volcano, were all evidences of the displeasure of heaven, and the sinfulness of man. The blight that withered the frost that blackened, the insects that devoured were the messengers of the Creator.

The world was governed by fear.

Against all the evils of nature, there was known only the defense of prayer, of fasting, and devotion. Man in his helplessness endeavored to soften the heart of God. The faces of the multitude were blanched with fear, and wet with tears; they were the prey of hypocrites, kings and priests.

My heart bleeds when I contemplate the sufferings endured by the millions now dead; of those who lived when the world appeared

to be insane; when the heavens were filled with an infinite Horror who snatched babes with dimpled hands and rosk cheeks from the white breatsts of mothers, and dashed them into an abyss of eternal flames.

Slowly, beautifully, like the coming of the dawn, came the grand truth, that the universe is governed by law; that disease fastens itself upon the good and upon the bad; that the tornado can not be stopped by counting beads; that the rushing lava pauses not for bended knees; the lightning for clasped and uplifted hands, nor the cruel waves of the sea for prayer; that paying tithes causes, rather than prevents famine; that pleasure is not sin; that happiness is the only good; that demons exist only in the imagination; that faith is a lullaby sung to put the soul to sleep; that devotion is a bribe that fear offers to power; that offering rewards in another world for obedience in this, is simply buying a soul on credit, that knowledge consists in ascertaining the laws of nature, and that wisdom is the science of happiness. Slowly, grandly, beautifully, these truths are dawning upon mankind.

From Copernicus we learned that this earth is only a grain of sand on the infinite shore of the universe; that everywhere we are surrounded by shining worlds vastly greater than our own, all moving and existing in accordance with law. True, the earth began to grow small, but man began to grow great.

The moment the fact was established that other worlds are governed by law, it was only natural to conclude that our little world was also under its dominion. The old theological method of account for physical phenomena by the pleasure and displeasure of the Deity was, by the intellectual, abandoned. They found that disease, death, life, thought, heat, cold, the seasons, the winds, the dreams of man, the instinct of animals, in short, that all physical and mental phenomena were governed by law, absolute, eternal and inexorable.

Only a few years ago this earth was considered the real center of the universe; all the stars were supposed to revolve around this insignificant atom. The German mind, more than any other, has done away with this piece of egotism. Purbach and Mullerus, in the fifteenth century, contributed most to the advancement of astronomy in their day. To the latter the world is indebted for the introduction of decimal fractions, which completed our arithmetical notation, and formed the second of the three steps by which, in modern times, the science of numbers has been so greatly improved; and yet, both of these men believed in the most childish absurdities, at least in enough of them, to die without their orthodoxy having ever been suspected.

Next came the great Copernicus, and he stands at the head of the heroic thinkers of his time, who had the courage and the mental

strength to break the chains of prejudice, custom, and authority, and to establish truth on the basis of experience, observation, and reason. He removed the earth, so to speak, from the center of the universe, and ascribed to it a two-fold motion, and demonstrated the true position which it occupies in the solar system.

At his bidding the earth began to revolve. At the command of his genius it commenced its grand flight, mid the eternal constellations round the sun.

For fifty years his discoveries were disregarded. All at once, by the exertion of Galileo, they were kindled into so grand a conflagration as to consume the philosophy of Aristotle, to alarm the hierarchy of Rome, and to threaten the existence of every opinion not founded upon experience, observation and reason.

The earth was no longer considered a universe, governed by the caprices of some revengeful Deity, who had made the stars out of what he had left after completing the world, and had stuck them in the sky simply to adorn the night.

I have said this much concerning astronomy because it was the first splendid step forward! The first sublime blow that shattered the lance and shivered the shield of superstition; the first real help that man received from heaven; because it was the first great lever placed beneath the altar of a false religion; the first revelation of the infinite to man; the first authoritative declaration, that the universe is governed by law; the first science that gave the lie direct to the cosmogony of barbarism, because it is the sublimest victory that the reason has achieved.

In speaking of astronomy, I have confined myself to the discoveries made since the revival of learning. Long ago, on the banks of the Ganges, ages before Copernicus lived, Aryabhatta taught that the earth is a sphere, and revolves on its own axis. This, however, does not detract from the glory of the great German. The discovery of the Hindu had been lost in the midnight of Europe—in the age of faith, and Copernicus was as much a discoverer as though Aryabhatta had never lived.

In this short address there is no time to speak of other sciences; and to point out the particular evidence furnished by each, to establish the dominion of law, nor to more than mention the name of Descartes, the first who undertook to give an explanation of the celestial motions, or who fromed the vast and philosophic conception of reducing all the phenomena of the universe to the same law; of Montaigne, one of the heroes of common sense; of Galvani, whose experiments gave the telegraph to the world; of Voltaire, who contributed more than any other of the sons of men to the destruction of religious intolerance; of Augustus Comte, whose genius erected to itself a monument that still touches the stars; of Guttenberg,

Watt, Stephenson, Arkwright, all soldiers of science, in the grand army of the dead kings.

The glory of science is, that it is freeing the soul—breaking the mental manacles—getting the brain out of bondage—giving courage to thought—filling the world with mercy, justice and joy.

Science found agriculture plowing with a stick—reaping with a sickle—commerce at the mercy of the treacherous waves and the inconstant winds—a world without books—without schools—man denying the authority of reason—employing his ingenuity in the manufacture of instruments of torture, in building inquisitions and cathedrals. It found the land filled with monks—persecuting Protestants, and the burners of men. It found a world full of fear; ignorance, upon its knees; credulity, the greatest virtue; women treated like beasts of burden; cruelty the only means of reformation. It found the world at the mercy of disease and famine; men trying to read their fates in the stars, and to tell their fortunes by signs and wonders; generals, thinking to conquer their enemies by making the sign of the cross, or by telling a rosary. It found all history full of petty and ridiculous falsehood, and the Almighty was supposed to spend most of his time, turning sticks into snakes, drowning boys for swimming on Sunday, and killing little children for the purpose of converting their parents. It found the earth filled with slaves and tyrants, the people in all countries downtrodden, half naked, half starved, without hope, and without reason in the world.

Such was the condition of man when the morning of science dawned upon his brain, and before he had heard the sublime declaration that the universe is governed by law.

For the change that has taken place we are indebted solely to science; the only lever capable of raising mankind. Abject faith is barbarism; reason is civilization. To obey is slavish; to act from a sense of obligation perceived by the reason is noble. Ignorance worships mystery; reason explains it; the one grovels, the other soars.

No wonder that fable is the enemy of knowledge. A man with a false diamond shuns the society of lapidaries, and it is upon this principle that superstition abhors science.

We are not honoring some butcher called a soldier—some wily politician called a statesman—some robber called a king, nor some malicious metaphysician called a saint. We are honoring the grand Humboldt, whose victories were all achieved in the arena of thought; who destroyed prejudice, ignorance and error—not men; who shed light—not blood, and who contributed to the knowledge, the wealth, and the happiness of mankind.

His life was pure, his aims lofty, his learning varied and profound, and his achievements vast.

We honor him because he has ennobled our race, because he has contributed as much as any man living or dead to the real prosperity of the world. We honor him because he honored us—because he labored for others—because he was the most learned man of the most learned nation—because he left a legacy of glory to every human being. For these reasons he is honored throughout the world. Millions are doing homage to his genius at this moment, and millions are pronouncing his name with reverence and recounting what he accomplished.

We associate the name of Humboldt with oceans, continents, mountains, and volcanoes—with the great palms—the wide deserts—the snow-lipped craters of the Andes—with primeval forests, and European capitals—with wildernesses and universities—with savages and savans—with the lonely rivers of unpeopled wastes—with cliffs and crags, and peaks, and pampas, and steppes—with the progress of the world—with every science known to man, and with every star glittering in the immensity of space.

Humboldt adopted none of the soul shrinking creeds of his day; wasted none of his time in the stupidities, inanities and contradictions of theological metaphysics; he did not endeavor to harmonize the astronomy and geology of a barbarous people with the science of the nineteenth century. Never, for one moment, did he abandon the sublime standard of truth; he investigated, he studied, he thought, he separated the gold from the dross in the crucible of his grand brain. He was never found on his knees before the altar of superstition. He stood erect by the grand tranquil column of Reason. He was an admirer, a lover, an adorer of Nature, and at the age of ninety, bowed by the weight of nearly a century, covered with the insignia of honor, loved by a nation, respected by a world, with kings for his servants, he laid his weary head upon her bosom—upon the bosom of the universal Mother—and with her loving arms around him, sank into that sweet slumber called Death.

The angel of history added another name to the starry scroll of the immortals.

The world is his monument; upon the eternal granite of her hills he inscribed his name, and there upon the everlasting stone his genius wrote this, the sublimest of truths,

"The Universe is Governed by Law!"

GENERAL GRANT

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED MARCH 4, 1873

FELLOW CITIZENS,—Under Providence I have been called a second time to act as Executive over this great nation. It has been my endeavor in the past to maintain all the laws, and, as far as lay in my power, to act for the best interests of the whole people. My best efforts will be given in the same direction in the future, aided, I trust, by my four years' experience in the office.

When my first term of the office of chief executive began, the country had not recovered from the effects of a great internal revolution, and three of the former States of the Union had not been restored to their federal relations.

It seemed to me wise that no new questions should be raised so long as that condition of affairs existed. Therefore, the past four years, so far as I could control events, have been consumed in the effort to restore harmony, public credit, commerce and all the arts of peace and progress. It is my firm conviction that the civilized world is tending toward republicanism, or government by the people, through their chosen representatives, and that our own great Republic is destined to be the guiding star to all others.

Under our Republic we support an army less than that of any European power of any standing, and a navy less than that of either of at least five of them. There could be no extension of territory on the continent which would call for an increase of this force, but rather might such extension enable us to diminish it.

The theory of government changes with years of progress. Now that the telegraph is made available for communicating thought, together with rapid transit by steam, all parts of the continent are made contiguous for all purposes of government, and communication between the extreme limits of the country made easier than it was throughout the old thirteen States at the beginning of our naional existence.

The effects of the late civil strife have been to free the slave and make him a citizen. Yet he is not possessed of the civil rights which citizenship should carry with it. This is wrong, and should be corrected. To this correction I stand committed, so far as executive influence can avail.

Social equality is not a subject to be legislated upon, nor shall I ask that anything be done to advance the social status of the colored

man, except to give him a fair chance to develop what good there is in him, give him access to the schools, and when he travels, let him feel assured that his conduct will regulate the treatment and fare he will receive.

The States lately at war with the general government are now happily rehabilitated, and no executive control is exercised in any one of them that would not be exercised in any other State under like circumstances.

In the first year of the past administration the proposition came up for the admission of Santo Domingo as a Territory of the Union. It was not a question of my seeking, but was a proposition from the people of Santo Domingo, and which I entertained. I believe now, as I did then, that it was for the best interest of this country, for the people of Santo Domingo, and all concerned, that the proposition should be received favorably. It was, however, rejected, constitutionally, and therefore the subject was never brought up again by me.

In future, while I hold my present office, the subject of acquisition of territory must have the support of the people before I will recommend any proposition looking to such acquisition. I say here, however, that I do not share in the apprehension, held by many, as to the danger of governments becoming weakened and destroyed by reason of their extension of territory. Commerce, education, and rapid transit of thought and matter by telegraph and steam have changed all this. Rather do I believe that our Great Maker is preparing the world in his own good time to become one nation, speaking one language, and when armies and navies will no longer be required.

My efforts in the future will be directed to the restoration of good feeling between the different sections of our common country; to the restoration of our currency to a fixed value as compared with the world's standard of values—gold—and, if possible, to a par with it; to the construction of cheap routes of transit throughout the land, to the end that the products of all may find a market and leave a living remuneration to the producer; to the maintenance of friendly relations with all our neighbors, and with distant nations; to the re-establishment of our commerce, and share in the carrying-trade upon the ocean; to the encouragement of such manufacturing industries as can be economically pursued in this country, to the end that the exports of home products and industries may pay for our imports, the only sure method of returning to, and permanently maintaining, a specific basis; to the elevation of labor; and by a humane course to bring the aborigines of the country under the benign influence of education and civilization. It is either this, or war to extermination.

Wars of extermination, engaged in by people pursuing commerce and all industrial pursuits, are expensive even against the weakest people, and are demoralizing and wicked. Our superiority of strength and advantages of civilization should make us lenient toward the Indian. The wrong inflicted upon him should be taken into account, and the balance placed to his credit. The moral view of the question should be considered, and the question asked: Cannot the Indian be made a useful and productive member of society, by proper teaching and treatment? If the effort is made in good faith, we will stand better before the civilized nations of the earth, and in our own conscience, for having made it.

All these things are not to be accomplished by one individual, but they will receive my support, and such recommendations to Congress as will, in my judgment, best serve to carry them into effect. I beg your support and hearty encouragement.

It has been, and is, my earnest desire to correct abuses that have grown up in the civil service of the country. To secure this reformation, rules regulating methods of appointment and promotion were established, and have been tried. My efforts for such reformation shall be continued to the best of my judgment. The spirit of the rules adopted will be maintained.

I acknowledge before this assembly, representing, as it does, every section of our country, the obligation I am under to my countrymen for the great honor they have conferred on me, by returning me to the highest office within their gift, and the further obligation resting on me to tender to them the best services within my power. This I promise, looking forward with the greatest anxiety to the day when I shall be released from responsibilities that at times are almost overwhelming, and from which I have scarcely had a respite since the eventful firing upon Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, to the present day. My services were then tendered and accepted under the first call for troops growing out of that event.

I did not ask for place or position, and was entirely without influence, or the acquaintance of persons of influence, but was resolved to perform my part in a struggle threatening the very existence of the nation. I performed a conscientious duty without asking promotion or command, and without a revengeful feeling toward any section or individual.

Notwithstanding this, throughout the war, and from my candidacy for my present office in 1868, to the close of the last presidential campaign, I have been the subject of abuse and slander never equalled in political history, which to-day I feel I can afford to disregard in view of your verdict which I gratefully accept as my vindication.

PRESIDENT WILSON

ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT DELIVERED AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, JULY 4, 1913

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS: I need not tell you what the battle of Gettysburg meant. These gallant men in blue and gray sit all about us here. Many of them met upon this ground in grim and deadly struggle. Upon these famous fields and hillsides their comrades died about them. In their presence it were an impertinence to discourse upon how the battle went, how it ended, what it signified! But fifty years have gone by since then, and I crave the privilege of speaking to you for a few minutes of what those fifty years have meant.

What have they meant? They have meant peace and union and vigor, and the maturity and might of a great nation. How wholesome and healing the peace has been! We have found one another again as brothers and comrades in arms, enemies no longer, generous friends rather, our battles long past, the quarrel forgotten—except that we shall not forget the splendid valor, the manly devotion of the men then arrayed against one another, now grasping hands and smiling into each other's eyes. How complete the union has become and how dear to all of us, how unquestioned, how benign and majestic, as State after State has been added to this our great family of free men! How handsome the vigor, the maturity, the might of the great Nation we love with undivided hearts; how full of large and confident promise that a life will be wrought out that will crown its strength with gracious justice and with a happy welfare that will touch all alike with deep contentment! We are debtors to those fifty crowded years; they have made us heirs to a mighty heritage.

But do we deem the Nation complete and finished? These venerable men crowding here to this famous field have set us a great example of devotion and utter sacrifice. They were willing to die that the people might live. But their task is done. Their day is turned into evening. They look to us to perfect what they established. Their work is handed on to us, to be done in another way but not in another spirit. Our day is not over; it is upon us in full tide.

Have affairs paused? Does the Nation stand still? Is what the

fifty years have wrought since those days of battle finished, rounded out, and completed? Here is a great people, great with every force that has ever beaten in the lifeblood of mankind. And it is secure. There is no one within its borders, there is no power among the nations of the earth, to make it afraid. But has it yet squared itself with its own great standards set up at its birth, when it made that first noble, naïve appeal to the moral judgment of mankind to take notice that a government had now at last been established which was to serve men, not masters? It is secure in everything except the satisfaction that its life is right, adjusted to the uttermost to the standards of righteousness and humanity. The days of sacrifice and cleansing are not closed. We have harder things to do than were done in the heroic days of war, because harder to see clearly, requiring more vision, more calm balance of judgment, a more candid searching of the very springs of right.

Look around you upon the field of Gettysburg! Picture the array, the fierce heats and agony of battle, column hurled against column, battery bellowing to battery! Valor? Yes! Greater no man shall see in war; and self-sacrifice, and loss to the uttermost; the high recklessness of exalted devotion which does not count the cost. We are made by these tragic, epic things to know what it costs to make a nation—the blood and sacrifice of multitudes of unknown men lifted to a great stature in the view of all generations by knowing no limit to their manly willingness to serve. In armies thus marshaled from the ranks of free men you will see, as it were, a nation embattled, the leaders and the led, and may know, if you will, how little except in form its action differs in days of peace from its action in days of war.

May we break camp now and be at ease? Are the forces that fight for the Nation dispersed, disbanded, gone to their homes forgetful of the common cause? Are our forces disorganized, without constituted leaders and the might of men consciously united because we contend, not with armies, but with principalities and powers and wickedness in high places. Are we content to lie still? Does our union mean sympathy, our peace contentment, our vigor right action, our maturity self-comprehension and a clear confidence in choosing what we shall do? War fitted us for action, and action never ceases.

I have been chosen the leader of the Nation. I can not justify the choice by any qualities of my own, but so it has come about, and here I stand. Whom do I command? The ghostly hosts who fought upon these battle fields long ago and are gone? These gallant gentlemen stricken in years whose fighting days are over, their glory won? What are the orders for them, and who rallies them? I have in my mind another host, whom these set free of

civil strife in order that they might work out in days of peace and settled order the life of a great Nation. That host is the people themselves, the great and the small, without class or difference of kind or race or origin; and undivided in interest, if we have but the vision to guide and direct them and order their lives aright in what we do. Our constitutions are their articles of enlistment. The orders of the day are the laws upon our statute books. What we strive for is their freedom, their right to lift themselves from day to day and behold the things they have hoped for, and so make way for still better days for those whom they love who are to come after them. The recruits are the little children crowding in. The quartermaster's stores are in the mines and forests and fields, in the shops and factories. Every day something must be done to push the campaign forward; and it must be done by plan and with an eye to some great destiny.

How shall we hold such thoughts in our hearts and not be moved? I would not have you live even to-day wholly in the past, but would wish to stand with you in the light that streams upon us now out of that great day gone by. Here is the nation God has builded by our hands. What shall we do with it? Who stands ready to act again and always in the spirit of this day of reunion and hope and patriotic fervor? The day of our country's life has but broadened into morning. Do not put uniforms by. Put the harness of the present on. Lift your eyes to the great tracts of life yet to be conquered in the interest of righteous peace, of that prosperity which lies in a people's hearts and outlasts all wars and errors of men. Come, let us be comrades and soldiers yet to serve our fellow men in quiet counsel, where the blare of trumpets is neither heard nor heeded and where the things are done which make blessed the nations of the world in peace and righteousness and love.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO RULE

ADDRESS AT CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK CITY, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE CIVIC FORUM, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 20, 1912

THE great fundamental issue now before the Republican Party and before our people can be stated briefly. It is, Are the American people fit to govern themselves, to rule themselves, to control themselves? I believe they are. My opponents do not. I believe in the right of the people to rule. I believe the majority of the plain people of the United States will, day in and day out, make fewer mistakes in governing themselves than any smaller class or body of men, no matter what their training will make in trying to govern them. I believe, again, that the American people are, as a whole, capable of self-control and of learning by their mistakes. Our opponents pay lip-loyalty to this doctrine; but they show their real beliefs by the way in which they champion every device to make the nominal rule of the people a sham.

I have scant patience with this talk of the tyranny of the majority. Whenever there is tyranny of the majority, I shall protest against it with all my heart and soul. But we are to-day suffering from the tyranny of minorities. It is a small minority that is grabbing our coal deposits, our water power, and our harbor fronts. A small minority is battening on the sale of adulterated foods and drugs. It is a small minority that lies behind monopolies and trusts. It is a small minority that stands behind the present law of master and servant, the sweat-shops, and the whole calendar of social and industrial injustice. It is a small minority that is to-day using our convention system to defeat the will of a majority of the people in the choice of delegates to the Chicago Convention.

The only tyrannies from which men, women and children are suffering in real life are the tyrannies of minorities.

If the majority of the American people were in fact tyrannous over the minority, if democracy had no greater self-control than empire, then indeed no written words which our forefathers put into the Constitution could stay that tyranny.

No sane man who has been familiar with the government of this country for the last twenty years will complain that we have had

too much of the rule of the majority. The trouble has been a far different one—that, at many times and in many localities, there have held public office in the States and in the Nation men who have, in fact, served not the whole people, but some special class or special interest. I am not thinking only of those special interests which by grosser methods, by bribery and crime, have stolen from the people. I am thinking as much of their respectable allies and figure-heads, who have ruled and legislated and decided as if in some way the vested rights of privilege had a first mortgage on the whole United States, while the rights of all the people were merely an unsecured debt.

Am I overstating the case? Have our political leaders always, or generally, recognized their duty to the people as anything more than a duty to disperse the mob, see that the ashes are taken away, and distribute patronage? Have our leaders always, or generally, worked for the benefit of human beings, to increase the prosperity of all the people, to give to each some opportunity of living decently and bringing up his children well? The questions need no answer.

Now there has sprung up a feeling deep in the hearts of the people—not of the bosses and professional politicians, not of the beneficiaries of special privilege—a pervading belief of thinking men that when the majority of the people do in fact, as well as theory, rule, then the servants of the people will come more quickly to answer and obey, not the commands of the special interests, but those of the whole people. To reach toward that end the Progressives of the Republican Party in certain States have formulated certain proposals for change in the form of the State government—certain new "checks and balances" which may check and balance the special interests and their allies. That is the purpose. Now turn for a moment to their proposed methods.

First, there are the "initiative and referendum," which are so framed that if the Legislatures obey the command of some special interest, and obstinately refuse the will of the majority, the majority may step in and legislate directly. No man would say that it was best to conduct all legislation by direct vote of the people—it would mean the loss of deliberation, of patient consideration—but, on the other hand, no one whose mental arteries have not long since hardened can doubt that the proposed changes are needed when the Legislatures refuse to carry out the will of the people. The proposal is a method to reach an undeniable evil. Then there is the recall of public officers—the principle that an officer chosen by the people who is unfaithful may be recalled by vote of the majority before he finishes his term. I will speak of the recall of judges in a moment—leave that aside—but as to the other officers, I have heard no argument advanced against the proposition, save that it

will make the public officer timid and always currying favor with the mob. That argument means that you can fool all the people all the time, and is an avowal of disbelief in democracy. If it be true—and I believe it is not—it is less important than to stop those public officers from currying favor with the interests. Certain States may need the recall, others may not; where the term of elective office is short it may be quite needless; but there are occasions when it meets a real evil, and provides a needed check and balance against the special interests.

Then there is the direct primary—the real one, not the New York one—and that, too, the Progressives offer as a check on the special interests. Most clearly of all does it seem to me that this change is wholly good—for every State. The system of party government is not written in our Constitutions, but it is none the less a vital and essential part of our form of government. In that system the party leaders should serve and carry out the will of their own party. There is no need to show how far that theory is from the facts, or to rehearse the vulgar thieving partnerships of the corporations and the bosses, or to show how many times the real government lies in the hands of the boss, protected from the commands and the revenge of the voters by his puppets in office and the power of patronage. We need not be told how he is thus entrenched nor how hard he is to overthrow. The facts stand out in the history of nearly every State in the Union. They are blots on our political system. The direct primary will give the voters a method ever ready to use, by which the party leader shall be made to obey their command. The direct primary, if accompanied by a stringent corrupt practices act, will help break up the corrupt partnership of corporations and politicians.

My opponents charge that two things in my program are wrong because they intrude into the sanctuary of the judiciary. The first is the recall of judges; and the second, the review by the people of judicial decisions on certain Constitutional questions.

I have said again and again that I do not advocate the recall of judges in all States and in all communities. In my own State I do not advocate it or believe it to be needed, for in this State our trouble lies not with corruption on the bench, but with the effort by the honest but wrongheaded judges to thwart the people in their struggle for social justice and fair dealing. The integrity of our judges from Marshall to White and Holmes—and to Cullen and many others in our own State—is a fine page of American history.

But—I say it soberly—democracy has a right to approach the sanctuary of the courts when a special interest has corruptly found sanctuary there; and this is exactly what has happened in some of the States where the recall of the judges is a living issue. I would

far more willingly trust the whole people to judge such a case than some special tribunal—perhaps appointed by the same power that chose the judge—if that tribunal is not itself really responsible to the people and is hampered and clogged by the technicalities of impeachment proceedings.

I have stated that the courts of the several States—not always but often—have construed the "due process" cause of the State Constitutions as if it prohibited the whole people of the State from adopting methods of regulating the use of property so that human life, particularly the lives of the workingmen, shall be safer, freer and happier. No one can successfully impeach this statement. I have insisted that the true construction of "due process" is that pronounced by Justice Holmes in delivering the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States, when he said:

"The police power extends to all the great public need. It may be put forth in aid of what is sanctioned by usage, or held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare."

I insist that the decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the Ives case, which set aside the will of the majority of the people as to the compensation of injured workmen in dangerous trades, was intolerable and based on a wrong political philosophy. I urge that in such cases where the courts construe the due process clause as if property rights, to the exclusion of human rights, had a first mortgage on the Constitution, the people may, after sober deliberation, vote, and finally determine whether the law which the court set aside shall be valid or not. By this method can be clearly and finally ascertained the preponderant opinion of the people which Justice Holmes makes the test of due process in the case of laws enacted in the exercise of the police power. The ordinary methods now in vogue of amending the Constitution have in actual practice proved wholly inadequate to secure justice in such cases with reasonable speed, and cause intolerable delay and injustice, and those who stand against the changes I propose are champions of wrong and injustice, and of tyranny by the wealthy and the strong over the weak and the helpless.

So that no man may misunderstand me, let me recapitulate:

(1) I am not proposing anything in connection with the Supreme Court of the United States, or with the Federal Constitution.

(2) I am not proposing anything having any connection with ordinary suits, civil or criminal, as between individuals.

(3) I am not speaking of the recall of judges.

(4) I am proposing merely that in a certain class of cases involving the police power, when a State court has set aside as un-

constitutional a law passed by the Legislature for the general welfare, the question of the validity of the law—which should depend, as Justice Holmes so well phrases it, upon the prevailing morality or preponderant opinion—be submitted for final determination to a vote of the people, taken after due time for consideration.

And I contend that the people in the nature of things, must be better judges of what is the preponderant opinion than the courts, and that the courts should not be allowed to reverse the political philosophy of the people. My point is well illustrated by a recent decision of the Supreme Court, holding that the Court would not take jurisdiction of a case involving the Constitutionality of the initiative and referendum laws of Oregon. The ground of the decision was that such a question was not judicial in its nature, but should be left for determination to the other co-ordinate departments of the Government. Is it not equally plain that the question whether a given social policy is for the public good is not of a judicial nature, but should be settled by the Legislature, or in the final instance by the people themselves?

The President of the United States, Mr. Taft, devoted most of a recent speech to criticism of this proposition. He says that it "is utterly without merit of utility, and, instead of being . . . in the interests of all the people, and of the stability of popular government, is sowing the seeds of confusion and tyranny." (By this he, of course, means the tyranny of the majority, that is, the tyranny of the American people as a whole.) He also says that my proposal (which, as he rightly sees, is merely a proposal to give the people a real, instead of only a nominal, chance to construe and amend a State Constitution with reasonable rapidity) would make such amendment an interpretation "depend on the feverish, uncertain and unstable determination of successive votes on different laws by temporary and changing majorities"; and that "it lays the axe at the root of the tree of well-ordered freedom, and subjects the guarantees of life, liberty and property without remedy to the fitful impulse of a temporary majority of an electorate."

This criticism is really less a criticism of my proposal than a criticism of all popular government. It is wholly unfounded, unless it is founded on the belief that the people are fundamentally untrustworthy. If the Supreme Court's definition of due process in relation to the police power is sound, then an act of the Legislature to promote the collective interests of the community must be valid, if it embodies a policy held by the prevailing morality of a preponderant opinion to be necessary to the public welfare.

This is the question that I propose to submit to the people. How can the prevailing morality or a preponderant opinion be better and more exactly ascertained than by a vote of the people? The people

must know better than the court what their own morality and their own opinion is. I ask that you, here, you and the others like you, you the people, be given the chance to state your own views of justice and public morality, and not sit meekly by and have your views announced for you by well-meaning adherents of outworn philosophies who exalt the pedantry of formulas above the vital needs of human life.

The object I have in view could probably be accomplished by an amendment of the State Constitution taking away from the courts the power to review the Legislature's determination of a policy of social justice, by defining due process of law in accordance with the views expressed by Justice Holmes for the Supreme Court. But my proposal seems to me more democratic and, I may add, less radical. For under the method I suggest the people may sustain the court as against the Legislature, whereas, if due process were defined in the Constitution, the decision of the Legislature would be final.

Mr. Taft's position is the position that has been held from the beginning of our Government, although not always so openly held by a large number of reputable and honorable men who, down at the bottom, distrust popular government, and, when they must accept it, accept it with reluctance, and hedge it around with every species of restriction and check and balance, so as to make the power of the people as limited and as ineffective as possible.

Mr. Taft fairly defines the issue when he says that our Government is and should be a government of all the people by a representative part of the people. This is an excellent and moderate description of an oligarthy. It defines our Government as a government of all of the people by a few of the people.

Mr. Taft, in his able speech, has made what is probably the best possible presentation of the case for those who feel in this manner. Essentially this view differs only in its expression from the view nakedly set forth by one of his supporters, Congressman Campbell. Congressman Campbell, in a public speech in New Hampshire, in opposing the proposition to give the people real and effective control over all their servants, including the judges, stated that this was equivalent to allowing an appeal from the umpire to the bleachers. Doubtless Congressman Campbell was not himself aware of the cynical truthfulness with which he was putting the real attitude of those for whom he spoke. But it unquestionably is their real attitude. Mr. Campbell's conception of the part the American people should play in self-government is that they should sit on the bleachers and pay the price of admission, but should have nothing to say as to the contest which is waged in the arena by the professional politicians. Apparently Mr. Campbell ignores the fact that the American

people are not mere onlookers at a game, that they have a vital stake in the contest, and that democracy means nothing unless they are able and willing to show that they are their own masters.

I am not speaking jokingly, nor do I mean to be unkind; for I repeat that many honorable and well-meaning men of high character take this view, and have taken it from the time of the formation of the Nation. Essentially this view is that the Constitution is a strait-jacket to be used for the control of an unruly patient—the people.

Now, I hold that this view is not only false but mischievous, that our Constitutions are instruments designed to secure justice by securing the deliberate but effective expression of the popular will, that the checks and balances are valuable as far, and only so far, as they accomplish that deliberation, and that it is a warped and unworthy and improper construction of our form of government to see in it only a means of thwarting the popular will and of preventing justice.

Mr. Taft says that "every class" should have a "voice" in the Government. That seems to me a very serious misconception of the American political situation. The real trouble with us is that some classes have had too much voice. One of the most important of all the lessons to be taught and to be learned is that a man should vote, not as a representative of a class, but merely as a good citizen, whose prime interests are the same as those of all other good citizens. The belief in different classes, each having a voice in the Government, has given rise to much of our present difficulty; for whosoever believes in these separate classes, each with a voice, inevitably, even although unconsciously, tends to work, not for the good of the whole people, but for the protection of some special class—usually that to which he himself belongs.

The same principle applies when Mr. Taft says that the judiciary ought not to be "repesentative" of the people in the sense that the Legislature and the Executive are. This is perfectly true of the judge when he is performing merely the ordinary functions of a judge in suits between man and man. It is not true of the judge engaged in interpreting, for instance, the due process clause—where the judge is ascertaining the preponderant opinion of the people (as Judge Holmes states it). When he exercises that function he has no right to let his political philosophy reverse and thwart the will of the majority. In that function the judge must represent the people or he fails in the test the Supreme Court has laid down. Take the Workmen's Compensation Act here in New York. The legislators gave us a law in the interest of humanity and decency and fair dealing. In so doing they represented the people, and represented them well. Several judges declared that law Constitutional in our State,

and several courts in other States declared similar laws Constitutional, and the Supreme Court of the Nation declared a similar law affecting men in inter-state business Constitutional; but the highest court in the State of New York, the Court of Appeals, declared that we, the people of New York, could not have such a law. I hold that in this case the legislators and the judges alike occupied representative positions; the difference was merely that the former represented us well and the latter represented us ill. Remember that the legislators promised that law, and were returned by the people partly in consequence of such promise. That judgment of the people should not have been set aside unless it were irrational. Yet in the Ives case the New York Court of Appeals praised the policy of the law and the end it sought to obtain; and then declared that the people lacked power to do justice!

Mr. Taft again and again, in quotations I have given and elsewhere through his speech, expresses his disbelief in the people when they vote at the polls. In one sentence he says that the proposition gives "powerful effect to the momentary impulse of a majority of an electorate and prepares the way for the possible exercise of the grossest tyranny." Elsewhere he speaks of laws by "temporary and changing majorities"; and again he says that the system I propose "would result in suspension or application of Constitutional guarantees according to popular whim," which would destroy "all possible consistency" in Constitutional interpretation. I should much like to know the exact distinction that is to be made between what Mr. Taft calls "the fitful impulse of a temporary majority" when applied to a question such as that I raise and any other question. Remember that under my proposal to review a rule of decision by popular vote, amending or construing, to that extent, the Constitution, would certainly take at least two years from the time of the election of the Legislature which passed the act. Now, only four months elapse between the nomination and the election of a man as President, to fill for four years the most important office in the land. In one of Mr. Taft's speeches he speaks of "the voice of the people as coming next to the voice of God." Apparently, then, the decision of the people about the Presidency, after four months' deliberation, is to be treated as "next to the voice of God"; but if, after two years of sober thought, they decide that women and children shall be protected in industry, or men protected from excessive hours of labor under unhygienic conditions, or wage-workers compensated when they lose life or limb in the service of others, then their decision forthwith becomes a "whim" and "feverish" and "unstable" and an exercise of "the grossest tyranny" and the "laying of the axe to the root of the tree of freedom."

It seems absurd to speak of a conclusion reached by the people

after two years' deliberation, after threshing the matter out before the Legislature, after threshing it out before the Governor, after threshing it out before the court and by the court, and then after full debate for four or six months, as "the fitful impulse of a temporary majority." If Mr. Taft's language correctly describes such action by the people, then he himself and all other Presidents have been elected by "the fitful impulse of a temporary majority"; then the Constitution of each State, and the Constitution of the Nation, have been adopted, and all amendments thereto have been adopted, by "the fitful impulse of a temporary majority." If he is right, it was "the fitful impulse of a temporary majority" which founded, and another fitful impulse which perpetuated, this Nation.

Mr. Taft's position is perfectly clear. It is that we have in this country a special class of persons wiser than the people, who are above the people, who cannot be reached by the people, but who govern them and ought to govern them; and who protect various classes of the people from the whole people. That is the old, old doctrine which has been acted upon for thousands of years abroad; and which here in America has been acted upon sometimes openly, sometimes secretly, for forty years by many men in public and in private life, and I am sorry to say by many judges; a doctrine which has in fact tended to create a bulwark for privilege, a bulwark unjustly protecting special interests against the rights of the people as a whole. This doctrine is to me a dreadful doctrine; for its effect is, and can only be, to make the courts the shield of privilege against popular rights. Naturally, every upholder and beneficiary of crooked privilege loudly applauds the doctrine. It is behind the shield of that doctrine that crooked clauses creep into laws, that men of wealth and power control legislation. The men of wealth who praise this doctrine, this theory, would do well to remember that to its adoption by the courts is due the distrust so many of our wage-workers now feel for the courts. I deny that that theory has worked so well that we should continue it. I most earnestly urge that the evils and abuses it has produced cry aloud for remedy; and the only remedy is in fact to restore the power to govern directly to the people, and to make the public servant directly responsible to the whole people—and to no part of them, to no "class" of them.

Mr. Taft is very much afraid of the tyranny of majorities. For twenty-five years here in New York State, in our efforts to get social and industrial justice, we have suffered from the tyranny of a small minority. We have been denied, now by one court, now by another, as in the bakeshop case, where the court sets aside the law limiting the hours of labor in bakeries—the "due process" clause again—as in the Workmen's Compensation Act, as in the tenement-house cigar factory case—in all these and many other cases we have

been denied by small minorities, by a few worthy men of wrong political philosophy on the bench, the right to protect our people in their lives, their liberty and their pursuit of happiness. As for "consistency"—why, the record of the courts, in such a case as the income tax, for instance, is so full of inconsistencies as to make the fear expressed of "inconsistency" on the part of the people seem childish.

Well-meaning, short-sighted persons have held up their hands in horror at my proposal to allow the people themselves to construe the Constitution which they themselves made. Yet this is precisely what the Association of the Bar of the City of New York proposed to do in the concurrent resolution which was introduced at their request into our Legislature on January 16 last, proposing to amend the State Constitution by a section reading as follows: "Nothing contained in this Constitution shall be construed to limit the powers of the Legislature to enact laws" such as the Workman's Compensation Act. In other words, the New York Bar Association is proposing to appeal to the people to construe the Constitution in such a way as will directly reverse the court. They are proposing to appeal from the highest court of the State to the people. That is just what I propose to do; the difference is only one of method, not of purpose; my method will give better results and will give them more quickly. The Bar Association by its action admits that the court was wrong, and sets to work to change the rule which it laid down. As Lincoln announced of the Dred Scott decision in his debates with Douglas: "Somebody has to reverse that decision, since it is made, and we mean to reverse it, and we mean to do it peaceably." Was Lincoln wrong? Was the spirit of the Nation that wiped out slavery "the fitful impulse of the temporary majority?"

Remember I am not discussing the recall of judges—although I wish it to be distinctly understood that the recall is a mere piece of machinery to take the place of the unworkable impeachment which Mr. Taft in effect defends, and that if the days of Maynard ever came back again in the State of New York I should favor it. I have no wish to come to it; but our opponents, when they object to all efforts to secure real justice from the courts, are strengthening the hands of those who demand the recall. In a great many States there has been for many years a real recall of judges as regards appointments, promotions, re-appointments, and re-elections; and this recall was through the turn of a thumbscrew at the end of a long-distance rod in the hands of great interests. I believe that a just judge would feel far safer in the hands of the people than in the hands of those interests.

I stand on the Columbus speech. The principles there asserted are not new, but I believe that they are necessary to the mainte-

nance of free democratic government. The part of my speech in which I advocated the right of the people to be the final arbiters of what is due process of law in the case of statues enacted for the general welfare will ultimately, I am confident, be recognized as giving strength and support to the courts instead of being revolutionary and subversive. The courts to-day owe the country no greater or clearer duty than to keep their hands off such statutes when they have any reasonably permissible relation to the public good. In the past the courts have often failed to perform this duty, and their failure is the chief cause of whatever dissatisfaction there is with the working of our judicial system. One who seeks to prevent the irrevocable commission of such mistakes in the future may justly claim to be regarded as aiming to preserve and not to destroy the independence and power of the judiciary.

My remedy is not the result of a library study of Constitutional law, but of actual and long-continued experience in the use of governmental power to redress social and industrial evils. Again and again earnest workers for social justice have said to me that the most serious obstacles that they have encountered during the many years that they have been trying to save American women and children from destruction in American industry have been the courts. That is the judgment of almost all the social workers I know, and of dozens of parish priests and clergymen, and of every executive and legislator who has been seriously attempting to use government as an agency for social and industrial betterment. What is the result of this system of judicial nullification? It was accurately stated by the Court of Appeals of New York in the Employer's Liability case, where it was calmly and judicially declared that the people under our republican government are less free to correct the evils that oppress them than are the people of the monarchies of Europe.

To any man with vision, to any man with broad and real social sympathies, to any man who believes with all his heart in this great democratic Republic of ours, such a condition is intolerable. It is not government by the people, but a mere sham government in which the will of the people is constantly defeated. It is out of this experience that my remedy has come; and let it be tried in this field. When, as the result of years of education and debate, a majority of the people have decided upon a remedy for an evil from which they suffer, and have chosen a Legislature and Executive pledged to embody that remedy in law, and the law has been finally passed and approved, I regard it as monstrous that a bench of judges shall then say to the people: "You must begin all over again. First amend your Constitution (which will take four years); second, secure the passage of a new law (which will take two years more); third,

carry that new law over the weary course of litigation (which will take no human being knows how long); fourth, submit the whole matter over again to the very same judges who have rendered the decision to which you object. Then, if your patience holds out and you finally prevail, the will of the majority of the people may have its way."

Such a system is not popular government, but a mere mockery of popular government. It is a system framed to maintain and perpetuate social injustice, and it can be defended only by those who disbelieve in the people, who do not trust them, and, I am afraid I must add, who have no real and living sympathy with them as they struggle for better things.

In lieu of it I propose a practice by which the will of a majority of the people, when they have determined upon a remedy, shall, if their will persists for a minimum period of two years, go straight forward until it becomes a ruling force of life. I expressly propose to provide that sufficient time be taken to make sure that the remedy expresses the will, the sober and well-thought-out judgment, and not the whim, of the people; but, when that has been ascertained, I am not willing that the will of the people shall be frustrated. If this be not a wise remedy, let those who criticize it propose a wise remedy, and not confine themselves to railing at government by a majority of the American people as government by the mob. To propose, as an alternative remedy, slight modifications of impeachment proceedings is to propose no remedy at all—it is to bid us to be content with chaff when we demand bread.

The decisions of which we complain are, as a rule, based upon the Constitutional provision that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. The terms "life, liberty and property" have been used in the Constitutions of the English-speaking peoples since Magna Charta. Until within the last sixty years they were treated as having specific meanings; "property" meant tangible property; "liberty" meant freedom from personal restraint, or, in other words, from imprisonment in its largest definition. About 1870 our courts began to attach to these terms new meaning. Now "property" has come to mean every right of value which a person could enjoy, and "liberty" has been made to include the right to make contracts. As a result, when the State limits the hours for which women may labor, it is told by the courts that this law deprives them of their "liberty"; and when it restricts the manufacture of tobacco in a tenement, it is told that the law deprives the landlord of his "property." Now, I do not believe that any people, and especially our free American people, will long consent that the term "liberty" shall be defined for them by a bench of judges. Every people has defined that term for itself in the course

of its historic development. Of course, it is plain enough to see that, in a large way, the political history of man may be grouped about these three terms, "life, liberty and property." There is no act of government which cannot be brought within their definition, and if the courts are to cease to treat them as words having a limited, specific meaning, then our whole Government is brought under the practically irresponsible supervision of judges. As against that kind of government I insist that the people have the right, and can be trusted, to govern themselves. This our opponents deny; and the issue is sharply drawn between us.

If my critics would only show the same sober judgment of which they declare the people at large to be incapable, they would realize that my proposal is one of moderation and common sense. I wish to quote the remarks of William Draper Lewis, Dean of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania:

"To a lawyer the most interesting suggestion Colonel Roosevelt has made is to allow the people, after consideration, to re-enact legislation which a court decision has declared is contrary to some clause in the existing State Constitution.

"Any one who has been asked to draft specific amendments to State Constitutions will hesitate to condemn, without serious consideration, the suggestion made by Colonel Roosevelt. To take a concrete instance: The New York Court of Appeals declared the Workmen's Compensation Act, passed by the New York Legislature, unconstitutional, as depriving in its operation the employer of his property without due process of law. A number of amendments to the New York Constitution, designed to validate a compensation act, have been drafted, and it is not unlikely that one of them will be adopted. Personally, one or more of these amendments having been shown to me, I cannot but feel that Constitutional amendments, designed to meet particular cases run the danger of being so worded as to produce far-reaching results not anticipated or desired by the people. Colonel Roosevelt's suggestion avoids this difficulty and danger. If a persistent majority of the people of New York State want a workmen's compensation act, they should have it. But, in order to obtain it, they should not be driven to pass an amendment to their State Constitution which may have effects which they do not anticipate or desire. Let them pass on the act, as passed by the Legislature, after a full knowledge that their highest court has unanimously expressed its opinion that the act is contrary to the State Constitution which the people at a prior election have declared to be their fundamental law.

"I may not always approve of what the persistent majority wants. I might sometimes think the measure unwise. But that doesn't alter the right of that majority to enforce its will in government. The

Roosevelt idea, it seems to me, supplies an instrument by which that majority can enforce its will in the most conservative way. It makes explosions unnecessary.

"I would have been very proud to have been the author of that plan, although I want to emphasize the fact that it involves no new principle, only a new method.

"I don't mind saying, however, that I think it unfortunate that it should have been proposed by Colonel Roosevelt. He is a man of such marked characteristics, and his place in the political world is such, that he arouses intense enthusiasm on the one hand, and intense animosity on the other. Because of this, the great idea which he has propounded is bound to be beclouded, and its adoption to be delayed. It is a pity that anything so important should be confounded with any man's personality."

As regards the Dean's last paragraph, I can only say that I wish somebody else whose suggestions would arouse less antagonism had proposed it; but nobody else did propose it, and so I had to. I am leading this fight as a matter of æsthetic pleasure. I am leading because somebody must lead, or else the fight would not be made at all.

I prefer to work with moderate, with rational, with conservatives, provided only that they do in good faith strive forward towards the light. But when they halt and turn their backs to the light, and sit with the scorners on the seats of reaction, then I must part company with them. We the people cannot turn back. Our aim must be steady, wise progress. It would be well if our people would study the history of a sister republic. All the woes of France for a century and a quarter have been due to the folly of her people in splitting into the two camps of unreasonable conservatism and unreasonable radicalism. Had pre-Revolution France listened to men like Turgot, and backed them up, all would have gone well. But the beneficiaries of privilege, the Bourbon reactionaries, the short-sighted ultra-conservatives, turned down Turgot; and then found that instead of him they had obtained Robespierre. They gained twenty years' freedom from all restraint and reform, at the cost of the whirlwind of the red terror; and in their turn the unbridled extremists of the terror induced a blind reaction; and so, with convulsion and oscillation from one extreme to another, with alterations of violent radicalism and violent Bourbonism, the French people went through misery towards a shattered goal. May we profit by the experiences of our brother republicans across the water, and go forward steadily, avoiding all wild extremes; and may our ultra-conservatives remember that the rule of the Bourbons brought on the Revolution, and may our would-be revolutionaries remember that no Bourbon was ever such a dangerous enemy of the people and of

freedom as the professed friend of both, Robespierre. There is no danger of a revolution in this country; but there is grave discontent and unrest, and in order to remove them there is need of all the wisdom and probity and deep-seated faith in and purpose to uplift humanity, we have at our command.

Friends, our task as Americans is to strive for social and industrial justice, achieved through the genuine rule of the people. This is our end, our purpose. The methods for achieving the end are merely expedients, to be finally accepted or rejected according as actual experience shows that they work well or ill. But in our hearts we must have this lofty purpose, and we must strive for it in all earnestness and sincerity, or our work will come to nothing. In order to succeed we need leaders of inspired idealism, leaders to whom are granted great visions, who dream greatly and strive to make their dreams come true; who can kindle the people with the fire from their own burning souls. The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeited in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind.

We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men. If on this new continent we merely build another country of great but unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall have done nothing; and we shall do as little if we merely set the greed of envy against the greed of arrogance, and thereby destroy the material well-being of all of us. To turn this Government either into government by a plutocracy or government by a mob would be to repeat on a larger scale the lamentable failures of the world that is dead. We stand against all tyranny, by the few or by the many. We stand for the rule of the many in the interest of all of us, for the rule of the many in a spirit of courage, of common sense, of high purpose, above all in a spirit of kindly justice towards every man and every woman. We not merely admit, but insist, that there must be self-control on the part of the people, that they must keenly perceive their own duties as well as the rights of others; but we also insist that the people can do nothing unless they not merely have, but exercise to the full, their own rights. The worth of our great experiment depends upon its being in good faith an experiment—the first that has ever been

tried—in true democracy on the scale of a continent, on a scale as vast as that of the mightiest empire of the Old World. Surely this is a noble ideal, an ideal for which it is worth while to strive, an ideal for which at need it is worth while to sacrifice much; for our ideal is the rule of all the people in a spirit of friendliest brotherhood towards each and every one of the people.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

THE "CROSS OF GOLD"

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: I would be presumptuous, indeed, to present myself against the distinguished gentlemen to whom you have listened if this were a mere measuring of abilities; but this is not a contest between persons. The humblest citizen in all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error. I come to speak to you in defense of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty—the cause of humanity.

When this debate is concluded, a motion will be made to lay upon the table the resolution offered in commendation of the Administration, and also the resolution offered in condemnation of the Administration. We object to bringing this question down to the level of persons. The individual is but an atom; he is born, he acts, he dies; but principles are eternal; and this has been a contest over a principle.

Never before in the history of this country has there been witnessed such a contest as that through which we have just passed. Never before in the history of American politics has a great issue been fought out as this issue has been, by the voters of a great party. On the fourth of March, 1895, a few Democrats, most of them members of Congress, issued an address to the Democrats of the nation, asserting that the money question was the paramount issue of the hour; declaring that a majority of the Democratic party had the right to control the action of the party on this paramount issue; and concluding with the request that the believers in the free coinage of silver in the Democratic party should organize, take charge of, and control the policy of the Democratic party. Three months later, at Memphis, an organization was perfected, and the silver Democrats went forth openly and courageously proclaiming their belief, and declaring that, if successful, they would crystallize into a platform the declaration which they had made. Then began the conflict. With a zeal approaching the zeal which inspired the Crusaders who followed Peter the Hermit, our silver Democrats went forth from victory unto victory until they are now assembled, not to discuss, not to debate, but to enter up the

judgment already rendered by the plain people of this country. In this contest brother has been arrayed against brother, father against son. The warmest ties of love, acquaintance, and association have been disregarded; old leaders have been cast aside when they have refused to give expression to the sentiments of those whom they would lead, and new leaders have sprung up to give direction to this cause of truth. Thus has the contest been waged, and we have assembled here under as binding and solemn instructions as were ever imposed upon representatives of the people.

We do not come as individuals. As individuals we might have been glad to compliment the gentleman from New York (Senator Hill), but we know that the people for whom we speak would never be willing to put him in a position where he could thwart the will of the Democratic party. I say it was not a question of persons; it was a question of principle, and it is not with gladness, my friends, that we find ourselves brought into conflict with those who are now arrayed on the other side.

The gentleman who preceded me (ex-Governor Russell) spoke of the State of Massachusetts; let me assure him that not one present in all this Convention entertains the least hostility to the people of the State of Massachusetts, but we stand here representing people who are the equals, before the law, of the greatest citizens in the State of Massachusetts. When you (turning to the gold delegates) come before us and tell us that we are about to disturb your business interests, we reply that you have disturbed our business interests by your course.

We say to you that you have made the definition of a business man too limited in its application. The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer; the attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis; the merchant at the cross-roads store is as much a business man as the merchant of New York; the farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day, who begins in spring and toils all summer, and who by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of the country creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the Board of Trade and bets upon the price of grain; the miners who go down a thousand feet into the earth, or climb two thousand feet upon the cliffs, and bring forth from their hiding places the precious metals to be poured into the channels of trade are as much business men as the few financial magnates who, in a back room, corner the money of the world. We come to speak of this broader class of business men.

Ah, my friends, we say not one word against those who live upon the Atlantic Coast, but the hardy pioneers who have braved all

the dangers of the wilderness, who have made the desert to blossom as the rose—the pioneers away out there (pointing to the West), who rear their children near to Nature's heart, where they can mingle their voices with the voices of the birds—out there where they have erected schoolhouses for the education of their young, churches where they praise their creator, and cemeteries where rest the ashes of their dead—these people, we say, are as deserving of the consideration of our party as any people in this country. It is for these that we speak. We do not come as aggressors. Our war is not a war of conquest; we are fighting in the defense of our homes, our families, and posterity. We have petitioned, and our petitions have been scorned; we have entreated, and our entreaties have been disregarded; we have begged, and they have mocked when our calamity came. We beg no longer; we entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them!

The gentleman from Wisconsin has said that he fears a Robespierre. My friends, in this land of the free you need not fear that a tyrant will spring up from among the people. What we need is an Andrew Jackson to stand, as Jackson stood, against the encroachments of organized wealth.

They tell us that this platform was made to catch votes. We reply to them that changing conditions make new issues; that the principles upon which Democracy rests are as everlasting as the hills, but that they must be applied to new conditions as they arise. Conditions have arisen, and we are here to meet those conditions. They tell us that the income tax ought not to be brought in here; that it is a new idea. They criticize us for our criticism of the Supreme Court of the United States. My friends, we have not criticized; we have simply called attention to what you already know. If you want criticisms, read the dissenting opinions of the court. There you will find criticisms. They say that we passed an unconstitutional law; we deny it. The income tax law was not unconstitutional when it was passed; it was not unconstitutional when it went before the Supreme Court for the first time; it did not become unconstitutional until one of the judges changed his mind, and we cannot be expected to know when a judge will change his mind. The income tax is just. It simply intends to put the burdens of government justly upon the backs of the people. I am in favor of an income tax. When I find a man who is not willing to bear his share of the burdens of the government which protects him, I find a man who is unworthy to enjoy the blessings of a government like ours.

They say that we are opposing national bank currency; it is true. If you will read what Thomas Benton said, you will find he said that, in searching history, he could find but one parallel to Andrew

Jackson; that was Cicero, who destroyed the conspiracy of Catiline and saved Rome. Benton said that Cicero only did for Rome what Jackson did for us when he destroyed the bank conspiracy and saved America. We say in our platform that we believe that the right to coin and issue money is a function of government. We believe it. We believe that it is a part of sovereignty, and can no more with safety be delegated to private individuals than we could afford to delegate to private individuals the power to make penal statues or levy taxes. Mr. Jefferson, who was once regarded as good Democratic authority, seems to have differed in opinion from the gentleman who has addressed us on the part of the minority. Those who are opposed to this proposition tell us that the issue of paper money is a function of the bank, and that the government ought to go out of the banking business. I stand with Jefferson rather than with them, and tell them, as he did, that the issue of money is a function of government, and that the banks ought to go out of the governing business.

They complain about the plank which declares against like tenure in office. They have tried to strain it to mean that which it does not mean. What we oppose by that plank is the life tenure which is being built up in Washington, and which excludes from participation in official benefits the humbler members of society.

Let me call your attention to two or three important things. The gentlemen from New York says that he will propose an amendment to the platform providing that the proposed change in our monetary system shall not affect contracts already made. Let me remind you that there is no intention of affecting those contracts which, according to present laws, are made payable in gold; but if he means to say that we cannot change our monetary system without protecting those who have loaned money before the change was made, I desire to ask him where, in law or in morals, he can find justification for not protecting the debtors when the act of 1873 was passed, if he now insists that we must protect the creditors.

He says he will also propose an amendment which will provide for the suspension of free coinage if we fail to maintain a parity within a year. We reply that when we advocate a policy which we believe will be successful, we are not compelled to raise a doubt as to our own sincerity by suggesting what we shall do if we fail. I ask him, if he would apply his logic to us, why he does not apply it to himself. He says he wants this country to try to secure an international agreement. Why does he not tell us what he is going to do if he fails to secure an international agreement? There is more reason for him to do that than there is for us to provide against the failure to maintain the parity. Our opponents have tried for twenty years

to secure an international agreement, and those are waiting for it most patiently who do want it at all.

And now, my friends, let me come to the paramount issue. If they ask us why it is that we say more on the money question than we say upon the tariff question, I reply that, if protection has slain its thousands, the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands. If they ask us why we do not embody in our platform all the things that we believe in, we reply that when we have restored the money of the Constitution all other necessary reforms will be possible; but that until this is done there is no other reform that can be accomplished.

Why is it that within three months such a change has come over the country? Three months ago when it was confidently asserted that those who believe in the gold standard would frame our platform and nominate our candidates, even the advocates of the gold standard did not think that we could elect a President. And they had good reason for their doubt, because there is scarcely a State here to-day asking for the gold standard which is not in the absolute control of the Republican party. But note the change. Mr. McKinley was nominated at St. Louis upon a platform which declared for the maintenance of the gold standard until it can be changed into bimetallism by international agreement. Mr. McKinley was the most popular man among the Republicans, and three months ago everybody in the Republican party prophesied his election. How is it to-day? Why, the man who was once pleased to think that he looked like Napoleon—that man shudders to-day when he remembers that he was nominated on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Not only that, but as he listens he can hear with ever-increasing distinctness the sound of the waves as they beat upon the lonely shores of St. Helena.

Why this change? Ah, my friends, is not the reason for the change evident to any one who will look at the matter? No private character, however pure, no personal popularity, however great, can protect from the avenging wrath of an indignant people a man who will declare that he is in favor of fastening the gold standard upon this country, or who is willing to surrender the right of self-government and place the legislative control of our affairs in the hands of foreign potentates and powers.

We go forth confident that we shall win. Why? Because upon the paramount issue of this campaign there is not a spot of ground upon which the enemy will dare to challenge battle. If they tell us that the gold standard is a good thing, we shall point to their platform and tell them that their platform pledges the party to get rid of the gold standard and substitute bimetallism. If the gold standard is a good thing, why try to get rid of it? I call your attention to the fact that some of the very people who are in this Convention to-day

and who tell us that we ought to declare in favor of international bimetallism—thereby declaring that the gold standard is wrong and that the principle of bimetallism is better—these very people four months ago were open and avowed advocates of the gold standard, and were then telling us that we could not legislate two metals together, even with the aid of all the world. If the gold standard is a good thing, we ought to declare in favor of its retention and not in favor of abandoning it; and if the gold standard is a bad thing why should we wait until other nations are willing to help us to let go? Here is the line of battle, and we care not upon which issue they force the fight; we are prepared to meet them on either issue or on both. If they tell us that the gold standard is the standard of civilization, we reply to them that this, the most enlightened of all the nations of the earth, has never declared for a gold standard and that both the great parties this year are declaring against it. If the gold standard is the standard of civilization, why, my friends, should we not have it? If they come to meet us on that issue we can present the history of our nation. More than that; we can tell them that they will search the pages of history in vain to find a single instance where the common people of any land have ever declared themselves in favor of the gold standard. They can find where the holders of fixed investments have declared for a gold standard, but not where the masses have. Mr. Carlisle said in 1878 that this was a struggle between "the idle holders of idle capital" and "the struggling masses, who produce the wealth and pay the taxes of the country;" and, my friends, the question we are to decide is: Upon which side will the Democratic party fight; upon the side of "the idle holders of idle capital" or upon the side of "the struggling masses"? That is the question which the party must answer first, and then it must be answered by each individual hereafter. The sympathies of the Democratic party, as shown by the platform, are on the side of the struggling masses who have ever been the foundation of the Democratic party. There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that, if you will only legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, their prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea, however, has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, their prosperity will find its way up through every class which rests upon them.

You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country.

My friends, we declare that this nation is able to legislate for its

own people on every question, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth; and upon that issue we expect to carry every State in the Union. I shall not slander the inhabitants of the fair State of Massachuetts nor the inhabitants of the State of New York by saying that, when they are confronted with the proposition, they will declare that this nation is not able to attend to its own business. It is the issue of 1776 over again. Our ancestors, when but three millions in number, had the courage to declare their political independence of every other nation; shall we, their descendants, when we have grown to seventy millions, declare that we are less independent than our forefathers?

No, my friends, that will never be the verdict of our people. Therefore, we care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good, but that we cannot have it until other nations help us, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we will restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States has it. If they dare to come out in the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

DWIGHT L. MOODY

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

I SUPPOSE there is no one here who has not thought more or less about Christ. You have heard about him, and read about him, and heard men preach about him. For eighteen hundred years men have been talking about him and thinking about him; and some have their minds made up about who he is, and doubtless some have not. And although all these years have rolled away, this question comes up, addressed to each of us, to-day, "What think ye of Christ?"

I do not know why it should not be thought a proper question for one man to put to another. If I were to ask you what you think of any of your prominent men, you would already have your mind made up about him. If I were to ask you what you thought of your noble Queen, you would speak right out and tell me your opinion in a minute.

If I were to ask about your prime minister, you would tell me freely what you had for or against him. And why should not people make up their minds about the Lord Jesus Christ, and take their stand for or against him? If you think well of him, why not speak well of him and range yourselves on his side? And if you think ill of him, and believe him to be an impostor, and that he did not die to save the world, why not lift up your voice and say you are against him? It would be a happy day for Christianity if men would just take sides—if we could know positively who was really for him and who was against him.

It is of very little importance what the world thinks of any one else. The Queen and the statesman, the peers and the princes, must soon be gone. Yes; it matters little, comparatively, what we think of them. Their lives can interest only a few; but every living soul on the face of the earth is concerned with this Man. The question for the world is, "What think ye of Christ?"

I do not ask you what you think of the Established Church, or of the Presbyterians, or the Baptists, or the Roman Catholics; I do not ask you what you think of this minister or that, of this doctrine or that; but I want to ask you what you think of the living person of Christ?

I should like to ask, Was he really the Son of God—the great God-Man? Did he leave heaven and come down to this world for a pur-

pose? Was it really to seek and to save? I should like to begin with the manger, and follow him up through the thirty-three years he was here upon earth. I should ask you what you think of his coming into this world and being born in a manger when it might have been a palace; why he left the grandeur and the glory of heaven, and the royal retinue of angels; why he passed by palaces and crowns and dominion and came down here alone?

I should like to ask what you think of him as a teacher. He spake as never man spake. I should like to take him up as a preacher. I should like to bring you to that mountainside, that we might listen to the words as they fall from his gentle lips. Talk about the preachers of the present day! I would rather a thousand times be five minutes at the feet of Christ than listen a lifetime to all the wise men in the world. He used just to hang truth upon anything. Yonder is a sower, a fox, a bird, and he just gathers the truth round them, so that you cannot see a fox, a sower, or a bird without thinking what Jesus said. Yonder is a lily of the valley, you cannot see it without thinking of his words, "They toil not, neither do they spin."

He makes the little sparrow chirping in the air preach to us. How fresh those wonderful sermons are, how they live to-day! How we love to tell them to our children, how the children love to hear! "Tell me a story about Jesus," how often we hear it; how the little ones love his sermons! No story-book in the world will ever interest them like the stories that he told. And yet how profound he was; how he puzzled the wise men; how the scribes and the Pharisees could never fathom him! Oh, do you not think he was a wonderful preacher?

I should like to ask you what you think of him as a physician. A man would soon have a reputation as a doctor if he could cure as Christ did. No case was ever brought to him but what he was a match for. He had but to speak the word, and disease fled before him. Here comes a man covered with leprosy.

"Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean," he cries.

"I will," says the Great Physician, and in an instant the leprosy is gone. The world has hospitals for incurable diseases; but there were no incurable diseases with him.

Now, see him in the little home at Bethany, binding up the wounded hearts of Martha and Mary, and tell me what you think of him as a comforter. He is a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. The weary may find a resting-place upon that breast, and the friendless may reckon him their friend. He never varies, he never fails, he never dies. His sympathy is ever fresh, his love is ever free. O widows and orphans, O sorrowing and mourning, will you not thank God for Christ the Comforter?

But these are not the points I wish to take up. Let us go to those

who knew Christ, and ask what they thought of him. If you want to find out what a man is nowadays, you inquire about him from those who know him best. I do not wish to be partial; we will go to his enemies, and to his friends. We will ask them, What think ye of Christ? We will ask his friends and his enemies. If we only went to those who liked him, you would say:

"Oh, he is so blind; he thinks so much of the man that he can't see his faults. You can't get anything out of him unless it be in his favor; it is a one-sided affair altogether."

So we shall go in the first place to his enemies, to those who hated him, persecuted him, cursed and slew him. I shall put you in the jury-box, and call upon them to tell us what they think of him.

First, among the witnesses, let us call upon the Pharisees. We know how they hated him. Let us put a few questions to them. "Come, Pharisees, tell us what you have against the Son of God, What do you think of Christ?" Hear what they say! "This man receiveth sinners." What an argument to bring against him! Why, it is the very thing that makes us love him. It is the glory of the gospel. He receives sinners. If he had not, what would have become of us? Have you nothing more to bring against him than this? Why, it is one of the greatest compliments that was ever paid him. Once more: "When he was hanging on the tree, you had this to say of him, 'He saved others, but he could not save himself and save us too.'" So he laid down his own life your yours and mine. Pharisees, you have told the truth for once in your lives! He saved others. He died for others. He was a ransom for many; so it is quite true what you think of him—He saved others, himself he cannot save.

Now, let us call upon Caiaphas. Let him stand up here in his flowing robes; let us ask him for his evidence. "Caiaphas, you were chief priest when Christ was tried; you were president of the Sanhedrim; you were in the council-chamber when they found him guilty; you yourself condemned him. Tell us; what did the witnesses say? On what grounds did you judge him? What testimony was brought against him?" "He hath spoken blasphemy," says Caiaphas. "He said, 'Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.' When I heard that, I found him guilty of blasphemy; I rent my mantle and condemned him to death." Yes, all that they had against him was that he was the Son of God; and they slew him for the promise of his coming for his bride!

Now let us summon Pilate. Let him enter the witness-box.

"Pilate, this man was brought before you; you examined him; you talked with him face to face; what think you of Christ?"

"I find no fault in him," says Pilate. "He said he was the King of the Jews, (just as he wrote it over the cross); but I find no fault in

him." Such is the testimony of the man who examined him! And, as he stands there, the center of a Jewish mob, there comes along a man, elbowing his way in haste. He rushes up to Pilate, and, thrusting out his hand, gives him a message. He tears it open; his face turns pale as he reads—"Have thou nothing to do with this just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him." It was from Pilate's wife—her testimony to Christ. You want to know what his enemies thought of him? You want to know what a heathen thought? Well, here it is, "no fault in him;" and the wife of a heathen, "this just man!"

And now, look—in comes Judas. He ought to make a good witness. Let us address him. "Come, tell us, Judas, what think ye of Christ? You knew the master well; you sold him for thirty pieces of silver; you betrayed him with a kiss; you saw him perform those miracles; you were with him in Jerusalem. In Bethany, when he summoned up Lazarus, you were there. What think you of him?" I can see him as he comes into the presence of the chief priests; I can hear the money ring as he dashes it upon the table, "I have betrayed innocent blood!" Here is the man who betrayed him, and this is what he thinks of him! Yes, those who were guilty of his death put their testimony on record that he was an innocent man.

Let us take the centurion who was present at the execution. He had charge of the Roman soldiers. He had told them to make him carry his cross; he had given orders for the nails to be driven into his feet and hands, for the spear to be thrust in his side. Let the centurion come forward. "Centurion, you had charge of the executioners; you saw that the order for his death was carried out; you saw him die; you heard him speak upon the cross. Tell us, what think you of Christ?" Hark! Look at him; he is smiting his breast as he cries, "Truly, this was the Son of God!"

I might go to the thief upon the cross, and ask what he thought of him. At first he railed upon him and reviled him. But then he thought better of it: "This man hath done nothing amiss," he says.

I might go further. I might summon the very devils themselves and ask them for their testimony. Have they anything to say of him? Why the very devils called him the Son of God! In Mark we have the unclean spirit crying, "Jesus, thou Son of the most High God." Men say, "Oh, I believe Christ to be the son of God, and because I believe it intellectually I shall be saved." I tell you the devils did that. And they did more than that, they trembled.

Let us bring in his friends. We want you to hear their evidence. Let us call that prince of preachers. Let us hear the forerunner; none ever preached like this man—this man who drew all Jerusalem and all Judæa into the wilderness to hear him; this man who burst upon the nations like the flash of of a meteor. Let John the Baptist come

with his leathern girdle and his hairy coat, and let him tell us what he thinks of Christ. His words, though they were echoed in the wilderness of Palestine, are written in the Book forever, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" This is what John the Baptist thought of him. "I bare record that he is the Son of God." No wonder he drew all Jerusalem and Judæa to him, because he preached Christ. And whenever men preach Christ, they are sure to have plenty of followers.

Let us bring in Peter, who was with him on the mount of transfiguration, who was with him the night he was betrayed. Come, Peter, tell us what you think of Christ. Stand in this witness-box and testify of him. You denied him once. You said, with a curse, you did not know him. Was it true, Peter? Don't you know him? "Know him!" I can imagine Peter saying: "It was a lie I told them. I did know him." Afterward I can hear him charging home their guilt upon these Jerusalem sinners. He calls him "both Lord and Christ." Such was the testimony on the day of Pentecost. "God hath made that same Jesus both Lord and Christ." And tradition tells us that when they came to execute Peter he felt he was not worthy to die in the way his Master died, and he requested that he be crucified with his head downward. So much did Peter think of him!

Now let us hear from the beloved discipline John. He knew more about Christ than any other man. He has laid his head on his Saviour's bosom. He had heard the throbbing of that loving heart. Look into his gospel if you wish to know what he thought of him.

Matthew writes of him as the Royal King come from his throne. Mark writes of him as the servant, and Luke of the Son of Man. John takes up his pen, and, with one stroke, forever settles the question of Unitarianism. He goes right back before the time of Adam. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Look into Revelations. He calls him "the bright and the Morning Star." So John thought well of him—because he knew him well.

We might bring in Thomas, the doubting disciple. You doubted him, Thomas? You would not believe he had risen, and you put your fingers into the wound in his side. What do you think of him? "My Lord and my God!" says Thomas.

Then go over to Decapolis and you will find Christ has been there casting out devils. Let us call the men of that country and ask what they think of him. "He hath done all things well," they say.

But we have other witnesses to bring in. Take the persecuting Saul, once one of the worst of his enemies. Breathing out threatening he meets him. "Saul, Saul, why persecuteth thou me?" says Christ. He might have added, "What have I done to you? Have I

injured you in any way? Did I not come to bless you? Why do you treat me thus, Saul?" And then Saul asks, "Who art thou, Lord?"

"I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest." You see, he was not ashamed of his name; although he had been in heaven, "I am Jesus of Nazareth." What a change did that one interview make to Paul! A few years after we hear him say, "I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dross that I may win Christ." Such a testimony to the Saviour!

But I shall go still further. I shall go away from earth into the other world. I shall summon the angels and ask what they think of Christ. They saw him in the bosom of the Father before the world was. Before the dawn of creation; before the morning stars sang together, he was there. They saw him leave the throne and come down to the manger. What a scene for them to witness! Ask these heavenly beings what they thought of him then. For once they are permitted to speak; for once the silence of heaven is broken. Listen to their song on the plains of Bethlehem, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." He leaves the throne to save the world. Is it a wonder the angels thought well of him?

Then there are the redeemed saints—they that see him face to face. Here on earth he was never known, no one seemed really to be acquainted with him; but he was known in that world where he had been from the foundation. What do they think of him there? If we could heard from heaven we should hear a shout which would glorify and magnify his name. We are told that when John was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and being caught up, he heard a shout around him, ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands and thousands of voices, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!" Yes, he is worthy of all this. Heaven cannot speak too well of him. Oh, that earth would take up the echo and join with heaven in singing, "Worthy to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!"

But there is still another witness, a higher still. Some think that the God of the Old Testament is the Christ of the New. But when Jesus came out of Jordan, baptized by John, there came a voice from heaven. God the Father spoke. It was his testimony to Christ: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Ah, yes! God the Father thinks well of the Son. And if God is well pleased with him, so ought we. If the sinner and God are well pleased with Christ, then the sinner and God can meet. The moment you say, as the Father said, "I am well pleased with him," and accept him, you

are wedded to God. Will you not believe the testimony? Will you not believe this witness, this last of all, the Lord of hosts, the King of kings himself? Once more he repeats it, so that all may know it. With Peter and James and John, on the mount of transfiguration, he cries again, "This is my beloved Son; hear him." And that voice went echoing and re-echoing through Palestine, through all the earth from sea to sea; yes, that voice is echoing still, Hear him! Hear him!

My friend, will you hear him to-day? Hark! what is he saying to you? "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and we shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Will you not think well of such a Saviour? Will you not believe in him? Will you not trust in him with all your heart and mind? Will you not live for him? If he laid down his life for us, is it not the least we can do to lay down ours for him? If he bore the Cross and died on it for me, ought I not to be willing to take it up for him? Oh, have we not reason to think well of him? Do you think it is right and noble to lift up your voice against such a Saviour? Do you think it is just to cry, "Crucify him! crucify him!" Oh, may God help all of us to glorify the Father, by thinking well of his only-begotten Son.

MARK TWAIN

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY, DECEMBER 22, 1876

GENTLEMEN,—I reverently believe that the Maker who makes us all makes everything in New England but the weather.

I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New England for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it.

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret.

The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go.

But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours.

It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvellous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said, "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity.

Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days.

As to variety—why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity —well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor.

The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things which they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring."

These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the

natives feel about spring. And so, the first thing they know, the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region; see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then,—see his tail drop.

He doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many presidents of the United States there's going to be next year. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: Probable nor'-east to sou'-west winds, varying to the southard and westard and eastard and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning.

Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the program may be wholly changed in the mean time."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it, you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather—a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling-pot, and ten to one you get drowned.

You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from and take hold of something to steady yourself, and, the first thing you know, you get struck by lightning.

These are great disappointments. But they can't be helped. The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convinced! When it strikes a thing it doesn't leave enough of that thing behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable, and a Congressman had been there.

And the thunder. When the thunder commences to merely tune up, and scrape, and saw, and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say, "Why, what awful thunder you have here!" But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find that stranger down in the cellar, with his head in the ash-barrel.

Now, as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthway, I mean. It is utterly disproportioned to the size of that little country. Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring

States. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about, where she has strained herself trying to do it.

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof, so I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir; skips it every time.

Mind, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather; no language could do it justice.

But, after all, there are at least one or two things about that weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with.

If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice-storm—when a leafless tree is clothing with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume.

Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow and hum and flash with all manners of colored fires, which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong.

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice-storm comes at last I say, "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin some more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world!"

JAMES G. BLAINE

ORATION ON GARFIELD

IN THE HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FEBRUARY 27, 1882

MR. PRESIDENT: For the second time in this generation the great departments of the government of the United States are assembled in the Hall of Representatives, to do honor to the memory of a murdered President. Lincoln fell at the close of a mighty struggle, in which the passions of men had been deeply stirred. The tragical termination of his great life added but another to the lengthened succession of horrors which had marked so many lintels with the blood of the firstborn. Garfield was slain in a day of peace, when brother had been reconciled to brother, and when anger and hate had been banished from the land.

"Whosoever shall hereafter draw a portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited where such example was last to have been looked for, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal being, a fiend in the ordinary display and development of his character."

From the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth till the uprising against Charles I., about twenty thousand emigrants came from old England to New England. As they came in pursuit of intellectual freedom and ecclesiastical independence, rather than from worldly honor and profit, the emigration naturally ceased when the contest for religious liberty began in earnest at home. The man who struck his most effective blow for freedom of conscience, by sailing for the Colonies in 1620, would have been accounted a deserter to leave after 1640. The opportunity had then come on the soil of England for that great contest which established the authority of Parliament, gave religious freedom to the people, sent Charles to the block, and committed to the hands of Oliver Cromwell the supreme executive authority of England. The English emigration was never renewed, and from these twenty thousand men, with a small emigration from Scotland and from France, are descended the vast numbers who have New England blood in their veins.

In 1685 the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., scattered to other countries four hundred thousand Protestants, who were among the most intelligent and enterprising of French subjects—merchants of capital, skilled manufacturers, and handicraftsmen superior at the time to all others in Europe. A considerable numbers of these Huguenot French came to America; a few landed in New England and became honored prominent in its history. Their names have in large part become Anglicized, or have disappeared, but their blood is traceable in many of the most reputable families and their fame is perpetuated in honorable memorials and useful institutions.

From these two sources, the English-Puritan and the French-Huguenot, came the late President—his father, Abram Garfield, descended from the one, and his mother, Eliza Ballou, from the other.

It was good stock on both sides—none better, none braver, none truer. There was in it an inheritance of courage, of manliness, of imperishable love of liberty, of undying adherence to principle. Garfield was proud of his blood; and, with as much satisfaction as if he were a British nobleman reading his stately ancestral record in Burke's "peerage," he spoke of himself as ninth in descent from those who would not endure the oppression of the Stuarts, and seventh in descent from the brave French Protestants who refused to submit to tyranny even from the Grand Monarque.

General Garfield delighted to dwell on these traits, and during his only visit to England he busied himself in discovering every trace of his forefathers in parish registers and on ancient army rolls. Sitting with a friend in the gallery of the House of Commons one night after a long day's labor in this field of research, he said with evident elation that in every war in which for three centuries patriots of English blood had struck sturdy blows for constitutional government and human liberty, his family had been represented. They were at Marston Moor, at Naseby, and at Preston; they were at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, and at Monmouth, and in his own person had battled for the same great cause in the war which preserved the Union of the States.

Losing his father before he was two years old, the early life of Garfield was one of privation, but its poverty has been made indelicately and unjustly prominent. Thousands of readers have imagined him as the ragged, starving child, whose reality too often greets the eye in the squalid sections of our large cities. General Garfield's infancy and youth had none of their destitution, none of their pitiful features appealing to the tender heart and to the open hand of charity. He was a poor boy in the same sense in which Henry Clay was a poor boy; in which Andrew Jackson was a poor boy; in which Daniel Webster was a poor boy; in the sense in which the large majority of the eminent men of America in all generations have been poor boys.

Before a great multitude of men, in a public speech, Mr. Webster bore this testimony:

"It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke rose first from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode."

With the requisite change of scene the same words would aptly portray the early days of Garfield. The poverty of the frontier, where all are engaged in a common struggle, and where a common sympathy and hearty cooperation lighten the burdens of each, is a very different poverty—different in kind, different in influence and effect—from that conscious and humiliating indigence which is every day forced to contrast itself with neighboring wealth on which it feels a sense of grinding dependence. The poverty of the frontier is, indeed, no poverty. It is but the beginning of wealth, and has the boundless possibilities of the future always opening before it. No man ever grew up in the agricultural regions of the West, where a house-raising, or even a corn-husking is a matter of common interest and helpfulness, with any other feeling than that of broad-minded, generous independence. This honorable independence marked the youth of Garfield as it marks the youth of millions of the best blood and brain now training for the future citizenship and future government of the Republic. Garfield was born heir to land, to the title of freeholder which has been the patent and passport of self-respect with the Anglo-Saxon race ever since Hengist and Horsa landed on the shores of England. His adventure on the canal—an alternative between that and the deck of a Lake Erie schooner—was a farmer device for earning money, just as the New England lad begins a possibly great career by sailing before the mast on a coasting vessel or on a merchantman bound to the Farther India or to the China Seas.

No manly man feels anything of shame in looking back to early struggles with adverse circumstances, and no man feels a worthier pride than when he has conquered the obstacles to his progress. But no one of noble mold desires to be looked upon as having occupied a menial position, as having been repressed by a feeling, of inferiority, or as having suffered the evils of poverty until relief was found at the hand of charity. General Garfield's youth presented no hardships

which family love and family energy did not overcome, subjected him to no privations which he did not cheerfully accept, and left no memories save those which were recalled with delight, and transmitted with profit and with pride.

Garfield's early opportunities for securing an education were extremely limited, and yet were sufficient to develop in him an intense desire to learn. He could read at three years of age, and each winter he had the advantage of the district school. He read all the books to be found within the circle of his acquaintance; some of them he got by heart. While yet in childhood he was a constant student of the Bible, and became familiar with its literature. The dignity and earnestness of his speech in his maturer life gave evidence of this early training. At eighteen years of age he was able to teach school, and thenceforward his ambition was to obtain a college education. To this end he bent all his efforts, working in the harvest field, at the carpenter's bench, and in the winter season teaching the common schools of the neighborhood. While thus laboriously occupied he found time to prosecute his studies, and was so successful that at twenty-two years of age he was able to enter the junior class at Williams College, then under the presidency of the venerable and honorable Mark Hopkins, who, in the fulness of his powers, survives the eminent pupil to whom he was of inestimable service.

The history of Garfield's life to this period presents no novel features. He had undoubtedly shown perseverance, self-reliance, self-sacrifice, and ambition—qualities which, be it said for the honor of our country, are everywhere to be found the young men of America. But from his graduation at Williams onward, to the hour of tragical death, Garfield's career was eminent and exceptional. Slowly working through his educational period, receiving his diploma when twenty-four years of age, he seemed at one bound to spring into conspicuousness and brilliant success. Within six years he was successively president of a college, State Senator of Ohio, Major-General of the Army of the United States, and Representative-Elect to the national Congress. A combination of honors so varied, so elevated, within a period so brief and to a man so young, is without precedent or parallel in the history of the country..

Garfield's army life was begun with no other military knowledge than such as he had hastily gained from books in the few months preceding his march to the field. Stepping from civil life to the head of a regiment, the first order he received when ready to cross the Ohio was to assume command of a brigade, and to operate as an independent force in Eastern Kentucky. His immediate duty was to check the advance of Humphrey Marshall, who was marching down the Big Sandy with the intention of occupying, in connection with other Confederate forces, the entire territory of Kentucky,

and of precipitating the State into secession. This was at the close of the year 1861. Seldom, if ever, has a young college professor been thrown into a more embarrassing and discouraging position. He knew just enough of military science, as he expressed it himself, to measure the extent of his ignorance, and with a handful of men he was marching, in rough weather, into a strange country, among a hostile population, to confront a largely superior force under the command of a distinguished graduate of West Point, who had seen active and important service in two preceding wars.

The result of the campaign is matter of history. The skill, the endurance, the extraordinary energy shown by Garfield, the courage imparted to his men, raw and untried as himself, the measures he adopted to increase his force and to create in the enemy's mind exaggerated estimate of his numbers, bore perfect fruit in the routing of Marshall, the capture of his camp, the dispersion of his force, and the emancipation of an important territory from the control of the rebellion. Coming at the close of a long series of disasters to the Union arms, Garfield's victory had an unusual and an extraneous importance, and in the popular judgment elevated the young commander to the rank of a military hero. With less than two thousand men in his entire command, with a mobilized force of only eleven hundred, without cannon, he had met an army of five thousand and defeated them, driving Marshall's forces successively from two strongholds of their own selection, fortified with abundant artillery. Major-General Buell, commanding the Department of the Ohio, an experienced and able soldier of the regular army, published an order of thanks and congratulation on the brilliant result of the Big Sandy campaign which would have turned the head of a less cool and sensible man than Garfield. Buell declared that his services had called into action the highest qualities of a soldier, and President Lincoln supplemented these words of praise by the more substantial reward of a brigadier-general's commission, to bear date from the day of his decisive victory over Marshall.

The subsequent military career of Garfield fully sustained its brilliant beginning. With his new commission he was assigned to the command of a brigade in the Army of the Ohio, and took part in the second decisive day's fight in the great battle of Shiloh. The remainder of the year 1862 was not especially eventful to Garfield, as it was not to the armies with which he was serving. His practical sense was called into exercise in completing the task assigned him by General Buell, of reconstructing bridges and re-establishing lines of railway communication for the army. His occupation in this useful but not brilliant field was varied by service on court-martial of importance, in which department of duty he won a valuable reputation, attracting the notice and securing the approval

of the able and eminent judge-advocate-general of the army. That of itself was a warrant to honorable fame; for among the great men who in those trying days gave themselves, with entire devotion, to the service of their country, one who brought to that service the ripest learning, the most fervid eloquence, the most varied attainments, who labored with modesty and shunned applause, who in the day of triumph sat reserved and silent and grateful—as Francis Deak in the hour of Hungary's deliverance—was Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, who in his honorable retirement enjoys the respect and veneration of all who love the Union of the States.

Early in 1863 Garfield was assigned to the highly important and responsible post of chief of staff to General Rosecrans, then at the head of the Army of the Cumberland. Perhaps in a great military campaign no subordinate officer requires sounder judgment and quicker knowledge of men than the chief of staff to the commanding general. An indiscreet man in such a position can sow more discord, breed more jealousy, and disseminate more strife than any other officer in the entire organization. When General Garfield assumed his new duties he found various troubles already well developed and seriously affecting the value and efficiency of the Army of the Cumberland. The energy, the impartiality, and the tact with which he sought to allay these dissensions, and to discharge the duties of his new and trying position, will always remain one of the most striking proofs of his great versatility. His military duties closed on the memorable field of Chickamauga, a field which, however disastrous to the Union arms, gave to him the occasion of winning imperishable laurels. The very rare distinction was accorded him of great promotion for his bravery on a field that was lost. President Lincoln appointed him a major-general in the army of the United States for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chickamauga.

The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized under the command of General Thomas, who promptly offered Garfield one of its divisions. He was extremely desirous to accept the position, but was embarrassed by the fact that he had, a year before, been elected to Congress, and the time when he must take his seat was drawing near. He preferred to remain in the military service, and had with his own breast the largest confidence of success in the wider field which his new rank opened to him. Balancing the arguments on the one side and the other, anxious to determine what was for the best, desirous, above all things, to do his patriotic duty, he was decisively influenced by the advice of President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, both of whom assured him that he could, at that time, be of especial value in the House of Representatives. He resigned his commission of major-general on the fifth day of December, 1863,

and took his seat in the House of Representatives on the seventh. He had served two years and four months in the army, and had just completed his thirty-second year.

The Thirty-eighth Congress is pre-eminently entitled in history to the designation of the War Congress. It was elected while the war was flagrant, and every member was chosen upon the issues involved in the continuance of the struggle. The Thirty-seventh Congress had, indeed, legislated to a large extent on war measures, but it was chosen before any one believed that secession of the States would be actually attempted. The magnitude of the work which fell upon its successor was unprecedented, both in respect to the vast sums of money raised for the support of the army and navy, and of the new and extraordinary powers of legislation which it was forced to exercise. Only twenty-four States were represented, and one hundred and eighty-two members were upon its roll. Among these were many distinguished party leaders on both sides, veterans in the public service with established reputations for ability and with that skill which comes only from parliamentary experience. Into this assemblage of men Garfield entered without special preparation, and it might almost be said unexpectedly. The question of taking command of a division of troops under General Thomas, or taking his seat in Congress, was kept open till the last moment; so late, indeed, that the resignation of his military commission and his appearance in the House were almost contemporaneous. He wore the uniform of a major-general of the United States army on Saturday, and on Monday, in civilian's dress, he answered to the roll call as a Representative in Congress from the State of Ohio.

He was especially fortunate in the constituency which elected him. Descended almost entirely from New England stock, the men of the Ashtabula district were intensely radical on all questions relating to human rights. Well educated, thrifty, thoroughly intelligent in affairs, acutely discerning of character, not quick to bestow confidence, and slow to withdraw it, they were at once the most helpful and most exacting of supporters. Their tenacious trust in men in whom they have once confided is illustrated by the unparalleled fact that Elisha Whittlesey, Joshua R. Giddings, and James A. Garfield represented the district for fifty-four years.

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